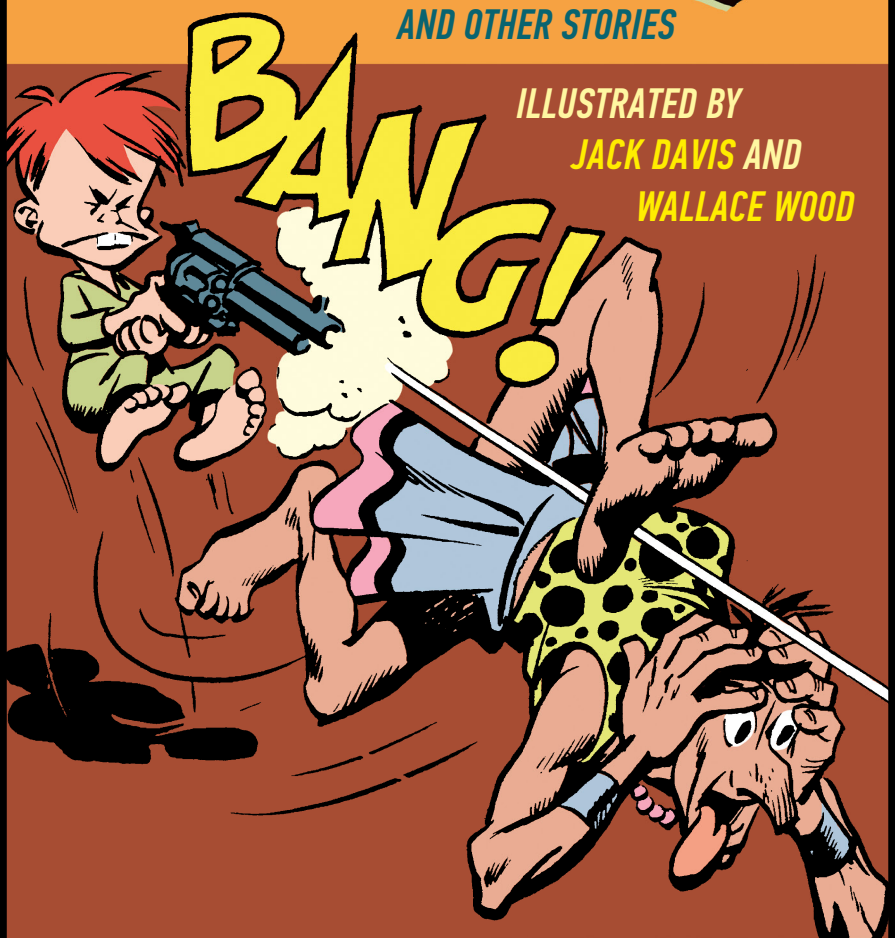
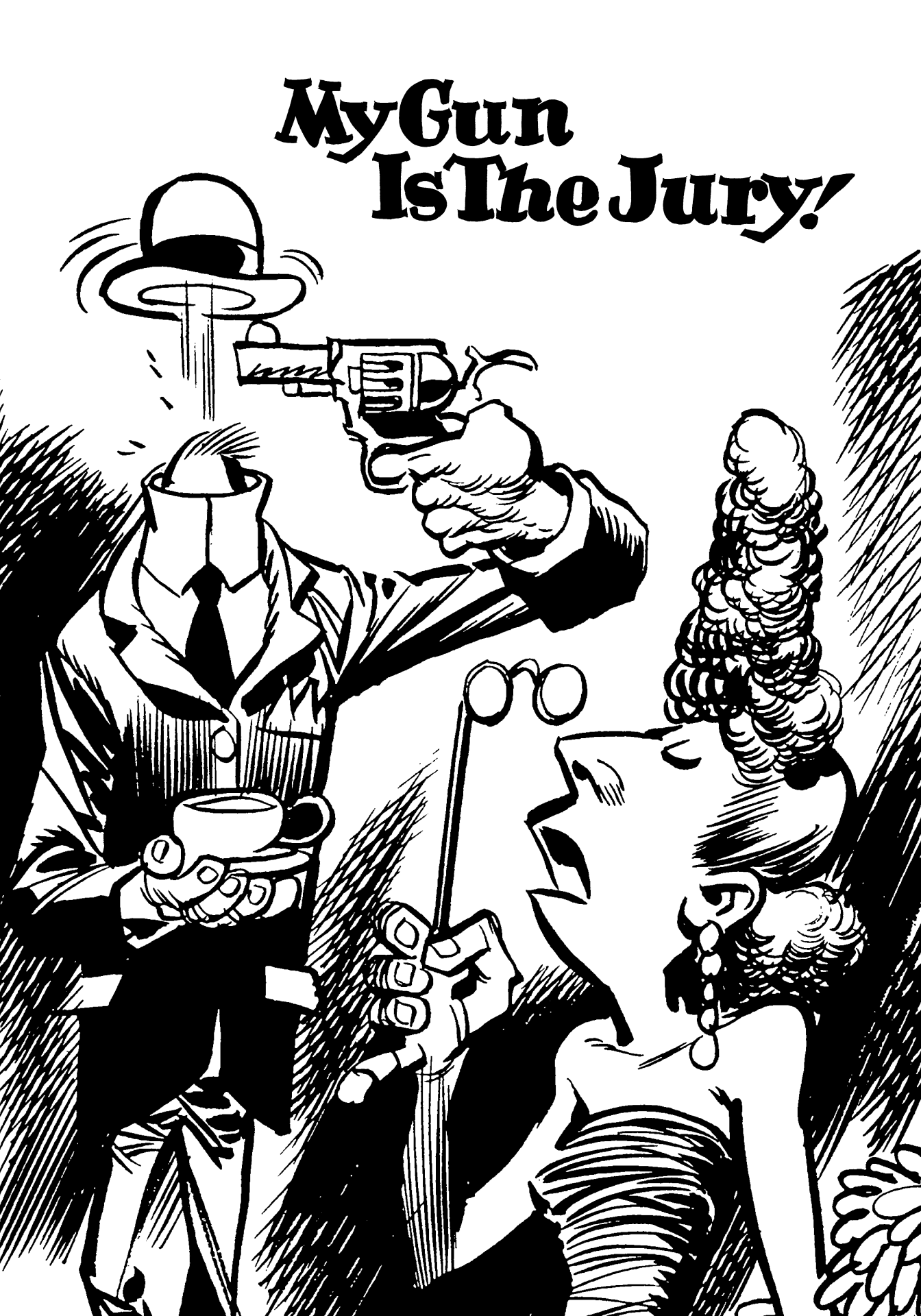
My Gun Is The Jury!

AND OTHER STORIES



ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK DAVIS AND
WALLACE WOOD


My Gun
Is The Jury!

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First Appearances

Based on John Benson and Philip Smith's research on EC release dates, here is the order in which the stories in this book originally appeared:

"I Thought I Loved My Boss" in *A Moon, a Girl, Romance* #10, November-December 1949

"Terror on the Trail!" (Six-Gun Sisters) in *Gunfighter* #13, January-February 1950

"The Heart Robber" in *Saddle Romances* #10, January-February 1950

"Hearts Along the Ski Trail" in *A Moon, a Girl, Romance* #11, January-February 1950

"Too Busy for Love" in *Modern Love* #5, February-March 1950

"The Dead Man's Trail!" (Six-Gun Sisters) in *Gunfighter* #14, March-April 1950

"Playtime Cowgirl" in *Saddle Romances* #11, March-April 1950

"Rx for Romance" in *A Moon, a Girl, Romance* #12, March-April 1950

"The Love That Might Have Been..." in *Modern Love* #6, April-May 1950

"They Wouldn't Let Me Love Him" in *Modern Love* #7, June-July 1950

"Illegal to Love!" in *Modern Love* #8, August-September 1950

"We at E.C. Proudly Present Our Latest Baby" (*Mad* #1 ad) in *Weird Fantasy* #15, September-October 1952

"Say, Where Is Everyone Going?" (*Mad* #3 ad) in *Tales From the Crypt* #34, February-March 1953

"Let Us Prove What We Can Do For You!" (*Mad* #5 ad) in *Haunt of Fear* #19, May-June 1953

"Sorry No More Mad!" (*Mad* subscription ad) in *Weird Fantasy* #20, July-August 1953

"Gadzooks!" (EC Fan-Addict Club ad) in *Vault of Horror* #34, December 1953-January 1954

"Hey, Wasn't There S'pose T'be a Big Bowl Game" (*Panic* #1 ad) in *Crime SuspenStories* #21, February-March 1954

"My Gun Is the Jury!" in *Panic* #1, February-March 1954

"I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my Panic Magazine!" (*Panic* #2 ad) in *Tales From the Crypt* #41, April-May 1954

"Are You the Chapter President?" (EC Fan-Addict Club ad) in *Two-Fisted Tales* #37, April 1954

"African Scream!" in *Panic* #2, April-May 1954

"Come Back, Little Street Car!" in *Panic* #2, April-May 1954

"V-Vampires!" in *Three Dimensional EC Classics* #1, Spring 1954

"Stoppit!" (*Panic* subscription ad) in *Panic* #3, June-July 1954

"The Quite-a-Man!" in *Panic* #3, June-July 1954

"Do People Laugh at You for Reading Comic Books?" (*Mad* subscription ad) in *Panic* #3, June-July 1954

"Strike It Richly!" in *Panic* #3, June-July 1954

"Now ... If You Join ... You Get the Bulletin ... Free!" (EC Fan-Addict Club ad) in *Weird Science-Fantasy* #25, September 1954

"Hindu" in *Panic* #4, August-September 1954

"I Touched a Flying Saucer!" in *Panic* #4, August-September 1954

"Proof ... Of 8 Brands Tested, Panic is Best Imitation of Mad" (*Panic* ad) in *Panic* #5, October-November 1954

"Baseball Jargon" in *Panic* #5, October-November 1954

"Golf Match!" in *Panic* #5, October-November 1954

"Football Terms!" in *Panic* #5, October-November 1954

"Basketball!" in *Panic* #5, October-November 1954

"20th Sensuous Wolf Presents You Too Can Hook a Zillionaire!" in *Panic* #5, October-November 1954

"K" [King of Clubs] (*Mad/Panic* subscription ad) in *Crime SuspenStories* #26, December 1954-January 1955

"Executive Seat" in *Panic* #6, December 1954-January 1955

"Popular Mecpanics Magazine" in *Panic* #6, December 1954-January 1955

"No, I Said! You Can't Have My Copy of Mad" (*Mad/Panic* subscription ad) in *Panic* #7, February-March 1955

"You Axed for It!" in *Panic* #7, February-March 1955

"Them There Those" in *Panic* #7, February-March 1955

"Panic Peeks Into Some Old Under Paints" in *Panic* #8, April-May 1955

"Gone With the Widow" in *Panic* #8, April-May 1955

"DriveInMovie!" in *Panic* #9, June-July 1955

"Bo Bummel" in *Panic* #9, June-July 1955

"A Star Is Corn" in *Panic* #10, August-September 1955

"Foreign Movies" in *Panic* #10, August-September 1955

"Shaggy Dog Stories!" in *Panic* #11, October-November 1955

"20,000 Leaks Under the Sea" in *Panic* #11, October-November 1955

"House Hunting!" in *Panic* #12, December 1955-January 1956

"'S a Tragic Air Command" in *Panic* #12, December 1955-January 1956

My Gun Is The Jury!

AND OTHER STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY

JACK DAVIS** AND **WALLACE WOOD
*WITH **HARRY HARRISON***

WRITTEN BY

AL FELDSTEIN
GARDNER FOX
HARVEY KURTZMAN
JACK MENDELSOHN

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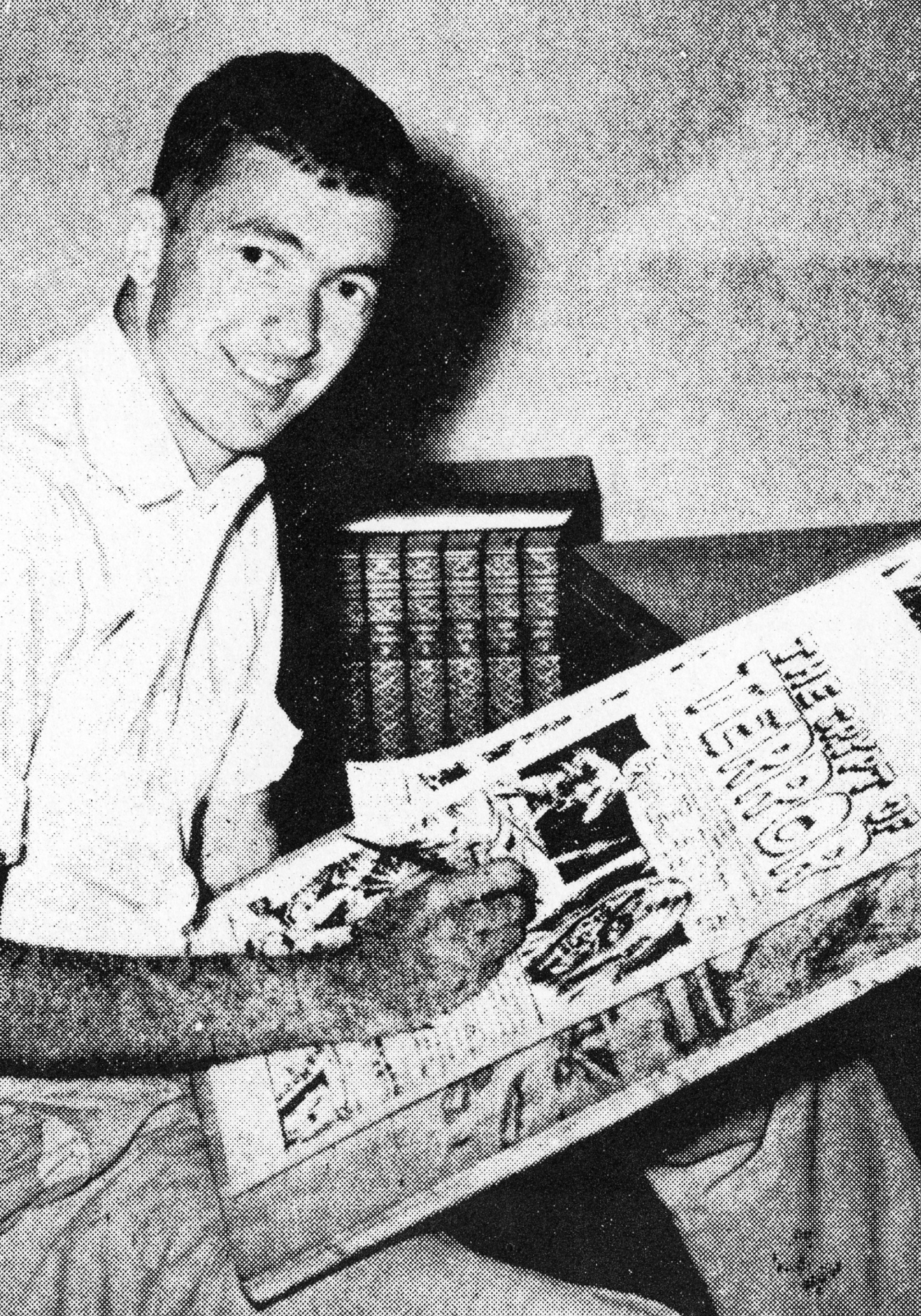
EC Comics did not publish writer credits, and its master records no longer exist. The creator credits above are based on the best information available and are as complete and accurate as is known. We welcome any corrections.



THOMMY BURNS AND JON GOTHOLD

EC'S PANIC ATTACK

EC was not the biggest publisher of comic books during their 1950s heyday, but they were one of the most influential.

Rival publishers paid attention to what EC was doing, and whenever it seemed to them that EC had a hit title, they would rush out an imitation — or two, or three, or more — to claim a share of the market that EC was developing.

Those rivals had experienced great success with crime, horror, and war comics, and when it became evident by mid-1953 that EC had another winner on its hands with *Mad*, they began cranking out imitations of it, too, in an attempt to grab a piece of the new parody/satire market.

Riot, Get Lost!, Wild, Flip, and many more imitators were crowding the newsstands by early 1954. None of them would last very long, primarily because none of them had the talent pool — or the ability to manage the talent they had — to achieve the consistent comical cleverness required of such titles. (Which is not to say that they never hit the mark. For a sampling of their best efforts, see *The Sincerest Form of Parody*, compiled and edited by John Benson, Fantagraphics Books, 2025.)

EC, however, was in the unique position of being able to launch its own *Mad* imitation featuring the same artistic giants that were making *Mad* so successful — namely Jack Davis, Wallace Wood, and Will Elder. With the then-recent cancellation of *Frontline Combat,* and with *Two-Fisted Tales* transitioning to an all–John Severin adventure title, Davis, Wood, and Elder had room in their schedules to take on EC's newest venture, a companion publication to *Mad* called *Panic*.

Additionally, *Weird Science* and *Weird Fantasy* had recently combined into a single quarterly publication (*Weird Science-Fantasy*), which opened up Al Feldstein's schedule as well, allowing him to write, edit, and provide the majority of the covers for *Panic*.

Panic launched with a March 1954 cover date and continued through to its twelfth issue, when it was canceled along with all of EC's other color comic book titles at the end of 1955. It had the longest run of all of the *Mad* imitations, but, most importantly, it gave editor Feldstein the invaluable experience that he would need to take over the *Mad* editorial duties from Harvey Kurtzman in the fall of 1956.

This volume collects all of the stories that Jack Davis and Wallace Wood drew for *Panic*. (Will Elder's *Panic* stories can be found in *The Million Year Picnic And Other Stories*, Volume 18 in this series. Joe Orlando was the fourth regular *Panic* artist, and his *Panic* stories can be found in *The Thing From The Grave And Other Stories*, Vol. 19. Jack Kamen's single *Panic* outing can be found in *Kamen's Kalamity And Other Stories*, Vol. 36).

This is prime EC work from Davis and Wood, not mere imitations of *Mad*, but, in fact, companion parodies. Although Feldstein and Kurtzman had different ways of writing and different approaches to humor, it wasn't so different to the EC readers of the 1950s. *Panic* looked and felt more like *Mad* than anything

OPPOSITE: This 1953 photo of Jack Davis accompanied his "Artist of the Issue" profile that ran in EC Comics that year.

any of the other publishers were putting out, and judging by the letters printed in its pages, it was a welcome addition to the EC line.

Jack Davis's Panic Attacks

"My Gun Is The Jury!" (p. 1), Jack Davis's artistic contribution to the first issue of *Panic*, has the distinction of being EC's first parody of current literature. It caused no small amount of panic itself when two New York City police officers visited the EC offices one day, spent a dime to buy a copy from EC secretary Shirley Norris — and then arrested her for selling indecent literature and marched her down to the Little Italy precinct house.

Panic #1 had already been banned in Boston for its "sacrilegious" depiction of St. Nicholas in the Will Elder–illustrated "The Night Before Christmas" (*The Million Year Picnic And Other Stories*, Vol. 18). But the officers sent to 225 Lafayette Street to check it out in response to a *New York Times* article on the Boston ban took exception not with the Elder tale, but with Feldstein's Mickey Spillane send-up, illustrated with zany panache by Davis.

"My Gun Is the Jury!" is indeed filled with violence, sex, and even crossdressing, but the over-the-top humor in the pitch-perfect lampoon of Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer novels was obviously lost on the police. The case was dismissed, but the episode caused a great deal of stress to Gaines, and it shook Feldstein's faith in the artistic and editorial freedom he enjoyed. In a 1981 interview with John Benson, Feldstein called the story "straight satire" (*The Comics Journal Library* Vol. 10, The EC Artists Part 2) and still seemed incredulous that it could have generated such controversy.

The story's title is a mashup of Spillane's first two book titles, *I, The Jury* and *My Gun Is Quick*. Feldstein was obviously something of a fan — he is depicted in a 1952 caricature by Marie Severin sitting at his drawing table reading a Spillane novel (*Terror Train And Other Stories,* Vol. 28) — and he expertly channels the gritty, tough P.I. prose of Spillane's genre-defining fiction. The satirical name given to the author of "My Gun Is the Jury!" is "Melvie Splane," a name that Feldstein had previously used in the Jack Kamen-illustrated Grim Fairy Tale, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (*Kamen's Kalamity And Other Stories,* Vol. 36). Davis's art is wildly comical with body proportions and facial features grotesquely exaggerated, and it serves as a humorous foil for Feldstein's often too-convincing takeoff of Spillane's hard-boiled style.

Davis, for his part, somehow haplessly managed to find himself reliably illustrating some of EC's most notorious pieces. Other examples include the story "Foul Play!" and the "Are You a Red Dupe?" editorial (both in *Foul Play And Other Stories*, Vol. 37).

"Come Back, Little Street Car!" (p. 9) is another EC first, this time lampooning the then-current Broadway theater scene. The title is again a mashup, combining *Come Back, Little Sheba* with *A Streetcar Named Desire.* By adding a Willy Loman character *(Death of a Salesman)* into the mix, Feldstein successfully blends three popular plays — no small feat. The name of the playwright, Tennessyringe Miller, is another mashup. (*Streetcar* was written by Tennessee Williams, *Salesman* by Arthur Miller.) EC never shied away from self-referential jokes, and the comment "you ought to *slay* 'em in *Boston*" on page 4 (p. 12) is surely a jab at the December 1953

Panic ban, while the mention of "some dumb kids" on page 7 (p. 15), "one of 'em ... wearin' an E.C. button" is a nod to the recently launched EC Fan-Addict Club (for which Davis and Wood illustrated full-page ads) and its membership kit.

"Strike It Richly!" (p. 16) takes on the popular game show *Strike It Rich*, which ran on radio starting in 1947 and on TV from 1951 to 1958. The host at the time of the *Panic* parody was Warren Hull, depicted here as "Worryin' Hulk." The story accurately depicts the basic premise of the show, which saw pathetic souls with tragic circumstances tell their sad stories in an effort to win big money and solve their problems. If they did not win, a phone number was provided for TV (or radio) audience members to contribute, and this is shown in the *Panic* parody as well. Feldstein deftly skewers both the maudlin and the cynical aspects of the show, which was quite controversial in its time for exploiting the destitute and desperate for commercial purposes.

There's more EC self-reference. During one of the sob stories, an audience member is heard laughing instead of crying, incurring the wrath of Worryin' Hulk. The irreverent cad is revealed to be Bill Gaines in the studio audience with Al Feldstein, chuckling at the thought of lampooning the show. They are removed by force, with Feldstein yelling "You'll hear from us!" and Gaines adding "Yeah! Just watch for *Panic* magazine!" Gaines and Feldstein appeared as themselves in multiple EC stories, known collectively to EC fans as "The Bill and Al Stories."

"I Touched a Flying Saucer!" (p. 23) took aim at the UFO craze that swept America during

HOLD IT! HOLD IT! STOP EVERY-THING! MY BOSS WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING! OKAY, BILL...
WRITE THAT DOWN, AL! THERE'S A SICKENINGLY SENTIMENTAL MESS YOU OUGHT TO LAMPOON! STELLA DALLAS! HEE, HEE! I CAN JUST SEE IT...
THAT LAUGH! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S BEEN LAUGH-ING! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

the 1950s. EC took two simultaneous and divergent approaches to the hysteria in mid-1954. "Flying Saucer Report," written by Feldstein and illustrated by Wood (*Spawn of Venus And Other Stories*, Vol. 38) took a high-minded and serious approach to the phenomenon and cited multiple real cases, while "I Touched a Flying Saucer!" took the low road and aimed for cheap laughs with this Davis-illustrated farce. The "author" of "I Touched a Flying Saucer!" is Pvt. "Skull" E. Adams Keyhole, a combination of real-life UFO researchers Frank Scully, George Adamski, and Donald Keyhoe (again with the mashups!).

Keyhoe's research was also the basis for a full issue of EC's *Weird Science-Fantasy* (unhelpfully also titled "Flying Saucer Report"), which was reprinted in full in *The Planetoid And Other Stories* (Vol. 34). While the issue-length "Flying Saucer Report" takes an earnestly humorless approach ("E.C. Challenges the U.S. Air Force!"), "I Touched a Flying Saucer!" ridicules the paranoia of the public, with "Keyhole" mistaking practically everything for a flying saucer, from beer can tops to yo-yos to a well-deserved plate thrown by his wife.

"Baseball Jargon" (p. 30), **"Golf Match!"** (p. 34), **"Football Terms!"** (p. 35), and **"Basketball!"** (p. 36) (a.k.a. "Panic's Dictionary of Sports Dept.") foreshadow the type of features and style of humor that would become de rigueur in the Feldstein-edited *Mad*. Breaking from the established story format, these features offer literal depictions of sports idioms, such as "taking the field." Davis has lots of fun with what amounts to a series of one-panel gags, similar to the later *Mad* feature "Horrifying Cliches."

"Popular Mecpanics" (p. 37) strays further from the conventional story structure by presenting a *Popular Mechanics/Popular Science*–type magazine, complete with ads, letters page, classified ads, and news items. The text-heavy simulation doesn't leave Davis with a lot to draw, but he turns in some hilarious spot illustrations and farcical ad imagery. Again, it is very predictive of the later *Mad* magazine features and indicates that Feldstein would, like *Mad* creator Harvey Kurtzman, turn his editorial attention to all aspects of society, politics, and popular culture.

"You Axed for It!" (p. 44) brings us back to television, lampooning the popular show *You Asked For It* hosted by Art Baker ("Art Faker" in the *Panic* parody), which ran from 1950 to 1959. The premise of the show involved granting the requests of viewers who wanted to see old film clips, celebrities, stunts, etc., making for an odd variety of unpredictable programming. *You Axed for It* is the first piece in this collection to be written by Jack Mendelsohn, who took over the writing duties for *Panic* halfway through its run.

Panic #6 was the last issue that Feldstein wrote the entirety of. By the end of 1954, EC had cancelled all their horror and crime comics, and, as 1955 dawned, they launched five "New Direction" titles to replace them, four of which were edited by Feldstein.[1] Additionally, *Piracy, Panic*, and *Weird-Science Fantasy* (retitled *Incredible Science Fiction*) would continue from the New Trend, which were also edited by Feldstein. Something had to give in Feldstein's workload. He turned over his scripting for *Panic* to freelancer Jack Mendelsohn beginning with issue #7. Mendelsohn was already an experienced humor writer for several other comics publishers including Archie, DC, Quality, Ziff-Davis, and Pines. He stepped into writing every story for *Panic* for issues 7 through 11 without missing a beat, with Feldstein continuing as editor. After EC discontinued their comics line, Mendelsohn would continue writing humorous comics during the late 1950s and into the 1960s primarily for Dell/Gold Key. He eventually left comics for a very successful career writing for television including *Laugh-In*, *The Carol Burnett Show*, *Three's Company*, and *TeenageMutant Ninja Turtles*. He was also the co-writer for the Beatles feature film, *Yellow Submarine*.

"Panic Peeks Into Some Old Under Paints" (p. 50) demonstrates that Mendelsohn could

DEFINITION OF A NUDIST: A PERSON WHO WEARS ONE BUTTON SUITS.
ISN'T IT DIFFICULT TO EAT SOUP WITH THAT MUSTACHE?
NO MORE CARDS FOR ME BOYS!
YES. IT'S A TERRIBLE STRAIN!
ANOTHER ONE! WHO DEALT THIS MESS?
EC COMMITTEE
CENSORED
OF GOOD TASTE
HONEY
"THEM" AGAIN
LUNCHEON ON THE GRASS
— MANET —

also break from the standard story format and further predicts Feldstein's editorial style for *Mad* by presenting a series of fanciful "unhidden details" in the paintings of old masters. Even while imitating well-known masterpieces, Davis's unmistakable style shines through. Although this article featured in the last issue of *Panic* not to carry a Comics Code Authority seal, "Under Paints" reveals that censorship was definitely top of mind. Manet's *The Luncheon on the Grass* has the nude woman's body censored by the "EC Committee of Good Taste," while the title of Titian's *The Rape of Europa* is similarly censored. Self-reference doesn't end with the Committee of Good Taste — two Rembrandts, one featuring a large EC logo and the other an issue of *Panic*, and the cherub statue in Fragonard's *The Swing* are replaced by an umpire reading *Mad*.

"DriveInMovie!" (p. 56) is a treasure trove of mid-century pop-culture references starting, of course, with the subject of the piece, drive-in movies. Though they continued to operate for decades afterward, open-air drive-in movie theaters were a uniquely 1950s phenomenon. The first drive-in theaters appeared in the early 1930s, but their popularity exploded after World War II. They numbered some 4,000 in the U.S. at their height in the 1950s (down to around 300 nationwide at the time of this writing.)

The splash panel shows, not the original film title of *From Here to Eternity*, but the parody title,

[1] EC history is generally grouped into "Pre-Trend," "New Trend," "New Direction," and "Picto-Fiction" periods, roughly corresponding to the years 1944–1950 (with generic kiddie, Western, romance, and crime titles), 1950–1954 (the company's heyday, with horror, crime, war, and science fiction titles), 1955–1956 (with a variety of titles all constrained by the Comics Code Authority), and 1956, with a failed attempt to pioneer illustrated "Shock," "Terror" crime, and romance text stories in magazine format.

From Eternity Back to Here, that appeared in *Mad* #12. In the second panel, we see caricatures of Davis and Feldstein entering the drive-in in a car marked "Panic Magazine," Feldstein taking notes and Davis drawing the piece we are reading! *Mad* pops up again on page 2, panel 2 (p. 57) with an upside-down figure holding a copy of *Mad* #16, both clipped from a subscription ad that ran on the inside front cover of *Panic* #7.

As the movie begins in the next panel, the characters on the screen say "John!" and "Marsha!," a reference to a hit comedy record by Stan Freberg titled — you guessed it! — "John and Marsha" (1951), which consists of a dialogue between a woman's voice calling out "John" and a man's voice calling out "Marsha" in an ever-escalating state of emotion for two minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The lower tier of panels on page 2, going into page 3, demonstrates why drive-in theaters were called "passion pits," and the group exiting the hot rod's trunk (a popular way to sneak people in without paying and possibly the inspiration for the title logo's crammed-together lettering) in the last panel of page 3 (p. 58) includes Archie, Jughead, Little Orphan Annie, Popeye's Wimpy, and Mickey Mouse. Self-reference continues on page 4 (p. 59) with two small sports cars bearing "MG" and "EC" emblems!

"A Star Is Corn" (p. 62) is Davis's only movie parody for *Panic*, and it appears in the first issue to be hand-lettered by Ben Oda — a stark break from previous issues, which had been lettered by the husband-and-wife team of Jim and Margaret Wroten, who used the mechanical Leroy Lettering typical of all but the Kurtzman-edited ECs (including *Mad*). By using Oda, Kurtzman's exclusive letterer, and most of the same artists that Kurtzman used on *Mad*, *Panic*, more than ever, became visually indistinguishable from the comic book *Mad* — which had, by this time, transitioned to magazine format.

Davis, in his inimitable style, turns in recognizable, if outsized, portrayals of Judy Garland and James Mason. Mason's character Norman Maine becomes Norman Mainliner here, but Garland's character keeps the film name of Esther Blodgett. This may be because it's already too ridiculous to lampoon, but it also sets up a gag where the studio, realizing it's a horrible name, changes it to — wait for it — the much more marketable *Hester* Blodgett (in the movie, she became Vicky Lester)!

Key to the movie's pathos is Norman's drinking problem, which was evidently a problem for the Comics Code. Evidence of Code tampering with this story includes a frosty beer mug with a straw and a cherry on top, and multiple emptied bottles that are distinctly shaped like milk and

Coca-Cola, not liquor. The *Panic* parody follows the film's plot fairly faithfully up to the tragic ending, which gets a happy comedic overhaul in the final panel.

"Foreign Movies" (p. 68) is, following the lead of "DriveInMovie," a general lampoon of then-current film trends, this time poking fun at the ways various countries would cinematically present the same scene. The popularity of foreign films was on the rise in the early 1950s, due in part to a 1948 Supreme Court ruling against film studios owning their own theater chains and the relative affordability of licensing movies from other countries.

CRYPT
WEIRD
FANTASY

Though Mendelsohn writes "Foreign Movies," it might well have been suggested by Feldstein, who was known to frequent the arthouse cinemas of Manhattan, quite a few of which were relatively close to EC's offices. (In 1966, Feldstein had the unique experience of viewing a French film that ripped off one of his *Vault of Horror* plots).

The opening scene sets up the situation — a husband telling his wife ("John and Marsha" again, à la Freberg) the bad news that he has lost his job. It's played straight on page 1, and then farcically re-played on the following pages

YOU ARE MEANINK THOT, BUBLITCHKA!? YOU ARE NOT DEZARTINK ME IN HOUR OF NEED!?
AM NOT LATTINK YOU OUT OF SIGHT, NIKOLAI!
IZ GOING TO BE ROFF WINTER, TANYA! LOTS OFF SUFFERINK!
AM STAYINK BY YOUR SIDE TILL WARY END!

in the styles of French, British, Italian, Japanese, Russian, and, finally, American movies (all highly exaggerated, of course) — which raises the question: what country does the first page represent?

Stereotypes abound, perhaps warranting a disclaimer along the lines of "these stories were written in a different era," "modern sensibilities," "sensitivity to other cultures," etc., but since the American couple comes off as shallow, vapid, consumerist clods, we'll just call this an equal-opportunity parody! As a historical sidenote, the "NKVD" reference on the Russian page was the abbreviation of the state security agency that preceded the KGB (which was established in 1954).

"Shaggy Dog Stories!" (p. 75) presents an assortment of this peculiar type of joke, which are, by design, long-winded, and, also by design, end with an unfunny anticlimax. The piece begins with what is introduced as "the original shaggy dog story," a version which is indeed one of the acknowledged seminal iterations. This runs a full page and is followed by ten more half-page examples written by Mendelsohn. It can be assumed that Davis was at least a passing fan of such jokes; his solo horror writing credit, "Country Clubbing!" (*Foul Play And Other Stories,* Vol. 37) is a classic, archetypal shaggy dog story.

"House Hunting!" (p. 81) comes from the last issue of *Panic*, and it provides a seamless flow to the antiestablishment sensibilities of the Feldstein-edited *Mad* that was shortly to follow. *Mad* would soon cement a reputation for exposing the hypocrisies and disingenuousness of American society, and "House Hunting!" anticipates that with a pithy take on real estate and home building. Davis's art is extremely cartoony here, with the characters of Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public and family closely resembling those of Harvey Kurtzman's *Hey Look!* strips.

Wallace Wood's Panic Attacks

Harvey Kurtzman had developed a certain formula for *Mad* that was working well when *Panic* made its debut. He had chosen to primarily lampoon comic strips, other comic books, and classic literature. Editor/writer Al Feldstein would also lampoon comic strips and classic literature in *Panic*, but he also put a big emphasis on parodying current movies, which was something that Kurtzman had not addressed. There would be a spoof of a current film in every issue from *Panic* #2 on, and all but one of them would be drawn by Wallace Wood.

"African Scream!" (p. 87) was Wood's first assignment for *Panic*. Feldstein saw in Wood the potential to draw caricature, which no one else had thought to have him try up to that point. This story featured drop-dead gorgeous caricatures of *African Queen*'s (1951) two big stars, Humphrey Bogart and Katherine Hepburn. Wood poured himself into these

OPPOSITE: This 1953 photo of Wallace Wood accompanied his "Artist of the Issue" profile that ran in EC Comics that year.

likenesses, especially Bogart's, and the results are spectacular.

There are several genuinely funny turns, such as the ridiculous German accents of the enemy soldiers and the parody of the movie's ickiest moment — the "leeches" scene — with Bogart covered instead by EC Fan-Addict pins from the newly launched EC Fan Addict Club. This is arguably the finest artwork Wood did for *Panic*, and after Feldstein saw the results, that was it. From then on, Wood would be the one to handle the movie parodies, which he did so successfully that he *only* did movie parodies for *Panic*.

LOOK, BABY! DON'T GET SARCASTIC WITH ME. IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS TUB YOU CAN WALK. THERE AIN'T ANOTHER BOAT IN THIS AREA... EXCEPT THE GERMAN GUNBOAT DOWN ON LAKE TOOKARUMBALESSON...
A GERMAN GUNBOAT, MR. YOGERT! HOW VEDDY INTERESTING!

This was the first time that Feldstein locked in a specific artist to a specific category in his humor career, but it was certainly not the last. When Feldstein took over editing *Mad*, he eventually married Mort Drucker to movie and TV parodies and launched regular features such as Spy vs. Spy by Antonio Prohias, Dave Berg's Lighter Side series, Sergio Aragonés's Drawn-Out Dramas, and Al Jaffee's Fold-Ins that each ran for decades. Feldstein understood instinctively that a certain amount of formula and predictability leads to great success in publishing. It takes a lot of discipline for a creative editor not to be constantly re-inventing the publication with each issue, which was one of Feldstein's greatest strengths and part of what made him so successful when he became the editor of *Mad*.

"The Quite-A-Man" (p. 95) is an interesting study in what aspects of the film were chosen to lampoon back in 1953 and what we might expect to see lampooned today.

John Ford's film *The Quiet Man* (1952) has not aged well by modern sensibilities. The movie reinforces negative stereotypes of Irishmen as brawling, bumbling, drunkards. Even more wince-inducing is the behavior of star John Wayne as he gleefully slaps, spanks, drags, and verbally abuses Maureen O'Hara in between scenes of grabbing her by the hair and forcing her to kiss him. None of these attributes were called out for parody by Feldstein and Wood because, in 1953, this was considered a farcical romcom and all of this behavior was "just good fun." In fact, the film was nominated for several Academy Awards, including Best Picture. It won the Best Director Oscar for John Ford and won the Oscar for Cinematography.

Most of this parody is pretty much a retelling of the actual film, made more lighthearted by Feldstein's delightful Irish brogue dialogue and Wood's wonderful artwork. Background characters become less human and are drawn pretty much as leprechauns. The caricatures of the main stars are once again on target, especially John Wayne, Victor McLaglen, and Barry Fitzgerald. His depictions of Maureen O'Hara are less memorable, which is surprising for Wood who was so gifted at drawing beautiful women. She comes off looking more like a stock Wood beauty than as a specific actress.

The parody has some great over-the-top moments, such as Maureen O'Hara showing the various items in her dowry, which includes a bent bazooka and a manual for how to dig a slit trench. The famous fistfight between John Wayne and Victor McLaglen is even more preposterous and drawn-out than the movie, which is saying a lot.

It appears that Feldstein was not quite sure how to wrap this one up and went bizarrely surreal with it by having the cast of *Pogo* show up for no reason other than Walt Kelly being of Irish ancestry. Although this ending is a bit disappointing in terms of being a smart bit of satire, what it did demonstrate was Wood's uncanny

ability to imitate Walt Kelly's drawing style. It's probable that Kurtzman took notice of this and assigned Wood to do a full-length parody of the *Pogo* comic strip in the last comic book issue of *Mad*, which came out nearly a year later.

"Hindu" (p. 102) is the second movie parody in a row that features Feldstein and Wood tackling a John Wayne film. The parody is based on the 1953 release *Hondo*, which is considered one of John Wayne's greatest films. Feldstein immediately takes the wind out of its sails in the first paragraph, where he rightly summarizes it as the

"latest 'stranger that comes in out of nowhere to chop wood and teach the rancher's son to be a man while making love to the rancher's wife on the Q.T.' sagebrush saga." Feldstein also makes numerous references to how closely this film mirrors the main plot points of *Shane*, which had been a huge success at the box office just six months earlier.

Hondo was filmed and originally released in 3-D, and Wood, who had just had a graphic field day parodying 3-D comic books in *Mad* two months prior ("3-Dimensions!" *Mad* #12) was ready to take on 3-D movies. There are several inspired moments, such as Wayne throwing young Irving right out of the movie and into the audience on page 2 (p. 103), Wood's signature on page 1 (p. 102) rendered as a full 3-D extravaganza, and characters constantly stepping out of the background of the film and into space such as page 1, panel 2; page 3, panel 5; and page 5, panels 3, 4, and 5 (p. 102, p. 104, p. 106).

Wood's caricatures of Wayne and lead actress Geraldine Page are excellent, but what gives this story a little extra Wood magic is his depiction of the adorable kid, Irving. He's the barefoot, buck-toothed, large-headed, nose-picking Wallace Wood cartoon imp that would recur repeatedly in Wood's work for the rest of his career. Wood also chose to portray the Apache Indians in a similar cartoony fashion and somehow the combination of these cartoony characters combined with the more realistically rendered stars really works.

Wood and Feldstein seem to be genuinely enjoying themselves with this one, and as a result, the reader can't help but be swept along for the joyful ride.

"20th Sensuous Wolf Presents You Too Can Hook a Zillionaire!" (a.k.a. "You Too Can Hook a Zillionaire!") (p. 110) must have made Wood think he had died and gone to heaven when he got this assignment. Not only was the film it parodied, *How to Marry a Millionaire* (1953) one of the first films shot in Cinemascope — which would give him the chance to draw all kinds of extra-wide-screen sight gags — but it also starred Hollywood icons Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, and Betty Grable. Wood's ability to draw drop-dead gorgeous women in a humorous fashion that made them both funny *and* sexy was on full display here. The result is certainly the sexiest strip to appear in *Panic*, with page after page of beautifully drawn cheesecake as only Wood could do it.

Feldstein and Wood added a brand-new introduction to this parody that was not a part of the original film. They devote the first two pages to showing an imaginary behind-the-scenes explanation of how this film came to be and what the producers had in mind in terms of how to ensure they would have a box-office smash. They figured that all American women are looking to get rich and that the best way to get rich is by marrying into money (a strategy not entirely unheard of throughout history), and

EEEEEEEEK!
NOT HER, IDIOT! THE PIANO!
WHO'S AN IDIOT!? IT COULD-A BEEN A GOOD DEAL!
GEE! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY PICKED ME UP WHEN I WAS WEARING MY GLASSES!
THE PIANO, EH? LET'S SEE! HMMM! QUITE AN ODD PIANO! WHEN I STRIKE A NOTE, MUSIC COMES OUT OF THE SAMOVAR THERE!
AGAIN WITH THE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND BIT! CAN IT AND TELL US HOW MUCH!
PLOP!

in 1954, it was assumed that half of the moviegoing audience (women) would want to see how to do that. And of course, the men would take their women to see the movie if they got a chance to ogle sexy women, so — voilà! — a sure-fire, guaranteed winner.

Surprisingly, this parody and the original film still hold up well, and both are enjoyable today. This is due in both cases to the high caliber of execution — what the stars brought to the original film and what Wood and Feldstein brought to the parody.

"Executive Seat" (p. 117) must have almost seemed like Wood's atonement for having had so much fun on his previous assignment. Instead of getting to draw page after page of pretty girls, this film is mostly a bunch of men in suits sitting around talking. A parody of the 1954 film *Executive Suite*, the story revolves around six vice presidents in a furniture manufacturing company jockeying for the presidency after the president of the firm unexpectedly drops dead without having named a successor. The vast majority of this film takes place in various boardrooms and offices with almost no action beyond arguments, speeches, and telephone conversations. How Feldstein and Wood managed to take such inherently dull, dry material and turn it into a wonderful, fun-to-read parody speaks volumes about the high level of quality these two achieved together.

One has to question Feldstein's decision to take on *Executive Suite* in the first place, as it seems doubtful that *Panic*'s primarily teenage readership would have been drawn to the theater to see it. However, the film did do big box office upon its release (four consecutive weeks at Number One), so it must have been a big part of popular culture at the time, even though it has largely faded from memory today.

There are some great inside references to both EC and the controversy EC was facing at the time in this story. On page 1, panel 2 (p. 117), we see Wood's flawless imitation of the Jack Davis character who had appeared in *Mad*'s spoof of the 1952 TV series *The Continental* five months earlier. Wood has added an EC Fan-Addict club pin to his robe, and in the following two panels, we see that President Bullhead carries an EC Fan Addict Club membership card in his wallet.

The heat on the comics industry (and EC in particular) is referenced on page 5, panel 8 (p. 121) with a newspaper headline that says, "Gaines At Sub Committee Probe." In panel 6, we see another newspaper headline that says, "Child Admits Didn't Get Idea From Comic Book." Also on that page is Walter Winchell (as "Walter Wynchill"), a nationally syndicated newspaper gossip columnist and radio and TV personality who, in addition to spreading gossip about supposed communists in the entertainment industry, had also spread rumors about Gaines, business manager Lyle Stuart, and EC comics. Clearly, Feldstein was not afraid to poke the bears that were attacking EC at the time.

"Them There Those" (p. 124) was Jack Mendelsohn and Wallace Wood's first collaboration. A send-up of the nuclear-monster/giant-ant classic, *Them!* (1954), the change in

writers became immediately evident in this story, with Mendelsohn injecting far more puns, sight gags, and overall silliness than Feldstein had ever done. This seems to have also had an immediate effect on Wood, who chose to illustrate this story in his most cartoony style to date — while still executing spot-on caricatures, such as that of actors James Whitmore and Edmund Gwenn.

All of the characters have big heads and little bodies with the exception of the females, who retain their classic Wood pin-up proportions. One of them, Secret Agent K-9 (FBI agent "Robert Graham" in the movie) is never shown as a human being. Because his identity is so secret, he is always in disguise and is shown as a potted plant, a coat rack, a water cooler, a vacuum cleaner, and other ridiculous items (a trick perfected in the preceding decade by Jack Cole's comic book superhero Plastic Man and similar to the following decade's Agent 13 of the farcical TV series *Get Smart*, who was always hiding in similarly unlikely and uncomfortable places).

The female lead is a scientist named T.N. Tee (daughter of Professor D.D. Tee) who never shows her face, which is always hidden behind a book whose title changes in every panel. In the end, we finally do see her face, and (spoiler alert!) she turns out to be a giant ant. The shape-shifting FBI agent then turns himself into a giant shoe and steps on her, a much more over-the-top approach than Feldstein was known for.

Other noticeable changes are the funny little signs in the background that had previously been present, though sparingly, in Wood's stories and were presumably written by Wood. But here, they become much more plentiful and appear virtually everywhere. Mendelsohn said in a 2002 interview ("Jack of All Trades," by John Province, *Hogan's Alley Magazine* #10, Summer 2002) that he included the copy for these little background signs in his scripts, which must have inspired Wood to continue to add still more of his own to the mix, with the result being even more pun-laden and silly than before.

It is clear that in addition to Mendelsohn studying what Feldstein had done in *Panic*, he was also studying what Kurtzman was doing in *Mad*. In addition to the increased silliness in general, we now see classic Kurtzman *Mad* sound bites like "How's your mom, Ed?," "Furshlugginer," "Potrzebie," and "Veeblefetzer" popping up with regularity in *Panic*. All of which made *Panic* even more obviously a sister publication to *Mad*, and many readers said in *Panic*'s letters pages that they liked *Panic* just as much or more than *Mad*.

An interesting tidbit about the film *Them!* was that it helped launch the careers of two

HMMM! THIS KID IS IN A COMPLETE STATE OF SHOCK. HER EYES ARE WIDE AND STARING! HER FACE IS PALE AND PERSPIRED! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S OUT OF HER MIND!
OH, THAT EXPLAINS IT! SHE'S WEARING AN E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BUTTON!*
EC FAN-ADDICT

*50¢ FOR MEMBERSHIP KIT! — ED.

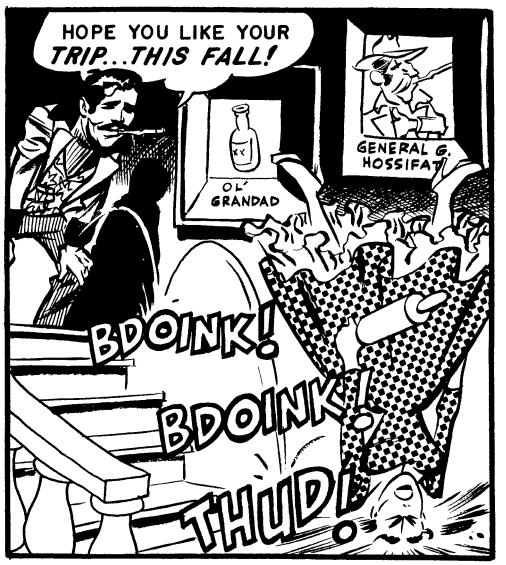
of the 1950s most iconic Western stars. Walt Disney was looking to cast an actor to play the part of Davy Crockett for his next film and was told to check out James Arness's performance in *Them!*. But Disney passed on Arness as soon as he saw the performance (in a much smaller role) by a young actor named Fess Parker.

Meanwhile, John Wayne was impressed with Arness in *Them!* and recommended him to director Charles Warren who was developing a TV version of the popular radio drama, *Gunsmoke*.

Fess Parker's Davy Crockett and James Arness's Sherriff Matt Dillon remain two of the Western genre's most iconic characters.

"Gone With the Widow" (p. 131) was created because *Gone With the Wind* (1939) was re-released theatrically in 1954 (and for the first time presented in widescreen), resulting in people heading to the theaters to see it again. Mendelsohn takes the wind out of this re-release right at the beginning, stating, "By *now,* there probably isn't a *person* in the United States over *six years old* who hasn't *seen* this *stirring epic of the Deep South* at least *once* ... so there's *no sense* giving you *our version* of the *whole story* from *beginning* to *end*. Besides ... it's *four hours long* and *we* only got *seven pages!*" (ellipses and emphases in original).

GWTW had already been theatrically re-released in 1942 and 1947, and it must have seemed pretty redundant to trot it out again in 1954 to Mendelsohn. He had no way of knowing that it would show up in theaters again in 1961, 1967, 1971, 1974, 1989, 1998, 2013, 2014, and 2024. When adjusted for inflation, it remains the highest grossing film of all time.



Given the iconic nature of this film, it's perplexing that Wallace Wood seems to have been uninspired while drawing it. Much of it looks like it was drawn hastily and without much thought. Gone are his carefully crafted caricatures, and most of his depictions of Clark Gable and Vivian Leigh barely look like them. In fact, they look like caricatures of caricatures. The silly background signs are still in evidence, but many of them are typeset solutions as opposed to hand-drawn and are very awkwardly placed in the story. After seeing his beautifully illustrated Civil War stories in *Frontline Combat* and *Two-Fisted Tales*, the EC faithful must have been expecting so much more from Wood, even though this is a comedy.

So, what happened? Jack Mendelsohn's script is actually quite good, and his decision to parody only the most iconic scenes from the film allowed him to effectively paraphrase the whole film in just seven pages. The script moves along nicely, and there are plenty of opportunities to draw a pretty girl, but Wood seems to be going through the motions on even that aspect.

We can never know for sure why this one didn't work for Wood, but a possible clue can be found in John Province's 2002 Jack Mendelsohn interview. Province asked: "Is Will Elder a favorite artist, and did you write stories with him in mind?"

Mendelsohn: "Sometimes yes, and I liked his work very much. He was a great inspiration to me. I liked Jack Davis and Harvey Kurtzman as well. Some of the artists had no feel for certain kinds of material — like Wally Wood. You had to be very careful what type of story he was given."

One can assume that Mendelsohn felt that if he wrote a script for Elder or Davis, they attacked it with enthusiasm no matter what it was about. But with Wood, maybe not so much. Mendelsohn and Wood collaborated on a total of five stories for *Panic*, and "Gone With the Widow" is clearly the weakest one in the group in terms of Wood's artwork. Perhaps this is what Mendelsohn was thinking about during that interview. Another possible explanation is that *Mad* was in the process of becoming a 64-page black-and-white magazine at this same time with significant contributions from Wood that were stunning. So, it could just be a matter of him not having had enough hours in the day to take this *Panic* story any further than he did.

"Bo Bummel" or "Much Ado About Clothing" (p. 138) demonstrated that whatever it was that had held Wood back on his previous parody was clearly behind him. The caricatures of Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter Ustinov from *Beau Brummel* (1954) are all done to Wood's usual level of brilliance. He also provides great

caricatures of Robert Morley who played the slowly-going-mad King George III in the film. Wood inserts him as a recurring sight gag in the background of most of the panels on pages 3, 4, and 5 (p. 140, 141, 142). We see him making paper dolls, playing with a yo-yo, hiding behind various objects and inside of a picture frame with absolutely no reference whatsoever as to who this character is. It is only because Wood's caricatures of him are identifiable that readers who had seen the film would know who he was and get the joke(s).

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU MY HOUSE! NOTICE THE DECORATIONS IN THIS ROOM! THE WALLS ARE LIVER MAROON... THE CEILING, HEART RED... THE DRAPES, TONGUE PINK... THE RUG, KIDNEY YELLOW... AND THE UPHOLSTERY, VEIN BLUE. I CALL THIS THE "ORGAN ROOM!"
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
NOT HERE! IN THE "SICK ROOM!"..
Drawing Room

Wood also manages to slip in a self-portrait on page 5, panel 1 (p. 142) as Bummel takes Lady Elizabeth on a tour through his house and pauses before the "Drawing Room" where Wood is seated at his drawing board creating comics, his ever-present cigarette dangling from his mouth.

Mendelsohn and Wood wisely toned down the number of annoying pun-laden signs in the backgrounds for this story. This gives the puns that appear via the dialogue a lot more power and memorability.

Despite an all-star cast and excellent performances, the film *Beau Brummel* was not a particularly successful film at the box office, and lead actor Stewart Granger was said to have not liked the finished film. One has to also question why a period drama from the Napoleonic era that had absolutely no action would have been a film that *Panic* readers would have bothered to see. Presumably, editor Feldstein had final say on what would be roasted in *Panic*, and with *African Queen*, *Them!*, and *Hondo*, he was right on the money in guessing which films his readership would have seen. Even though *Panic* readers were far less likely to have seen *Beau Brummell*, the parody is still enjoyable because Wood and Mendelsohn did such a good job with it.

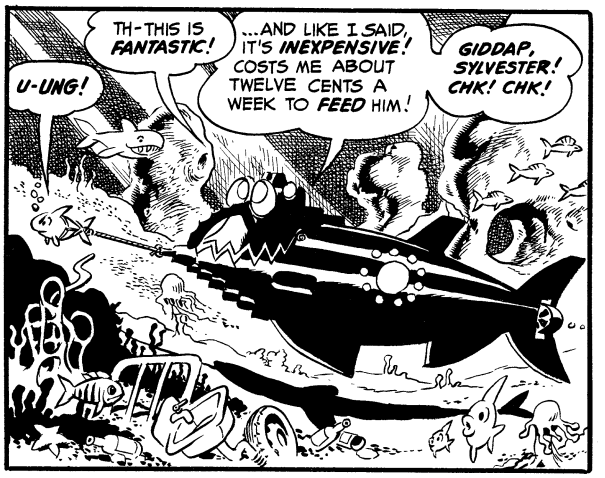
"20,000 Leaks Under the Sea" (p. 145), the *Panic* parody of 1954's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* must have had the gang at EC licking their chops to parody it. After all, EC had spent more than five years creating the most sophisticated, beautifully done science fiction stories ever to appear in comics, and the goofiness that Disney had injected into Jules Verne's story was begging to be taken down a peg. And who better to draw it than EC's dean of science fiction, Wallace Wood?

The story kicks off with a splash panel that incorporates many graphic references from Wood's tenure at EC, including "African Scream!" (p. 87), "The Cane Mutiny!" (*Mad* #19), and the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* from "Blockade!" (*Atom Bomb And Other Stories*, Vol. 26). Once again, Wood shows his ability to draw brilliant caricatures with wonderful takes on Kirk Douglas, Peter Lorre, and James Mason.

Al Feldstein has been critiqued over the years for being overly wordy in his writing, which sometimes resulted in the artists having less space to draw than they would have liked. Jack Mendelsohn blows Feldstein away for wordiness in this story with the ultimate example being page 3, panel 1 (p. 147). Both Captain Meno and Professor Crackerjax tend to ramble on and speak in flowery language, but Wood's delightful artwork saves this story from being an overwritten chore to read and instead makes it a real delight.

(This is also the first of only two Wood *Panic* parodies to be hand-lettered by Ben Oda, which further enhances the story's readability, a welcome change from the previous mechanical Leroy Lettering.)

Wood goes more over-the-top and wackier than ever with an almost Disney-like approach to his artwork. Menacing sharks and giant squids have bulging googly eyes and goofy smiles, as do the crew of the *Robert E. Leaky*. Even the Nautilus submarine has big cartoon eyeballs and a silly expression on its "face."


TH-THIS IS FANTASTIC!
...AND LIKE I SAID, IT'S INEXPENSIVE! COSTS ME ABOUT TWELVE CENTS A WEEK TO FEED HIM!
GIDDAP, SYLVESTER! CHK! CHK!
U-UNG!

NOW THIS IS THE CONTROL ROOM! THE RUDDER IS OPERATED BY A PSYCHOSOMATIC DEVICE!
PSYCHOSOMATIC?
YES! IT'S CONTROLLED BY A NUT THAT HOLDS THE STEERING WHEEL!
I KID THEE NOT!

The main stars are often shown with over-exaggerated large heads and tiny bodies for greater comic effect — see page 3, panel 4; page 5, panel 5; and page 7, panel 4 (p. 147, 149, 151) for examples.

Overall, this is one of the most lighthearted stories Wood drew for EC and is a good foreshadowing of the work he would do a decade later for the Topps Chewing Gum Company.

"'S a Tragic Air Command" (p. 152), with its awkwardly strained title, parodied the film *Strategic Air Command* (1955). It was Wood's final story for *Panic* and appeared in *Panic*'s final issue. Jack Mendelsohn left EC and moved to Mexico after completing only one of the four stories for this issue, which required Al Feldstein to come back and write the remaining three, including this one.

You can immediately tell the script wasn't written by Mendelsohn, who piled on a lot more puns than Feldstein. Another clue that this was Feldstein's is that he delighted in making fun of all the various new moviemaking technologies that came out in the 1950s (and had already done so several times in the pages of *Panic*).

This final movie parody was his and Wood's ultimate poke at it, with the first three of its seven pages taking the wind out of Cinerama, CinemaScope, and VistaVision.

Perhaps because *Strategic Air Command* really doesn't have that much going on, the film's plot can be ignored at first and then summarized in the four remaining pages without it feeling like the reader is missing anything.

Wood and Feldstein have a lot more fun satirizing the various film techniques than they do the movie itself, and the artwork in the first few pages is by far the most innovative and fun to look at (and is, again, enhanced by Oda's hand lettering).

As for the movie parody portion, even though this film has a major star (Jimmy Stewart) in the lead role, Wood doesn't do much in terms of caricature with it because Stewart is almost always shown in a flight suit with a mask obscuring all but his eyes.

Critics at the time pointed out that the enormous Convair B-36 and the new B-47 Stratojet bombers were the true stars of the movie. Wood does his usual wonderful job of portraying these "stars" both inside and out with all of his classic gadgetry.

Much of Wood's inking in this story looks like it was done quickly, which is not to say that it appears sloppy. On the contrary, it looks as if he was confident, decisive about his brushstrokes, and having a grand time as he polished off his last story for *Panic*.

Harvey Kurtzman took note of the movie parodies Wood was doing for Al Feldstein at *Panic*, and he eventually scripted several movie parodies for Wood to illustrate in the *Mad* comic book.

This was a rare case of Kurtzman following Feldstein's lead, and as a result, the Kurtzman/Wood movie parodies in *Mad* look like they came from the pages of *Panic* — a comic book that was doing its best to look like *Mad*.

And Speaking of Harvey Kurtzman...

"V-Vampires!" (p. 159) is a real rarity — it hasn't been seen since its one-and-only appearance in *Three Dimensional EC Classics* #1, more than 70 years ago. This is also the first time it has been printed in 2-D black-and-white, as opposed to 3-D (which requires special glasses to read it), and so it is much easier to enjoy Wood's amazing artwork here.

The story was written by Harvey Kurtzman and an earlier version — also drawn by Wood — appeared in *Mad* #3, February-March 1953. But that is not this version. This version is practically a new story, not just because it was completely re-drawn for 3-D, but it has been expanded to 8 pages (from the earlier 6), and the layout is entirely re-imagined. This expanded version proudly introduced EC's approach to 3-D comics — and who better to demonstrate how effective that could be than Wallace Wood, whose 2-D artwork already looked like 3-D?

"V-Vampires!" is one of Kurtzman's several pokes at EC's horror comics, which he never really cared for. It's a fun story, and even though the ending comes as no real surprise, that was surely Kurtzman's intent since he felt that the EC horror stories were incredibly formulaic.

Kurtzman's pacing in this expanded version is considerably different. It's most evident on the first two pages, which are entirely visual with no dialogue or captions, just sound effects. The results are spectacular, especially in the opening full-page splash panel. Such full-page panels were an infrequent luxury at EC, usually sacrificed in favor of more story space.

Wood lettered the entire story, including the sound effects, a task he was more than capable of, having started his comics career lettering *The Spirit* for Will Eisner and *Terry and the Pirates* for George Wunder.

Nitpickers will note that Wood shows the reflection of the sexy protagonist in the window of the mausoleum on page 2, panel 1 (p. 160). As all monster lovers know, a vampire doesn't cast a reflection. Perhaps someone at EC should have caught it, but they were probably paying more attention to getting this newly invented 3-D process to work properly.

It says a lot about Wood's passion that even though he had drawn this story brilliantly just a little over a year prior, he managed to push himself to do an even more inspired job with this expanded version.

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SEX AND SADISM DEPT.: PRIVATE-EYE DIV.: THE *PAPERS* SAY I'M A *KILL-CRAZY SHAMUS.* WELL, *MAYBE I AM.* DO YOU THINK I *LIKE* THE *RATS* THAT *PREY* ON THE *GOOD* PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN? DO YOU THINK I *LIKE* THE *KILLERS* THAT CRAWL OUT THROUGH *LOOP-HOLES* IN THE *LAW?* DO YOU THINK I *LIKE* THE *DREGS* OF *HUMANITY* THAT SIT LIKE *PARASITES* UPON THE BACK OF SOCIETY AND TAKE *ADVANTAGE* OF THE *CRAWLING STUMBLING MACHINE CALLED JUSTICE? DO YOU?* WELL, YOU'RE *DARN RIGHT* I LIKE 'EM! 'CAUSE IF IT *WEREN'T* FOR *THEM,* I'D BE *OUT OF BUSINESS. ME?* I'M *MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER.* I'M A *PRIVATE EYE.* I *TRACK DOWN* THOSE *RATS,* THOSE *KILLERS,* THOSE *DREGS*...AND I *SHOOT!* I SHOOT TO *KILL!* I DON'T *FOOL AROUND* WITH *TIME-WASTING COURTROOM TRIALS!* INSTEAD...

My Gun Is The Jury!

By MELVIE SPLANE

JACK DAVIS

POT CHAMBER, CAPTAIN OF HOMICIDE, LOOKED UP AS I SAUNTERED DAPPERLY THROUGH THE DOOR...

HE'S *DEAD,* MIKE! THE KILLER CARVED THE *NOSE* OFF A *.45* AND FIRED *LOW.* THERE'S NOT MUCH *LEFT* OF HIM BELOW THE *NAVEL.* *KNOW HIM?*

HE POLISHED MY *CAR* ONCE. HE WAS A *GOOD* KID. I *LIKED* HIM. FROM *NOW ON,* IT'S A *RACE,* POT. *I WANT THAT KILLER FOR MYSELF!*

I LOOKED DOWN AT WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE KID...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE *DEALING YOURSELF IN,* MIKE?

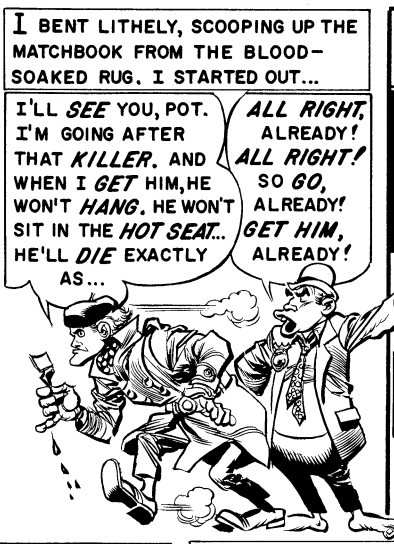
THAT'S *RIGHT,* POT. LISTEN... ER... WHATEVER YOUR NAME WAS. I'M GOING TO *GET* THE GUY THAT DID THIS. I *SWEAR* IT! AND HE WON'T *SIT* IN THE *HOT SEAT*... HE WON'T *HANG*...

A TWISTED SMILE TWISTED ACROSS MY TWISTED FACE...

HE'LL *DIE* EXACTLY AS *YOU* DIED. WITH A *SAWED-OFF .88 SLUG* IN THE *GUT* A LITTLE BELOW THE *BELLY BUTTON.* A *DUM-DUM* THAT GOES IN *CLEAN* AND COMES OUT LIKE A *FLYING SAUCER* LEAVIN' A *HOLE* SO BIG, YOU CAN PUT YOUR *FIST* THROUGH...

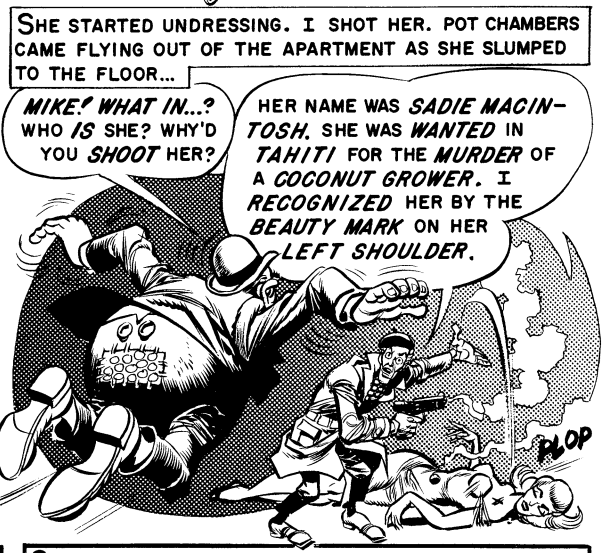
PLEASE, MIKE. YOU MAKE ME *SICK!*

I MAKE MYSELF SICK, POT. BUT THOSE IDIOTS OUT THERE BUY THIS STUFF. THEY EAT IT UP. THEY LOVE IT! THE GORIER, THE BETTER! THIS... AND SEX.
CRAZY MIXED-UP IDIOTS.

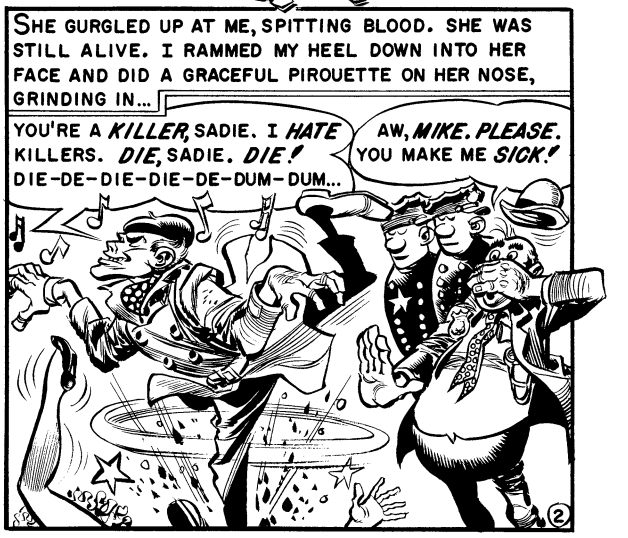

I BENT LITHELY, SCOOPING UP THE MATCHBOOK FROM THE BLOOD-SOAKED RUG. I STARTED OUT...
I'LL SEE YOU, POT. I'M GOING AFTER THAT KILLER. AND WHEN I GET HIM, HE WON'T HANG. HE WON'T SIT IN THE HOT SEAT... HE'LL DIE EXACTLY AS...
ALL RIGHT, ALREADY! ALL RIGHT! SO GO, ALREADY! GET HIM, ALREADY!

I SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND ME, AND EXAMINED THE MATCHBOOK. THERE WAS WRITING WRITTEN ON IT...
A CLUE! ABSOLUTELY! NOW IF I COULD ONLY READ...! MAYBE SHE COULD HELP ME?

SHE GLIDED DOWN THE HALL TOWARD ME, HER SOFT CURVACEOUS BODY SEEKING FREEDOM FROM THE RESTRAINING FABRIC OF HER TIGHT-FITTING DRESS. ACTUALLY, SHE WAS A FAT SLOB...
I BEG YOUR PARDON. MY NAME IS MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER. I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. I...
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO INVESTIGATE ME, HONEY?


SHE STARTED UNDRESSING. I SHOT HER. POT CHAMBERS CAME FLYING OUT OF THE APARTMENT AS SHE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR...
MIKE! WHAT IN...? WHO IS SHE? WHY'D YOU SHOOT HER?
HER NAME WAS SADIE MACINTOSH. SHE WAS WANTED IN TAHITI FOR THE MURDER OF A COCONUT GROWER. I RECOGNIZED HER BY THE BEAUTY MARK ON HER LEFT SHOULDER.
PLOP

I LOOKED DOWN AT SADIE AND A TWISTED SMILE TWISTED ACROSS MY TWISTED FACE...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED THE STRIP ACT, BABY. THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THE BEAUTY MARK. THAT COCONUT GROWER WAS MY FRIEND. I ATE A PETER PAUL'S MOUND ONCE, MADE FROM HIS COCONUTS!
GLUGG... GLUGG...

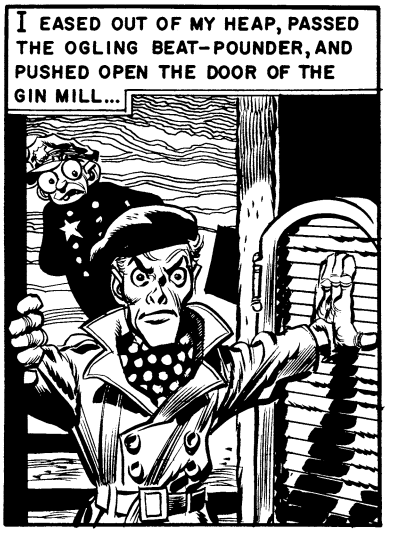

SHE GURGLED UP AT ME, SPITTING BLOOD. SHE WAS STILL ALIVE. I RAMMED MY HEEL DOWN INTO HER FACE AND DID A GRACEFUL PIROUETTE ON HER NOSE, GRINDING IN...
YOU'RE A KILLER, SADIE. I HATE KILLERS. DIE, SADIE. DIE! DIE-DE-DIE-DIE-DE-DUM-DUM...
AW, MIKE. PLEASE. YOU MAKE ME SICK!
2

I TOLD YOU, POT! I MAKE MYSELF SICK, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS. THOSE FIENDS OUT THERE LOVE ME LIKE THIS.
CRAZY MIXED-UP FIENDS.
I LEFT POT AND DEAD SADIE AND THE MORGUE BOYS AND SKIPPED DOWNSTAIRS TO MY HEAP...
THIS IS MY HEAP. IT LOOKS LIKE A '41 BUICK. BUT UNDER THAT HOOD IS A GENERAL ELECTRIC TURBO-JET SUPERCHARGED AIRPLANE ENGINE...
2840
I FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR...
NO DUMB HIGHWAY PATROL COP CAN CATCH ME. I CAN DO OVER 40 IN THIS HEAP. I...
HELLO, MIKE...
SHE SAT IN THE FRONT SEAT WITH HER LEGS CROSSED, REVEALING THEIR SHAPELINESS...THE SOFT SMOOTH CURVES ENCASED IN NYLONS...FLOWING EXCITINGLY UPWARD AND UNDER THE VEIL OF BLACK SATIN THAT WAS HER SKIRT...
WHO...?
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, MIKE! DRIVE TO MY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT. EVERYTHING IS WAITING...EVERYTHING YOU LIKE...INCLUDING ME...SO DON'T ASK QUESTIONS...
SHE PUT HER HAND TO MY QUIVERING, DROOL-COVERED LIPS. I STUDIED HER. SHE WAS A VENUS, A GODDESS, A QUEEN. HER EYES WERE POOLS OF BLUE FLAME...HER LIPS, SOFT AND INVITING... HER BODY...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW CAN EVERYTHING I LIKE BE AT YOUR PENTHOUSE, WAITING FOR ME, INCLUDING YOU... WHEN... WHEN YOU'RE HERE?
DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT, MIKE. IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US. LET'S GO. TAKE A RIGHT AT THE NEXT...
I EASED HER OUT OF MY HEAP. SHE SAT THERE ON THE SIDEWALK, POUTING. A WARM SMILE WORMED ACROSS MY WARM FACE...
NOT NOW, HONEY. LATER, MAYBE, BUT NOT NOW. I'M BUSY!
ANYTIME, MIKE... ANYTIME YOU SAY THE WORD. JUST RING UP PLAZA 5-3942940917827503I3 AND ASK FOR STELLA... I'LL BE WAITING...
I MADE A MENTAL NOTE OF STELLA'S PHONE NUMBER AND ZOOMED AWAY. PRETTY GIRL, STELLA. LATER, WHEN I'D FINISHED CHASING DOWN THE MURDERING RAT, I'D LOOK HER UP. BUT RIGHT NOW, I HAD BUSINESS. I SPED ACROSS TOWN TO THE DOCK SECTION... TO THE ADDRESS ON THE MATCHBOOK COVER...
THIS IS THE PLACE!
MOVE ALONG, BUDDY! CAN'T YOU READ? THAT'S A NO-PARKING SIGN...
SCREE
NO PARKING
3

I FLASHED MY P.I. CARD AT THE FLATFOOT, AND HIS EYES POPPED...

OF *COURSE*, MR. HAMMERSHLAMMER. OF *COURSE!* GO *RIGHT AHEAD*. OF *COURSE! PARK RIGHT THERE*. OF *COURSE*.

I EASED OUT OF MY HEAP, PASSED THE OGLING BEAT-POUNDER, AND PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR OF THE GIN MILL...



THE JOINT WAS JAMMED WITH TOUGH-LOOKING MUGS WHO WOULD SLIT THEIR OWN MOTHERS' THROATS IF THE PRICE WAS RIGHT. ALL EYES FOLLOWED ME AS I GLIDED AGILELY ACROSS THE SAWDUST-COVERED FLOOR TO THE BAR AND TOSSED THE MATCHBOOK DOWN UPON ITS STICKY, SMELLY SURFACE...

I WONDER IF YOU COULD *TELL* ME, IF IT ISN'T TOO MUCH *TROUBLE*, IF *THIS MATCHBOX* COMES FROM *YOUR PLACE?*
HEY, BOYS! DIG THE SWELL! HE WANTS *INFO!*

I GRABBED THE SLOPPY-LOOKING WHISKEY SLINGER BY HIS GRIMY COLLAR AND PULLED HIS FACE DOWN TO THE MUZZLE OF THE .45 I'D WHIPPED FROM MY SHOULDER HOLSTER...

I CAUGHT THE REFLECTION OF A MOVEMENT BEHIND ME IN THE BAR MIRROR AND MOVED QUICKLY ENOUGH SO THAT THE KNIFE SKIMMED PAST MY EAR AND BURIED ITS SEVEN-INCH BLADE IN THE BARTENDER'S HEAD.

THE BIG MUG BEHIND ME JUST STOOD THERE, STUPIDLY, STARING AT THE BARTENDER AS HE SLUMPED OVER THE BAR, HEAVING HIS GUTS OUT. I LASHED OUT WITH THE MUZZLE OF MY .45, CATCHING THE BIG MUG ACROSS THE MOUTH, KNOCKING HIS TEETH DOWN HIS THROAT AND SPLITTING HIS LIPS OPEN SO HE DROOLED CLARET...

I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE WAS EMPTY. THE TOUGHIES HAD TAKEN A POWDER. SURE. THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT. SHOW 'EM A LITTLE BLOOD, AND THEY RUN LIKE SCARED RABBITS. I WENT THROUGH THE BIG MUG'S POCKETS AS HE LAY THERE GURGLING...

HMMM! A *CHANCE* ON A *BICYCLE*. AN OLD *FISHHOOK* AND SOME *STRING*. A *MARBLE*. A *DEAD FROG*. A...*GOOD LORD!*

I POCKETED WHAT I'D FOUND AND LEFT. I CROSSED THE SIDEWALK TO MY HEAP. THE *PARKING TICKET* HUNG ON THE *WINDSHIELD*...

WHY, THE *DIRTY*...

HELLO, BIG BOY!

TICKET

I POCKETED THE PARKING TICKET, CURSING THE FLATFOOT SOFTLY TO MYSELF, AND TURNED. SHE HIPPED OVER TO ME FROM THE SHADOWS, HER DRESS CLINGING TO HER BODY AS IF IT WERE SOAKING WET. ACTUALLY, IT WAS WET. IT'S DAMP DOWN BY THE DOCKS...

I *SAW* WHAT YOU *DID*, HANDSOME. YOU'RE A *REAL MAN*. I *GO* FOR *REAL MEN*.

I'M *BUSY*, SISTER. *BEAT IT!*

SHE SLID HER ARMS AROUND ME, SNAKING UP REAL CLOSE. SHE GRINNED EVILLY...

MAKE ME... BEAT IT!

YOU...

I EASED MY GUN OUT OF MY POCKET, SNAPPED OFF THE SAFETY, PULLED BACK THE HAMMER, AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER. SHE LOOKED REAL SURPRISED AS THE BULLET TORE THROUGH HER CHEST, AND SHE SLID TO THE WET PAVEMENT...

POT CHAMBER SCREAMED UP IN A SQUAD CAR...

WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE WAS A *BRAWL* HERE, MIKE. I *FIGURED* IT WAS *YOU*. I... I... *AYE, YI, YI!* *ANOTHER* ONE...

HER NAME WAS *MILDRED MUCKLE*. SHE WAS A *DOPE PUSHER*. A *KID DIED* BECAUSE OF HER.

SQUAT CAR

I GRINNED A TWISTED GRIN AT DEAD MILDRED...

THE KID'S *FATHER* WAS MY *FRIEND*. HE SOLD ME A *NEWSPAPER* ONCE! I SWORE I'D GET HER FOR HIM. *SORRY*, MILDRED! YOU MADE A *BIG MISTAKE HUGGING ME*. I FELT THOSE *'H' CAPSULES* IN YOUR *MONEY BELT*...

WE IDENTIFIED THE *MURDER VICTIM*, MIKE. HIS NAME WAS *IRVING SNODGRASS*. YOU WERE *RIGHT*. HE *WAS* A *CAR POLISHER*.

5

THINGS STARTED TO MAKE SENSE. I LEFT POT AND DEAD MILDRED AND THE MORGUE BOYS, AND I NOSED MY HEAP BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE ACME GARAGE. THE PLACE WAS LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN A DRUM. THE THIRD SKELETON KEY ON MY RING LET ME IN...
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, HAMMERSHLAMMER...
HUH?
IT WAS THE BIG MUG FROM THE GIN MILL. HIS MOUTH WAS ALL BANDAGED. HE HELD A ROD IN HIS BIG UGLY PAWS...
I FIGURED YOU'D SHOW UP HERE AFTER I CAME TO AND FOUND YOU'D FRISKED ME. C'MON! GIMME BACK WHAT YOU TOOK...
YOU MEAN THIS...?
HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. I MOVED TOO FAST. MY .45 WAS OUT AND BARKING BEFORE HE COULD BLINK. I WIPED HIS EVIL GRIN RIGHT OFF HIS FACE...
NO... NOT THAT.. CHOKE... GLUG... THE OTHER THING... NG... NG...G-G...
THE BULLET HAD GONE CLEAN THROUGH HIS HEAD AND SLAMMED INTO A METAL DRUM. THE LIQUID IN THE DRUM POURED OUT OVER HIM, MIXING WITH THE BLOOD... A BLACK SHINY LIQUID... MIXING WITH THE SCARLET OOZE...
HE DESERVED IT, MIKE!
EH?
I SPUN AROUND. SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY TO THE OFFICE, SMILING. SHE CAME TOWARD ME, HER ARMS EXTENDED, HER SUPPLE BODY UNDULATING UNDER THE TIGHT DRESS...
NOW THE WHOLE SHOW CAN BE OURS, MIKE. ALL OURS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET RID OF THE BIG WHEEL... THE TOP BRASS... THE HEAD OF THE RACKET. THERE'D BE NOBODY LEFT...
WHAT ABOUT YOU, HONEY?
SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND ME, PRESSING HER SOFT LIPS AGAINST MINE...
ME, MIKE? I'M YOURS! TOGETHER, WE'LL RUN THE SHOW... WE'LL...
SORRY, BABY...
POT CAME IN AS SHE SLID TO THE CONCRETE BESIDE THE BIG MUG, HER FACE FROZEN IN A DEATH MASK, THE BULLET FROM MY .45 IN HER HEART...
THE MURDER VICTIM WORKED HERE AS A CAR POLISHER. HE... HE... HEE-HEE! MIKE! ANOTHER ONE?
HER NAME WAS EMMA GRETSLE. HER HUSBAND WAS AN ARTIST! HE WAS MY FRIEND. HE LENT ME SOME LINSEED OIL ONCE. SHE POISONED HIM. I SWORE I'D GET HER!
6

ALL OF THE PIECES WERE BEGINNING TO FIT. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PIECE LEFT. THE KILLER. I LEFT POT AND DEAD EMMA AND THE MORGUE BOYS AND PHONED UP STELLA...
MIKE, DARLING. I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D CALL.
I DECIDED TO COME UP AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT WAITING FOR ME, STELLA...
I COULD HEAR HER LITTLE SQUEAL OF JOY. THEN SHE WHISPERED...
I'VE GOT A LITTLE COUNTRY PLACE, MIKE. IT'S ONLY A SHORT DRIVE. WHERE ARE YOU? I'LL PICK YOU UP!
I'M AT THE CORNER OF SMITH AND WESSON...
STELLA'S BIG BLACK CONVERTIBLE EASED UP TO THE CURB, AND I GOT IN. SHE LOOKED AT ME HUNGRILY...
HOW COME THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART, MIKE?
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A CASE. I RAN UP AGAINST A STONE WALL. THOUGHT I'D RELAX...
STELLA GUIDED HER SLEEK CADDY OUT OF TOWN AND ALONG THE CONCRETE HIGHWAY...
PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS, EH?
YOU MIGHT SAY SO!
VROOM!
ALL THE WAY UPSTATE, I KEPT TRYING TO FIT THAT LAST PIECE INTO THE JIGSAW. STELLA NUDGED ME, SHOCKING ME OUT OF MY REVERIE...
WE'RE HERE, HONEY! C'MON IN!
HUH? OH! YEAH!
SHE MOVED AROUND THE CABIN, LIGHTING CANDLES, FLUFFING UP THE BEARSKIN RUG, MAKING EVERY-THING VERY ROMANTIC. I TRIED CONCENTRATING ON HER, BUT I KEPT THINKING ABOUT POOR DEAD IRVING...
HERE, MIKE. DRINK UP! MAYBE IT'LL PUT YOU IN THE MOOD!
THANKS, BABY!
I LOOKED DOWN AT THE AMBER LIQUID IN THE GLASS. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF THE BLACK LIQUID POURING FROM THE DRUM, MIXING WITH THE BIG MUG'S BLOOD. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF SADIE, AND MILDRED, AND EMMA...
C'MON, MIKE! DRINK UP! I'M ... MMMMM ... WAITING!
HUH! OH, SURE, STELLA! SURE!
7

I GOT UP AND SAUNTERED OVER TO THE CABIN WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT AT STELLA'S BLACK CADDY PARKED IN THE MOONLIGHT...

C'MON, MIKE! DRINK UP! LET'S LIVE IT UP A BIT!

SURE, BABY! SURE! I...I...

THE MOONLIGHT PLAYED TRICKS ON THE CAR. PART OF IT WAS SHINY. PART OF IT...PART OF IT... I SNIFFED. AND THEN, SUDDENLY EVERYTHING MADE SENSE. I SPUN AROUND. STELLA WAS BEHIND ME. SHE WAS TAKING OFF HER CLOTHES...

COME GET ME, MIKE...BUT DRINK UP FIRST!

YEAH, STELLA...

I SPLASHED THE DRINK ACROSS STELLA'S FACE...

YOU WANT ME TO DRINK UP THIS POISON, EH, STELLA?

MIKE!?

I PULLED MY GUN...

I GET IT NOW, STELLA. YOU WERE RUNNING A STOLEN CAR RACKET...SHIPPING THEM TO TAHITI. THAT'S WHERE SADIE CAME IN! AND EMMA SUPPLIED THE PAINT FORMULA THAT HER HUSBAND HAD INVENTED, SO YOU COULD REPAINT THE CARS. ONLY YOU WEREN'T SATISFIED. YOU HAD TO SMUGGLE DOPE ALONG WITH THEM. THAT WAS MILDRED'S PART. THE BIG MUG TIPPED ME OFF TO THAT WHEN I FOUND THIS LUBRICATION STICKER IN HIS POCKET WITH THE PACKET OF 'H' STUCK TO THE GLUED SIDE...

STELLA MOVED, BUT I MOVED FASTER. I LET HER HAVE IT, RIGHT IN THE GUT, A LITTLE BELOW THE BELLY BUTTON...

I STOOD OVER STELLA, GRINNING MY TWISTED GRIN...

IRVING FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR RACKET WHILE HE WAS POLISHING THAT CADDY OUT THERE...SO YOU KILLED HIM. BEAUTIFUL STELLA! YOU THOUGHT I'D FALL FOR YOU AND KNOCK MYSELF OFF.

I LOOKED DOWN. STELLA'S BLOUSE FELL AWAY. I GASPED...

GOOD LORD!

STELLA WAS A MAN...

AND WHEN I SAW STELLA'S MANLY PHYSIQUE, I STARTED TO CRY...

STELLA! DON'T DIE! DON'T DIE! WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE SHOW...JUST THE TWO OF US. STELLA...DON'T...STELLA...

BUT STELLA DIED, NEVER EVEN REALIZING THAT I, MIKE HAMMER-SHLAMMER WAS A WOMAN...

—THE END—

THE BROADWAY STAGE DEPT. (DEPRESSING DRAMAS DIVISION): PANIC MAGAZINE TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING ITS COMPOSITE IMPRESSION OF WHAT'S THRILLING LEGITIMATE THEATERGOERS THESE DAYS. EITHER IT'S A GAY HAPPY SONGFEST WITH NO PLOT BY HAMMERS AND ROGERSTEIN...OR IT'S *THIS* KIND OF MISERY. SO GET READY TO MAKE OUT YOUR WILL. TELL THE TAXI DRIVER TO WAIT SO THAT AFTER THE PLAY HE CAN DRIVE YOU TO THE NEAREST BRIDGE, BECAUSE YOU AREN'T GOING TO WANT TO GO ON LIVING. TAKE YOUR FOURTH ROW CENTER ORCHESTRA SEAT, AND STEEL YOURSELF FOR...

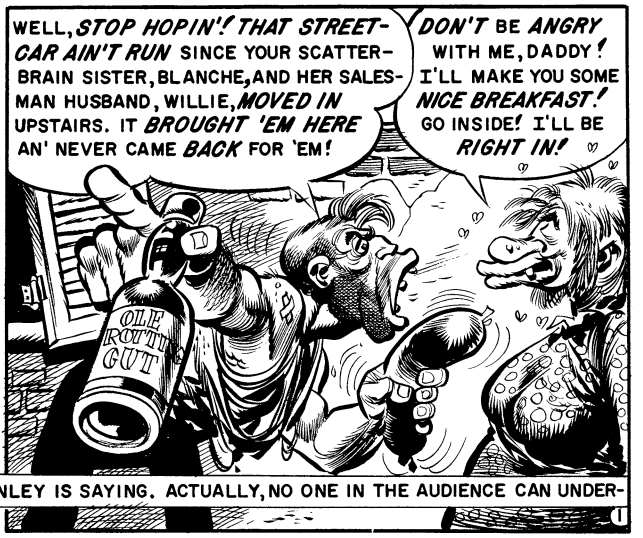
COME BACK LITTLE STREETCAR!

A DISMAL PLAY IN THREE MOROSE ACTS BY TENNESSYRINGE MILLER.

ACT I: THE ENTIRE ACTION OF THIS PLAY TAKES PLACE ON THE FIRST TWO FLOORS OF A DREARY TENEMENT ON LOWER BASIN STREET IN BROOKLYN. OUTSIDE IN THE GUTTER, WE CAN SEE RUSTING, PARTIALLY PAVED-OVER TROLLEY CAR TRACKS. THE PAVED-OVER BUSINESS HAS SOME OBSCURE SIGNIFICANCE WHICH GOES COMPLETELY OVER EVERYBODY'S HEAD. AS THE CURTAIN RISES, WE SEE THAT IT IS MORNING. A GARBAGE MAN CROSSES THE STAGE, STOPPING AT EACH DOOR TO DELIVER GARBAGE. LOLA KOWALSKI COMES OUT ONTO THE LITTER-STREWN STOOP, YAWNS, SCRATCHES HER STOMACH, YAWNS, SCRATCHES HER HEAD, AND YAWNS. THIS IS ONE DISGUSTING-LOOKING BROAD! SHE LOOKS UP AND DOWN THE STREET SADLY AND THEN...

LOLA'S HUSBAND, DOC STANLEY, AN ALCOHOLIC VETERINARIAN, STAGGERS OUT OF THE TENEMENT AFTER LOLA. HE CARRIES A BOTTLE IN ONE HAND, A SALAMI IN THE OTHER. HIS UNDERSHIRT IS RIPPED TO SHREDS...

WHAT A SLOB! WHAT A DUMB SLOB!* HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU... THE STREETCAR DON'T RUN NO MORE!
OH, GOOD MORNING, DA-A-ADDY! I... I WAS JUST HOPIN'!


WELL, STOP HOPIN'! THAT STREETCAR AIN'T RUN SINCE YOUR SCATTER-BRAIN SISTER, BLANCHE, AND HER SALESMAN HUSBAND, WILLIE, MOVED IN UPSTAIRS. IT BROUGHT 'EM HERE AN' NEVER CAME BACK FOR 'EM!
DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DADDY! I'LL MAKE YOU SOME NICE BREAKFAST! GO INSIDE! I'LL BE RIGHT IN!
OLE ROTT GUT

*THIS IS ONLY AN *IMPRESSION* OF WHAT DOC STANLEY IS SAYING. ACTUALLY, NO ONE IN THE AUDIENCE CAN UNDERSTAND A *WORD*. HE *MUMBLES*...

DOC STANLEY STAGGERS INSIDE AND LOLA TURNS AND LOOKS UP THE STREET WISTFULLY. NOW WE GET THE PICTURE. THE DAY THE STREETCAR STOPPED RUNNING WAS THE DAY LOLA'S HAPPY MARRIAGE CAME TO AN END...
LIL' STREETCAR. COME BACK, LIL' STREETCAR... NNNGG!
DUMB SLOB!
DOC HAS KNOCKED LOLA UNCONSCIOUS WITH THE SALAMI AND DRAGGED HER INTO THE TENEMENT. THEN, A CLEVER PIECE OF SET DESIGNING...THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE TENEMENT CRASHES DOWN INTO THE AUDIENCE...
...AND WE CAN SEE THE INTERIOR OF THE KOWALSKI FLAT. LOLA PUTTERS BEFORE A STOVE HUMMING SOFTLY. DOC STANLEY STUFFS SALAMI AND EGGS INTO HIS MOUTH PIGISHLY...
Y'KNOW...I HAD THAT DREAM AGAIN LAST NIGHT, DA-A-A-A-A-ADDY!
CHOMP... CHOMP...
I DREAMT I HEARD THE BELL, AGAIN...COMIN' DOWN BASIN STREET! DING-DONG! DING-DONG!
I'M THROUGH! CLEAN UP!
THEN SHE CAME BY! RED... WITH A YELLOW ROOF! MY STREETCAR!
I SAID CLEAR THE TABLE, YOU SLOB!
AND THEN SHE STOPPED... RIGHT OUT IN FRONT...AND I GOT IN...
ARE YOU GONNA CLEAR THE TABLE?
AND SHE WENT DING-DONG...OH, CLEAR IT YOURSELF!
YOU WANT ME TO CLEAR IT? YOU WANT ME TO CLEAR THE TABLE? ALL RIGHT! I'LL CLEAR THE TABLE! WATCH ME CLEAR THE TABLE. JUST WATCH!
DOC STANLEY PICKS UP THE TABLE WITH ALL THE DISHES AND SILVERWARE AND SOPPING SALAMI AND EGGS AND FLINGS IT INTO THE AUDIENCE...
THERE! NOW I CLEARED THE TABLE!
YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN, DADDY! YOU PROMISED...
2

AS ENTERPRISING YOUNG HOPEFULS SCURRY THROUGH THE AUDIENCE SELLING KLEENEX, DOC STANLEY TURNS TO LOLA, SNEERING...
SO I'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN! SO WHAT? LOOK AT YOU! JUST LOOK AT YOU! WHAT A SLOB!
YOU USED TO THINK I WAS PRETTY, DA-A-A-A-A-DDY! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE STREETCAR STOPPED RUNNING!
KLEENEX 50¢
YOU MEAN THAT WAS BEFORE YOUR SISTER MOVED IN UPSTAIRS AND STARTED FOOLIN' AROUND WITH ALL THE BOYS ON THE BLOCK WHILE POOR WILLIE WAS OUT ON THE ROAD, BREAKIN' HIS BACK WITH THOSE HEAVY SAMPLE CASES.
WELL, JUST BECAUSE BLANCHE FOOLED AROUND WITH ALL THE BOYS ON THE BLOCK WAS NO REASON FOR YOU LETTIN' HER FOOL AROUND WITH YOU!
WHY NOT? I'M ONE OF THE BOYS!
NOW WE SEE! THAT'S WHY LOLA THE SLOB CRIES FOR THE STREETCAR TO COME BACK. SHE WANTS IT SHOULD TAKE BLANCHE AWAY SO DOC STANLEY WILL BE NICE TO HER ONCE MORE INSTEAD OF SLAMMIN' HER AROUND LIKE HE'S DOIN' NOW...
GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, YOU DUMB SLOB...
OOWWWWW!
(PSST! NOT SO HARD, JERK! IT'S ONLY A PLAY!)
LOLA RUSHES UPSTAIRS TO HER SISTER'S FLAT. WILLIE IS THERE SITTING ON HIS SAMPLE CASES LOOKING UP AT A TALL DARK MAN...
HE HIT ME AGAIN, BLANCHE! HE...
SHHH! WILLIE'S GOT COMPANY, LOLA! SHHH!
WHAT'S THE SECRET, BEN?
HOW'D YUH DO IT? TELL ME THE SECRET, BEN. HOW'D YUH DO IT?
I WENT INTO THE JUNGLE WITH MY BARE HANDS, WILLIE... WITH MY BARE HANDS... AND WHEN I CAME OUT... I WAS RICH!
WHO'S HE, BLANCHE?
THAT'S WILLIE'S MILLIONAIRE BROTHER, BEN. HE'S A PICKPOCKET!
HEY, LOLA! C'MON DOWN! LOLA!
WELL, DOC STANLEY IS CALLIN' ME, BLANCHE! YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS WHEN HE CALLS ME LIKE THAT!
DON'T GO, LOLA! DON'T DO IT! AFTER HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS, HE'LL BEAT YOU UP AGAIN! DON'T GO!
I CAN'T HELP IT, BLANCHE! I'VE GOT TO GO! I'M A SLOB!
FROM SOMEWHERE WE HEAR THE DRAGNET THEME... DUM-DA-DA-DUM... AND THE CURTAIN FALLS.
3

DURING INTERMISSION, THE CAST COMES OUT AND FILLS THE COFFEE CUPS DOC STANLEY THREW INTO THE AUDIENCE...WITH GIN...
I HOPE YOU LIKE THE PLAY SO FAR...
THE NEXT ACT IS BETTER!
DRINK UP! YOU'LL SEE!
ACT II: IT IS LATER THAT DAY. DOC STANLEY HAS STAGGERED ON TO HIS OFFICE TO SKIN A FEW STRAY CATS, AND LOLA LIES ON THE COUCH TRYING TO LOOK SEXY FOR HIS RETURN. SUDDENLY SHE IMAGINES SHE HEARS THE STREET-CAR BELL...
DING! DING! DING! CLANG!
THE STREETCAR BELL COMING CLOSER...CHIMING A SEXY RHYTHM...
DING! DING! DING! CLANG!
LOLA GETS UP FROM THE COUCH AND BEGINS TO DO A SEXY DANCE...
DING, DING, DING, CLANG!
ONE, TWO, THREE! KICK!
ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK!
ONE...TWO... THREE... KICK!
HOO! HOO!
HA! HA!
STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING!
LOLA STOPS DANCING, EMBARRASSED, AS SHE SEES WILLIE, HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY WITH HIS SAMPLE CASES, LEERING AT HER...
I GOT AS FAR AS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, AND THEN I LOST MY NERVE. SO I CAME BACK. BUT DON'T STOP DANCING. I LIKE IT!
BETTER LEAVE, WILLIE! DOC'S DUE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES... AND YOU KNOW HOW JEALOUS HE IS!
WILLIE ADVANCES TOWARD HER...
I JUST WANT TO TRY OUT MY NEW PRODUCT, LOLA! TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT! LOOK! TWO-TONE TOOTHBRUSHES... RED AND GREEN...FOR PEOPLE TO GIVE NEXT CHRISTMAS... TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE BLEEDING GUMS AND USE CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE...
IT'S VERY NICE, WILLIE. YOU OUGHT TO SLAY 'EM IN BOSTON WITH THAT ITEM. NOW, WHY DON'T YOU...
4

WILLIE IS BRUSHING LOLA'S TEETH, WHEN DOC COMES IN DEAD DRUNK...
SHO!...
DA-A-A-A-A-A-ADDY!
GULP!
DOC STANLEY PULLS OUT A SWITCH KNIFE...
WHA' SLOB! WHA' DUM' SLOB!
WILLIE! HE... HE'S GOT A KNIFE...
'BYE!
WILLIE GRABS HIS SAMPLE CASES AND RUNS LIKE CRAZY. DOC STANLEY COMES AT LOLA SLOWLY...
FOOL 'ROUND WHEN M' BACK ISH TURNED, EH? SHLOB!
WAIT, DADDY! YOU'RE WRONG! HE WAS JUST BRUSHING MY TEETH WITH A NEW TOOTH-BRUSH HE'S SELLIN'!
HE BRANDISHES THE SWITCH KNIFE...
DON' LIE T'ME! YOU AIN'T BRUSHED YOUR TEETH IN SIX YEARS... NOT SHINCE THAT SHTREETCAR...
WAIT, DADDY! LISTEN! IT'S COMIN'! THE STREETCAR! LISTEN!
FAR OFF, WE HEAR A DISTANT CLANGING BELL. DOC STOPS, WITH THE KNIFE RIGHT AGAINST LOLA'S NECK...
DING... DING... DING... DING... DING... DING...
IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T!
BUT IT IS, DADDY!
DOC TURNS BACK TO LOLA...
YOU AIN'T GONNA TRICK ME, YOU SLOB. SHTREETCAR OR NO SHTREETCAR, I'M SHLITTIN' YOUR THROA'...
IT'S STOPPIN' OUTSIDE, DADDY!
SUDDENLY TWO MEN IN UNIFORM BURST THROUGH THE DOOR. DOC SCREAMS. THEY GRAB HIM...
OKAY BOY! TAKE IT EASY!
COME QUIETLY, NOW.
ARE YOU THE STREETCAR CONDUCTORS? I HEARD THE BELL...
THEY DRAG DOC OUT IN A STRAIT-JACKET...
WHAT STREETCAR? WE'RE FROM BELLEVUE. THAT WAS THE AMBULANCE GONG YOU HEARD...
AS THE AMBULANCE DRIVES OFF, LOLA STANDS ON THE PORCH SCREAMING...
COME BACK, LIL' STREETCAR! COME BACK! COME... MMMPH!
A RIPE TOMATO HITS HER AS THE CURTAIN FALLS...
5

DURING THE INTERMISSION, MEMBERS OF THE CAST PASS OUT SWITCH KNIVES TO THE AUDIENCE...
THIS THIRD ACT WILL KILL YUH!
...IN CASE YOU WANT TO SLIT YOUR THROAT...
ACT III: IT IS TWO WEEKS LATER. DOC STANLEY HAS BEEN DISCHARGED FROM BELLEVUE'S ALCOHOLIC WARD. HE'S A CHANGED MAN. HE'S PAWNED HIS SWITCH KNIFE, AND WITH THE MONEY, HE'S BOUGHT A NEW UNDERSHIRT. IT IS MORNING...
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU CALL FOR THE STREETCAR THIS MORNING, LOLA!
NO, DADDY! I AIN'T GONNA CALL FOR IT NO MORE!
LOLA SPILLS SALAMI AND EGGS IN DOC'S LAP AS SHE LOOKS UP DREAMY-EYED...
WHILE YOU WUZ AWAY, I HAD A NEW DREAM, DADDY! I DREAMED I WAS PASSIN' A JUNK-YARD...
WATCH IT...
SHE POURS COFFEE ON HIS HAIR AS SHE GOES ON...
...AND I SAW MY LIL' STREETCAR... IN AMONG THE MAXWELLS...
WATCH IT, LOLA...
SSSSSS
...SPOONS OUT SUGAR ON DOC'S SOPPING HEAD...
SHE WAS NOTHIN' BUT JUNK, DA-A-A-ADDY! JUS' JUNK.! SHE AIN'T NEVER COMIN' BACK! NEVER!
WATCH IT, YOU SLOB...
...THEN POURS THE CREAM...
SO I AIN'T NEVER GONNA CALL FOR THE STREETCAR NO MORE...
WHAT A DUMB SLOB!
S'MATTER, DADDY? AIN'T YUH GLAD I AIN'T GONNA CALL FOR THE STREET-CAR ANYMORE?...
WHERE'S THE BOTTLE?
DADDY! THEY'LL TAKE YOU AWAY AGAIN. AND THEY WON'T EVER LET YOU COME BACK! DADDY!
YOU GOT THE RIGHT IDEA... YOU SLOB!
YE OLDE ROT GUT
DOC FINDS THE BOTTLE. HE'S ABOUT TO DRINK WHEN...
DING-DING! DING-DING!
LISTEN DADDY! LISTEN!
HUH?
6

AT THIS POINT, A CLEVER PIECE OF STAGE DESIGNING ALLOWS THE STREETCAR TO CLANG UP THE LEFT AISLE OF THE THEATER...
LOOK, DADDY! THIS TIME IT IS THE STREET-CAR! IT IS!
I GOT THE D.T.'S! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
DOC FLINGS THE BOTTLE AT THE STREETCAR AS IT SMASHES THROUGH THEIR LIVING ROOM WALL...
LIL' STREETCAR! LIL' STREETCAR! YOU'VE COME BACK!
SOME DUMB KIDS PAVED OVER THEM TRACKS, SAM!
BLANCHE COMES DOWN DRAGGING WILLIE AND HIS SAMPLE CASES...
DARN FOOL KIDS!
WHERE'RE YOU AN' WILLIE GOIN', BLANCHE?
WHY, WE'RE TAKIN' THE STREETCAR, LOLA! ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?
GOLLY, NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANTED!
THEN WHY IN HECK HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING FOR A STREETCAR EVERY MORNIN' FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS?
ONE OF 'EM WAS WEARIN' AN E.C. BUTTON, SAM.
I'VE BEEN DYIN' T' GO DOWNTOWN, DADDY! THEY GOT A NEW PICTURE AT THE BIJOU... NAME OF MOGAMBO!
SORRY, LADY! THIS AIN'T NO DOWNTOWN STREETCAR...
...THIS IS AN UPTOWN STREETCAR!
LET'S GO, SAM...
DING-DING! DING-DING...
THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THIS DREARY NOTE. DOC IS LICKING UP THE SPILLED WHISKEY, GETTING DRUNK AGAIN. WILLIE IS OFF ON A NEW ROAD TRIP, SELLING SAMPLE CASES. BLANCHE IS FOOLING AROUND WITH ONE OF THE GUYS ON THE THIRD FLOOR, AND LOLA HAS RUN OFF WITH THE STREETCAR MOTORMAN.
—THE END—

SLOPPY SENTIMENTALISM DEPT. (TELL TEN MILLION PEOPLE YOUR MISERY AND COLLECT! DIVISION): HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MASS-MEDIA PRODUCTION! YOU GET *THIS* ONE SLUNG AT YOU *FIVE MORNINGS A WEEK* IF YOU'RE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND YOURSELF IN FRONT OF A *T.V. SET* DURING THE DAY (LIKE *MOST* BUSY HOUSEWIVES) AND *ONE EVENING* A WEEK, *TOO*... ON BOTH T.V. *AND* RADIO. SO YOU *CAN'T ESCAPE!* YOU'VE GOT TO *SIT* AND *WATCH* AND *LISTEN* AND *RETCH* AS *WORRYIN' HULK* INTERVIEWS *PATHETIC PEOPLE* WITH *ALL KINDS TROUBLES* WHO WANT TO...

STRIKE IT RICHLY!

BEFORE *'STRIKE IT RICHLY'* GOES OUT OVER THE AIRWAVES, THE DOORS AND WINDOWS IN THE STUDIO ARE *LOCKED,* AND FIVE BUSY LITTLE *PROP MEN* START CHOPPING *ONIONS* BEFORE *FIVE TREMENDOUS ELECTRIC FANS,* THE *AROMA* OF WHICH, WHEN BLASTED OUT OVER THE MISERY-LOVING MEMBERS OF THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, *REALLY* STARTS THINGS BAWLING...

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! *ALL RIGHT!* LET'S KEEP IT DOWN TO *CHOKING SOBS!* TEN SECONDS...

WHEN THE *LIGHT* GOES ON... WE'RE *ON THE AIR!* NO... IT'S *NOT* A *RED* LIGHT! ON *'STRIKE IT RICHLY,'* WE USE A *BLUE LIGHT*...

EVERYBODY *BLUE?* *GOOD!* TWO SECONDS! ONE...

AND *HERE HE IS,* FOLKS... THE MAN ALL AMERICA *MOANS* FOR... THE MAN WHO HAS TO BUY A *NEW SUIT EVERY DAY* BECAUSE THE *SHOULDERS GET RUINED* FROM BEING *CRIED ON*...

WORRYIN' HULK!

ON AIR

ONION

NO! PLEASE! DON'T APPLAUD! *PLEASE!* IT SOUNDS *TOO HAPPY.* *WHIMPER* A LITTLE... BUT *PLEASE DON'T APPLAUD!* ALL RIGHT, MOROSE! *WHO* IS OUR *FIRST GUEST?*

(HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA *TELL* YUH? MY NAME IS *MORRIS*... NOT *MOROSE!*) COUGH! OUR *FIRST GUEST* TODAY, WORRYIN', IS *MRS. IMOGENE FAFUFNICK!* SHE WANTS TO *STRIKEITRICHLY!*

HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. FAFUFNICK?

PLEASE, MRS. FAFUFNICK! TRY TO *COMPOSE* YOURSELF!

WAAAHHHHH!

IF I COULD *COMPOSE MYSELF,* I WOULDN'T *BE* HERE! I'D BE WRITING *POPULAR SONGS* LIKE *"CRYING IN THE CHAPLIN MOVIE!"*

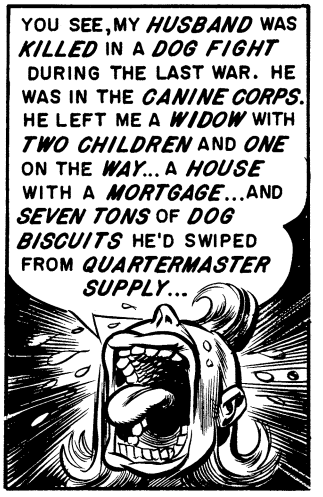
JACK DAVIS

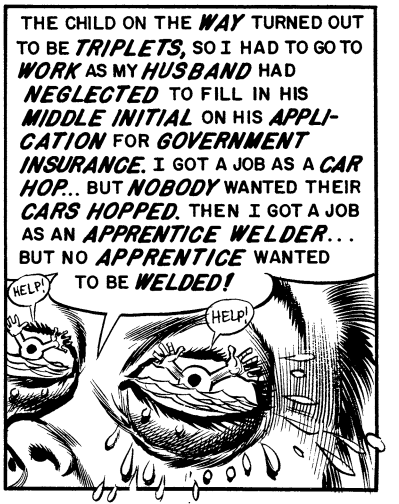
GET HER OUTTA HERE! SHE MIGHT MAKE 'EM LAUGH!
GET TO HER TSURIS... HER TROUBLES! SHE'LL SLAY 'EM!
I NEED THREE HUNDRED AND SIX DOLLARS AND ELEVEN CENTS!

AND THAT'S WHY YOU'VE COME TO 'STRIKE IT RICHLY', EH, MRS. FAFUFNICK?
NO! ACTUALLY, I CAME TO 'STRIKE IT RICHLY' TO GET NINETY-TWO DOLLARS!
QUIET!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU NEED THE OTHER TWO HUNDRED AND FOUR-TEEN DOLLARS AND ELEVEN CENTS FOR, THEN? HUH?
WHAT?! DO YOU THINK I'M GONNA WALK ALL THE WAY FROM MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA? A DRAWING ROOM COSTS PLENTY!

GET HER OUTTA HERE! SHE'LL MAKE 'EM GIGGLE!
GET TO HER FERSHLUGGINER MISERY! SHE'LL MURDER 'EM!
OH, HAVE I GOT MISERY, MR. HULK. I GOT MISERY I WOULDN'T EVEN WISH ON BETTE DAVIS!


YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN A DOG FIGHT DURING THE LAST WAR. HE WAS IN THE CANINE CORPS. HE LEFT ME A WIDOW WITH TWO CHILDREN AND ONE ON THE WAY... A HOUSE WITH A MORTGAGE... AND SEVEN TONS OF DOG BISCUITS HE'D SWIPED FROM QUARTERMASTER SUPPLY...


THE CHILD ON THE WAY TURNED OUT TO BE TRIPLETS, SO I HAD TO GO TO WORK AS MY HUSBAND HAD NEGLECTED TO FILL IN HIS MIDDLE INITIAL ON HIS APPLICATION FOR GOVERNMENT INSURANCE. I GOT A JOB AS A CAR HOP... BUT NOBODY WANTED THEIR CARS HOPPED. THEN I GOT A JOB AS AN APPRENTICE WELDER... BUT NO APPRENTICE WANTED TO BE WELDED!
HELP!
HELP!

'I WANDERED FROM PILLAR TO POST, TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEAT. I FIGURED IF PILLAR ENDS OR POST ENDS COULD BE MADE INTO MEAT, MY KIDS WOULDN'T STARVE. BUT THEN MY TROUBLES BEGAN. ONE NIGHT, MY MORTGAGED HOUSE WAS BESIEGED BY FOUR HUNDRED AND SIX DOGS WEARING VETERANS' DISCHARGE BUTTONS...'

'YEP! YOU GUESSED IT! THE DOGS HAD BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE CANINE CORPS, AND THEY COULDN'T ADJUST TO CIVILIAN SLOP! THEY'D HEARD THROUGH THE GROWL VINE ABOUT THE SEVEN TONS OF G.I. ISSUE DOG BISCUITS IN MY CELLAR! THEY STARTED DIGGING. MY MORTGAGED HOME COLLAPSED...'

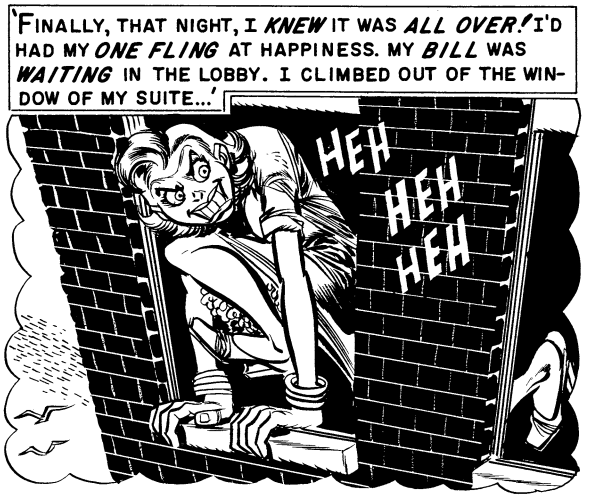
AT THIS POINT, THEY USUALLY SHIFT THE CAMERAS TO THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, GRIND UP SOME MORE ONIONS, AND WE SEE...
OH...SOB... SOB...
POOR... SNIFF... THING! SNIFF...
CHOKE...
HEH... HEH...
SOMEBODY'S LAUGHING OUT THERE! THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER. YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF...LAUGHING!
LET 'IM LAUGH! WAIT'LL HE HEARS THE REST. I AIN'T EVEN STARTED!
YOU MEAN THERE'S MORE MISERY?!
I GOT MISERY I WOULDN'T WISH ON JOAN CRAWFORD. WHERE WAS I? OH YES. MY HOUSE COLLAPSED...
MY HOUSE COLLAPSED...CRUSHING MY TRIPLETS AND MY OLDEST CHILD. PIERRE, MY MIDDLE ONE, WAS LUCKY! HE'D BEEN IN THE CELLAR...POOR THING, HE WAS THAT HUNGRY...MUNCHING ON DOG BISCUITS. THE DOGS ATE HIM UP! I WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE WORLD!
HEH, HEH, HA!
SOMEONE'S LAUGHING OUT THERE! STOP IT! STOP IT! HOW CAN YOU ...SOB... LAUGH AT THIS POOR...CHOKE... WOMAN'S MISERY!?
LET 'IM LAUGH! I AIN'T GOT TO WHY I NEED THE NINETY-TWO DOLLARS PLUS TRAIN FARE...
THERE'S MORE HEARTACHES?!
I GOT HEARTACHES I WOULDN'T WISH ON STELLA DALLAS...
HOLD IT! HOLD IT! STOP EVERYTHING! MY BOSS WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING! OKAY, BILL...
WRITE THAT DOWN, AL! THERE'S A SICKENINGLY SENTIMENTAL MESS YOU OUGHT TO LAMPOON! STELLA DALLAS! HEE, HEE! I CAN JUST SEE IT...
THAT LAUGH! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S BEEN LAUGHING! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
YOU'LL HEAR FROM US!
YEAH! JUST WATCH FOR PANIC MAGAZINE!*
FREE PLUGS, YET!
*SEE, FOLKS? THIS IS WHY WE'RE DOING THIS LAMPOON. PURE SPITE!
3

NOW LET'S GET BACK TO *YOU*, MRS. FAFUFNICK! JUST *WHY DO* YOU NEED *NINETY-TWO* DOLLARS PLUS TRAIN FARE?
WELL, YOU SEE, MR. HULK, AFTER MY FAMILY WAS KILLED IN THE COLLAPSE OF MY HOME, I FIGURED I'D *COMMIT SUICIDE!*

'SO I WENT TO MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA AND LIVED LIKE A QUEEN FOR ONE DAY IN THE CLASSIEST HOTEL THERE... THE ROOK-YOU PLAZA...'
DO YOU HAVE *BAGS*, MADAM?
ONLY UNDER MY *EYES!* I'M TRAVELING *LIGHT!*

'IN THE MORNING, I LOLLED BY THE SWIMMING POOL. MEN CROWDED AROUND ME. WOMEN LOOKED AT ME IN JEALOUS ENVY. I WAS WHISTLED AT...MADE EYES AT.. BUT FINALLY THE LIFEGUARD FORCED ME TO PUT ON A BATHING SUIT...'
KILLJOY!
SPOIL-SPORT!
SORRY, BOYS! 'BYE...
LIFE GUARD

'THAT EVENING I DINED ELEGANTLY IN THE 'HIGHWAY ROBBERY ROOM.' I DANCED AND DANCED AND DANCED TO THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF JOE BANANA AND HIS BUNCH...MUSIC WITH A PEEL. I DANCED UNTIL...'
SORRY, MA'AM! YOU'LL *HAVE* TO GET A *PARTNER!*
KILLJOY! SPOIL-SPORT!


'FINALLY, THAT NIGHT, I *KNEW* IT WAS *ALL OVER!* I'D HAD MY *ONE FLING* AT HAPPINESS. MY *BILL* WAS *WAITING* IN THE LOBBY. I CLIMBED OUT OF THE WINDOW OF MY SUITE...'
HEH HEH HEH

...AND JUMPED...
HEH! HEH! HEH!

...FELL FIFTEEN FLOORS...
UK!

...THROUGH THE TOP OF A CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE...
FLAP!

BY THIS TIME, THE STUDIO SOUNDS LIKE A HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD NURSERY. SUCH WAILING AND CARRYING ON!...
HOW WE DOIN', MOROSE?
(MORRIS, BLAST YOU!) WE'RE DOIN' FINE, WORRYIN'! THE METER READS 100 D.B.'s,...
SO THAT'S WHY I NEED NINETY-TWO DOLLARS... PLUS TRAIN FARE...
SOB... SOB...
WAAAHHH...
BOO HOO
SNIF
SNIFFLE
100 D.B.'s OF MISERY, EH, MORRIS? THAT OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A BONUS...
...FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR ONE DAY AT THE ROOK-YOU PLAZA... AND FORTY-SEVEN DOLLARS TO REPLACE THE CONVERTIBLE TOP!
ALL RIGHT, MRS. FAFUFNICK! YOU HAVE TWENTY DOLLARS! HOW MUCH WILL YOU RISK?
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THE TWENTY DOLLARS...
GOOD! THAT'S A REAL SPORT! NOW, FOR FORTY DOLLARS..."WHO DISCOVERED THE PRINCIPLES WHEREBY EXPANDING VAPOROUS WATER COULD BE HARNESSED AND CONVERTED INTO MECHANICAL POWER?"
WHA...??
CORRECT! JAMES WATT...THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAM ENGINE! YOU NOW HAVE FORTY DOLLARS. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
IF YOU DON'T MIND I'D LIKE TO TAKE THE FORTY AND...
FOR EIGHTY DOLLARS... "WHAT WERE THE INITIALS OF THE COMPANY TO WHICH MR. WATT ASSIGNED HIS PATENT!"
AY! AY! AY! SUCH A QUESTION!
CORRECT! THE INTERNATIONAL IRRIGATED IMPLEMENT CORPORATION! YOU NOW HAVE EIGHTY DOLLARS. WHAT DO YOU SAY? QUICKLY, NOW!
`BYE!
YOU'LL BUY! GOOD! FOR ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS... "WHAT DID L.G. SAY ON MAY 2, 1939?"
I'M THROUGH, NOW!
5

ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, MRS. FAFUFNICK! THAT WAS THE DAY LOU GEHRIG SAID GOODBYE TO BASE-BALL. YOU'VE WON YOURSELF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS. WILL YOU TRY FOR THE TOP MONEY? THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MISERABLE DOLLARS?
I'D LIKE TO, BUT...
I KNEW YOU WOULD! FOR THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOL-LARS... WHAT COLOR WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WHITE HORSE?" SORRY, TIME'S UP! I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MRS. FAFUFNICK!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT ANYWAY...
NOW THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A POOR PATHETIC GUEST LIKE MRS. FAFUFNICK FACES GOING HOME WITHOUT "STRIKING IT RICHLY"..
FOLKS! HAVE A HEART! DON'T LET THIS POOR SLOB... COUGH... WOMAN GO AWAY EMPTY-HANDED!
THE TELEPHONE NUMBER IS "MISERY-O-OOOO"! HELP THIS POOR SOUL OUT! CALL UP ON THE HEARTBURN LINE!
$320
AND NOW, WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR OUR NEXT GUEST, HERE'S A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR!
"STRIKE IT RICHLY" IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY KLEENIX! WHEN YOU SLOBBER ...SLOB-BER INTO A KLEENIX! THEY'RE...SLURP... ABSORBENT!
HONK
HONK
KLEENIX
THANK YOU, MOROSE! AND NOW FOR OUR NEXT GUEST...
(MORRIS, YOU IDIOT!) HOLD IT, WORRYIN'! FIRST, A REPORT ON THE HEARTBURN LINE! MRS. FAFUFNICK? YOU LISTENING?
JOE'S JUNKYARD OF 22 SOUTH NORTH IS SENDING YOU FORTY-SEVEN SLIGHTLY USED CONVERTIBLE TOPS. AND THE MILLION BROKEN-WINDOW BAKERIES IS SHIPPING YOU, POSTPAID, SEVEN TONS OF DOG BISCUITS SO YOU CAN START ALL OVER. SO, MRS. FAFUFNICK, YOU HAVE STRUCKITRICHLY!
I'M ALL CHOKED UP!
$0000
HERE'S OUR NEXT GUEST, WORRYIN'! MEET ARNOLD MINSTERMISER...
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. MINSTERMISER!
I NEED TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS...
6

FOR WHAT, MR. MINSTER-MISER?
FOR A FUNERAL!
WHOSE, MR. MINSTER-MISER?
MY OWN...
BLAMM!
BRING UP THE NEXT GUEST, MOROSE!
$0000
THE NAME IS MORRIS! MORRIS! M-O-R-ER... O... ER... S-E! MORRIS!
AND HOW MUCH WOULD YOU LIKE TO STRIKE IT RICHLY FOR, SIR?
THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS!
THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND...?! WHY SO MUCH MONEY?
I WANT TO BUY BACK MY CONTRACT!
CONTRACT?
I AM AN ARTIST! OR MORE SPECIFICALLY AND TO THE POINT, I AM... AS IS COMMONLY KNOWN IN THE TRADE... A COMIC STRIP CARTOONIST!
MY CONTRACT HAS SIX DISGUSTING MORE YEARS TO RUN! AND I AM SICK AND TIRED OF DEALING WITH STUPID LITTLE FUNNY ANIMALS THAT SPEAK WITH A SOUTHERN DRAWL AND CHASE ME ALL OVER CREATION...
YOUR NAME IS...
IT ISN'T WALT DISNEY!
7

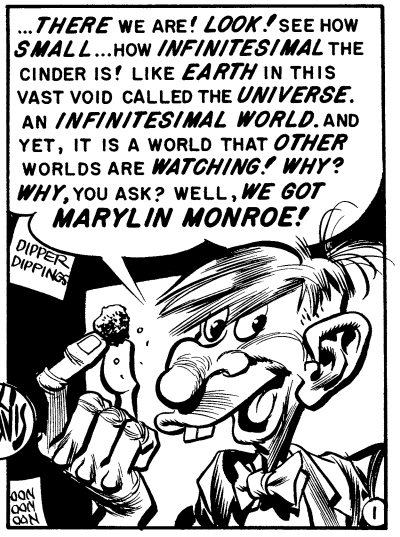
HOP ON THE BANDWAGON NON-FICTION DEPT. (WRITE A BOOK ABOUT A TIMELY TOPIC LIKE YOU'RE AN EXPERT AND WATCH THE SUCKERS GOBBLE UP COPIES! DIVISION): THERE ARE *MAGIC WORDS* IN THE NON-FICTION FIELD THESE DAYS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS *USE* THEM IN A *BOOK TITLE*, AND IT'S *BOUND* TO MAKE MOOLA! LIKE *"IRON CURTAIN"*, FOR INSTANCE! "I CRAWLED OUT FROM *BEHIND* THE..." "I DUG MY WAY TO FREEDOM *UNDER* THE..." "I RAN LIKE CRAZY *THROUGH* THE..." ARE GOOD EXAMPLES OF BESTSELLERS USING *THIS* PARTICULAR PAIR OF MAGIC TITLE WORDS. THERE'S *ANOTHER* PAIR OF IRRESISTABLE KEY WORDS. AND THIS IS *PANIC MAGAZINE'S* IMPRESSION OF WHAT'S FOUND BETWEEN THE COVERS OF BOOKS USING *THEM! THEIR* TITLES USUALLY READ LIKE *THIS!*:

I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER!

BY PVT. 'SKULL' E. ADAMS KEYHOLE
U.S. K-9 CORPS (DISHON. DISCH.)

HI! NOW I *WANT* THIS *UNDERSTOOD!* JUST BECAUSE I *OWN* THIS LITTLE *ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP*, SPECIALIZING IN *SCIENCE FICTION*, AND *NOW FEATURING* AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF *THIS BOOK* (LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT BEHIND THE TAPES) IS *NO* REASON FOR YOU TO THINK THAT I'VE *WRITTEN* "I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER" FOR *PUBLICITY!* YOU'RE VERY *WRONG!* I'M NOT *INTERESTED* IN *PUBLICITY!* ALL I WANT IS *MONEY!*
I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER
HAVE YOUR MONEY READY
MOON GOONS
POCKET ROCKET BOOKS
I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER

BUT *ENOUGH* OF THIS *EARTHLY CHIT-CHAT!* LET US TURN OUR EYES *UPWARD*... TO THE *STARS*. LET US GAZE INTO *SPACE*. LET US *WONDER!* LET US THINK ABOUT *FAR WORLDS* AND *ADVANCED CIVILIZATIONS* AND *FLYING*...
OOPS!
RACING WITH THE MOON BY VAUGHN MONROE


...*THERE* WE ARE! *LOOK!* SEE HOW *SMALL*... HOW *INFINITESIMAL* THE CINDER IS! LIKE *EARTH* IN THIS VAST VOID CALLED THE *UNIVERSE*. AN *INFINITESIMAL WORLD*. AND YET, IT IS A WORLD THAT *OTHER* WORLDS ARE *WATCHING!* WHY? *WHY*, YOU ASK? WELL, *WE GOT MARYLIN MONROE!*
DIPPER-DIPPINGS

AND HOW ARE WE BEING WATCHED? HOW IS OUR INFINITESIMAL WORLD BEING SCRUTINIZED, YOU WONDER? I'LL TELL YOU! WE ARE BEING OBSERVED BY THE FLYING SAUCERS! WAIT! WAIT! DON'T PUT ME BACK ON THE SHELF! BUY ME! TAKE ME HOME! I CAN CONVINCE YOU! I GOT PROOF! I GOT PICTURES! I GOT BILLS TO PAY, AND I NEED THE MONEY!
I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER
MY NAME IS E. ADAMS KEYHOLE. THE 'E' STANDS FOR ELMER. MY FRIENDS CALL ME 'SKULL'. NOT THAT I'M SKINNY! NO! THAT'S SO I CAN SIGN MY NAME "SKULL E. ADAMS KEYHOLE" AND THEM PANIC EDITORS TAKE A SWIPE AT SEVERAL 'EXPERTS' LIKE ME AT ONE TIME! CLEVER?
LISTEN, THOSE PANIC EDITORS GOT IDEAS THEY HAVEN'T EVEN SWIPED YET! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS EARTHLY CHIT-CHAT. WHERE WAS I? OH, YES! I LIVE IN BACK OF MY ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP THERE ... ALL BY MYSELF! I USED TO LIVE WITH MY WIFE... BUT...WELL, THAT'S WHY I'VE WRITTEN THIS BOOK! TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO HER...
'IT ALL BEGAN BACK IN 1947 WHEN, USING A G. I. BUSINESS LOAN, WE OPENED THIS ROADSIDE STAND. WE USED TO SELL HOT DOGS IN THOSE DAYS. USED TO MAKE OUT PRETTY GOOD, TOO. THEN ONE DAY, A CUSTOMER SMILED AT ME WITH MUSTARD-COVERED LIPS AND SAID:'
GOT ANY MAGAZINES? SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES?
SCIENCE FICTION? WHAT'S SCIENCE FICTION?
DOGS HOT 25¢
'I MUST'VE SAID SOMETHING WRONG BECAUSE IMMEDIATELY MY CUSTOMER BEGAN TO CRY. I LATER FOUND OUT WHY. SCIENCE-FICTION FANS...OR "BEM" AS THEY ARE KNOWN IN SPACE VERNACULAR...ARE VERY SENSITIVE CREATURES! HE SLOBBERED AT ME, DROOLING FRANKFURTER JUICE...'
YOU...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SCIENCE FICTION IS? YOU...YOU SERIOUS? HERE! TAKE THIS LATEST COPY OF "INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS"! READ IT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING!
TH-THANK YOU! I...I WILL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR THIS...
INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS
'I WAS SO ENGROSSED IN THE FIRST STORY OF "INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS"...SOMETHING CALLED "THE RAY BRAD BURIED!"... THAT I NEVER NOTICED HIM LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING...'
HEY! EINSTEIN! SIX HOT DOGS AND TWO SODAS WE'RE OUT!
CHOMP CHOMP
THIS...HAS MORE THAN COMPENSATED FOR THEM!
BEEF STEW SOUP
INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS
'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THIS IS A RUSE USED BY ALL "BEM" IN ORDER TO EASE THE FINANCIAL BURDEN OF TRAVELING TO S-F CONVENTIONS. HOWEVER, I WAS SOLD! I TOOK IN SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES AS A SIDELINE...'
LOOK, ETHEL*! HERE'S A STORY ON FLYING SAUCERS!
SHUT UP AND HELP ME BUNDLE THESE RETURNS!
*I HAVE CHANGED GLORIA'S NAME TO ETHEL TO PROTECT HER INNOCENT FAMILY LIVING IN ST. PAUL!—AUTHOR
2

'LITTLE BY LITTLE, *SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES* REPLACED *SUGARED DOUGHNUTS*...SCIENCE-FICTION *BOOKS* REPLACED *SANDWICHES*. OURS WAS THE *ONLY* ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP IN THE AREA SERVING *BICARB*. AND MY CURIOSITY ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS GREW...'

YOU TAKING *NOSE DROPS?*

DON'T BE *FUNNY!* I'M LOOKING FOR FLYING *DISCS!*

COMET COMENTS BY A COMY

GAS METEOR BY COMETAIN

CUP

'AS THE MONTHS PASSED AND MORE AND MORE *FLYING SAUCER SIGHTINGS* WERE REPORTED, I BECAME DETERMINED TO *SEE* ONE *MYSELF*. SO I BUILT A SMALL HOMEMADE TELESCOPE...'

LOOK, *GALILEO!* I HATE TO *DISTURB* YOU, BUT...

I *SEE* ONE, ETHEL! I *SEE* ONE!

'IT WAS ON A SUMMER NIGHT IN 1948. THERE WAS A BRISK WIND BLOWING. SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, A *BRILLIANT GLEAMING LIGHT* HAD APPEARED BEFORE ME AS I SAT STARING THROUGH MY TELESCOPE. IT *LOOKED* LIKE *THIS*...'

IT'S A *FLYING SAUCER*, ETHEL! *A REAL FLYING SAUCER!*

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR *FUN*, BUCK ROGERS...

'ETHEL REACHED OUT AND SCRAPED IT FROM THE OBJECTIVE LENS. IT WAS A *LIGHTNING BUG* THAT HAD BEEN SLAMMED AGAINST IT AND SQUASHED BY THE WIND. IT WAS *STILL GLOWING* WITH A SICKENING GREENISH LIGHT...'

SEE!? NOW, COME WASH THE POTS AND PANS!

SPOILSPORT!

'THAT EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE ONLY LEFT ME *MORE DETERMINED*. I *SOLD* THE *TELESCOPE* AND BOUGHT A *CAMERA* WITH THE MONEY. ONE DAY, AS I WAS WALKING IN TOWN...'

A FLYING SAUCER!

'I RAISED MY NEW BROWNIE AND SNAPPED *SIX PICTURES* IN *RAPID SUCCESSION*...'

CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK

'I RUSHED BACK TO OUR LITTLE STAND TO *DEVELOP* THEM...'

'...BUT I'D *FORGOTTEN* TO PUT *FILM* IN THE CAMERA!'

3

'I *LATER* FOUND OUT THAT THE "*FLYING SAUCER*" I'D SEEN IN TOWN HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN THE "*O*" FROM *THE BIJOU THEATER MARQUEE SIGN* THAT HAD COME LOOSE...'

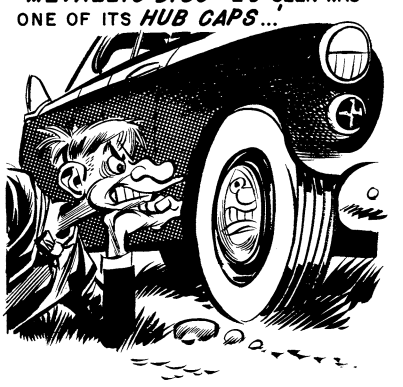
'BUT I DID NOT LOSE *HOPE*. I *LOADED* MY CAMERA WITH *GOOD FAST FINE-GRAIN FILM*, AND I SET OUT AGAIN, STILL DETERMINED...'

'I *UTTERED* THAT ACCEPTABLE S-F EXCLAMATION AT THE *SIGHT* THAT MY EYES BEHELD. I'D BEEN WALKING DOWN THE HIGHWAY AND HAD HEARD A *RUSHING ROAR*. JUST OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON, I'D SEEN THE *HURTLING METALLIC DISC*. I RAISED MY CAMERA AND CLICKED OFF *SEVEN PICTURES* IN *RAPID SUCCESSION*...'

'I RUSHED BACK TO MY BOOKSTAND TO *DEVELOP* THEM...'

'THE *NEGATIVES* CAME OUT *VERY CLEAR*. CLEAR LIKE *GLASS!* I'D *PUT THE FILM IN BACKWARDS!*'

'I *LATER* FOUND OUT THAT THE *RUSHING ROAR* I'D HEARD HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A *CADILLAC COUPE DE VILLE* PASSING ME AT *95 M.P.H.* THE "*METALLIC DISC*" I'D SEEN WAS ONE OF ITS *HUB CAPS*...'

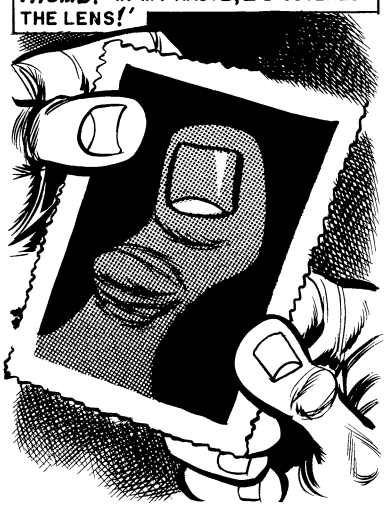


'BUT I WAS *NOT DISCOURAGED*. I *CAREFULLY LOADED* MY CAMERA *CORRECTLY* AND GREW TIRED. I LAY DOWN TO REST. SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKENED BY A *HUMMING SOUND*...'

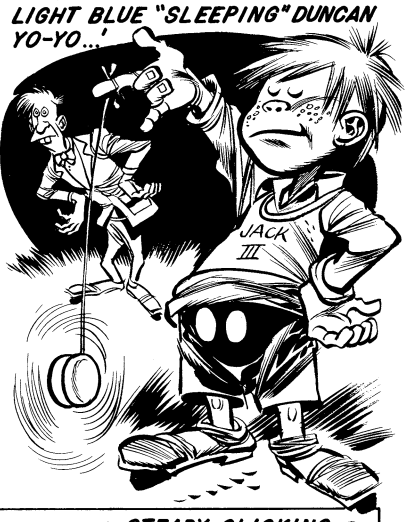
'THERE, HOVERING BEFORE ME, WAS A *BLUISH SPINNING OBJECT*. WITHOUT RISING, I SNATCHED MY CAMERA AND HAD TIME TO TAKE *ONE PICTURE* BEFORE THE SPINNING DISC VANISHED...'

'I RUSHED BACK TO MY ROADSIDE STAND TO *DEVELOP* MY PRECIOUS PICTURE...'

'THIS TIME I'D GOTTEN A *PICTURE* OF *SOMETHING*, ALL RIGHT! *MY THUMB!* IN MY HASTE, I'D COVERED THE LENS!'

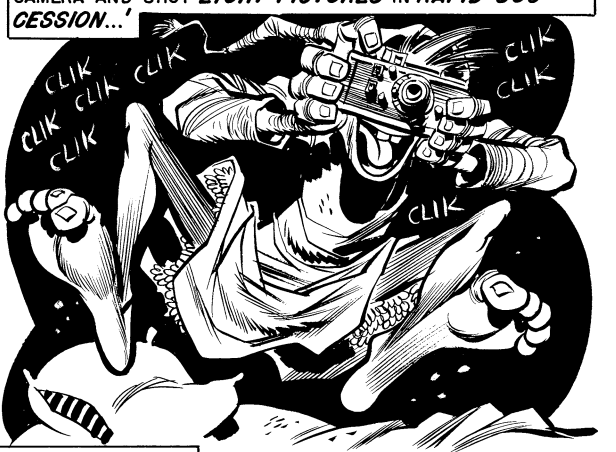


'I *LATER* FOUND OUT THAT THE "*SPINNING DISC*" I'D SEEN HOVERING OVER ME WAS A *SMALL BOY'S LIGHT BLUE "SLEEPING" DUNCAN YO-YO...'*



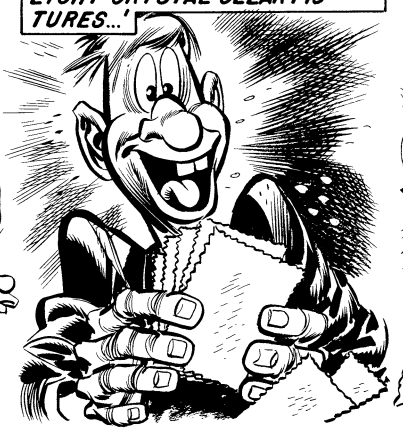
'*OTHER* MEN, BY THIS TIME, WOULD HAVE THROWN UP THEIR ARMS IN *DISGUST*. BUT *NOT I!* I WAS EVEN *MORE* DETERMINED THAN *EVER*. I DECIDED THAT *NIGHT* OFFERED ME MY BEST CHANCE. I LOADED MY CAMERA WITH *INFRA-RED FILM* AND PURCHASED AN *INEXPENSIVE GEIGER COUNTER*. IF THE FLYING SAUCERS WERE *RADIOACTIVE*, THE GEIGER COUNTER WOULD *AWAKEN* ME. I WENT TO SLEEP WITH CONFIDENCE...'

'I WAS AWAKENED RUDELY BY A *STEADY CLICKING*. I *SAW* THE CIRCULAR OBJECT *SILHOUETTED* AGAINST THE DAWN SKY OUT MY BEDROOM WINDOW. I GRABBED MY CAMERA AND SHOT *EIGHT PICTURES* IN *RAPID SUCCESSION...'*

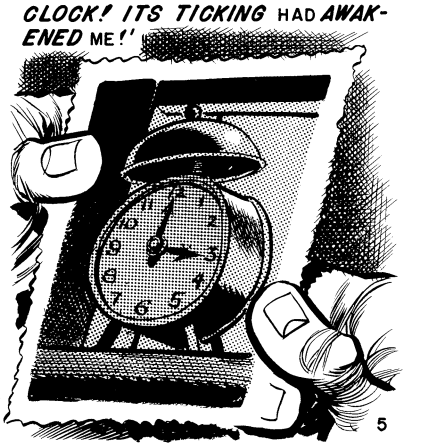


'I RUSHED TO THE *DARKROOM* AND *DEVELOPED* MY INFRA-RED FILM...'

'I WAS *OVERJOYED!* I'D GOTTEN *EIGHT CRYSTAL-CLEAR PICTURES...'*



'...OF MY *NIGHT-TABLE ALARM CLOCK! ITS TICKING* HAD *AWAKENED* ME!'

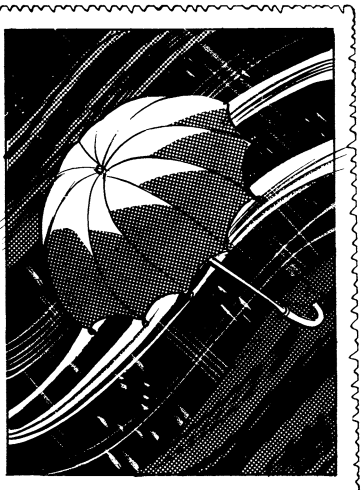


5

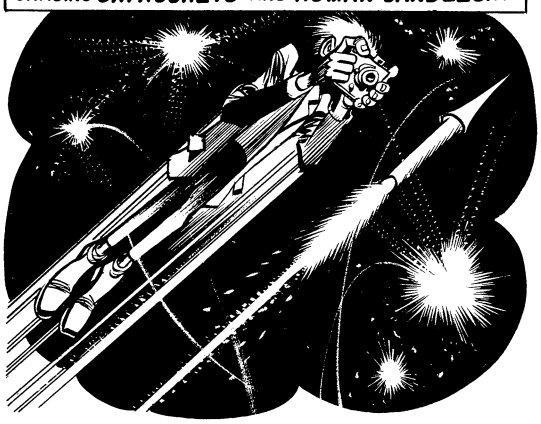
'MEANWHILE, MY ROADSIDE BOOKSTAND HAD BEEN *STEADILY LOSING MONEY.* ETHEL SEEMED TO BE LOSING *PATIENCE* WITH MY *"FLYING SAUCER EXCURSIONS,"* BUT I DOGGEDLY SEARCHED ON...'

'I PHOTOGRAPHED *TWO BEER CAN TOPS* BEING SCALED BY YOUNG RUFFIANS..'

'I TOOK AN EXCELLENT PICTURE OF A WINDSWEPT *UMBRELLA* DURING A RAINSTORM...'



'ON *JULY FOURTH,* I ALMOST LOST MY *MIND* CHASING *SKYROCKETS* AND *ROMAN CANDLES*...'



'AND THEN CAME THE MEMORABLE EVENING OF *SEPTEMBER 22, 1953.* THE *BANK* HAD SENT US ITS NOTICE OF *FORECLOSURE* ON OUR LITTLE BUSINESS. *ETHEL* WAS IN THE *KITCHEN,* PACKING OUR BELONGINGS INTO A BARREL. *I* WAS OUTSIDE ON THE COOL GRASS, STARING UP AT THE STARRY SKY...'

'IT WAS A *BEAUTIFUL* NIGHT. ETHEL'S *INSULTS* COULDN'T EVEN SPOIL ITS BEAUTY...'

'IT WAS *THEN*...ON THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 22...THAT I *SAW IT.* A *REAL, UNMISTAKABLE FLYING SAUCER!* IT HURTLED *TOWARD* ME, OVER THE NIGHT COUNTRYSIDE...'

'EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO *SUDDENLY!* I REMEMBER SNATCHING MY LOADED, WAITING CAMERA AS IT LOOMED LARGER...'

ETHEL! IT'S A FLYING SAUCER!

YEAH!

'...AND SNAPPING THE PICTURE BEFORE EVERYTHING EXPLODED IN A WHITE BLINDING FLASH...'

GNNNNNNNNNGG!

CLICK!

'WHEN I CAME TO, HOURS LATER, BITS OF STRANGE SPARKLING MATERIAL LAY SCATTERED AROUND ME...'

WHA...WHAT *HAPPENED? ETHEL!*

'NO *SOUND* CAME FROM MY LITTLE APARTMENT BEHIND THE BOOKSTAND. ETHEL WAS *GONE...*'

ETHEL! WHERE *ARE* YOU?

'I DEVELOPED THE FILM SADLY, KNOWING THAT AT LAST I'D *PHOTOGRAPHED MY FLYING SAUCER,* BUT *LOST ETHEL* AT THE *SAME TIME...*'

H_2O

H_2SO_4

'IT WAS A *GOOD PICTURE!* THE *DETAILS* OF THE "FLYING SAUCER" WERE *VERY CLEAR!* IT WAS A *REAL FLYING SAUCER,* ALL RIGHT! ETHEL'D *THROWN* IT AT ME. I'D TAKEN ITS PICTURE BEFORE IT'D HIT ME IN THE HEAD, SMASHING TO BITS, KNOCKING ME COLD! *HERE IT IS...*

OUR *BEST CHINA, TOO!*

'WE MET BRIEFLY JUST *ONCE* AFTER THAT, ETHEL AND I. IT WAS AT THE *LAWYER'S* OFFICE. THEY TOLD ME WHAT *ALIMONY* I'D BE EXPECTED TO PAY...'

SO MUCH MONEY?!

SO, *SOMEBODY'S* GOTTA WORK! *WHO* SHOULD IT *BE? ME?!*

WE THE JURY

THE END 7

PANIC'S DICTIONARY OF SPORTS DEPT. (LITERAL TRANSLATIONS DIVISION): DID YOU EVER STOP TO CONSIDER ALL OF THE *SCREWY IDIOMS* THAT HAVE COME INTO OUR LANGUAGE AND ARE NOW *ACCEPTED* AS *ACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS* OF WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE BALLPARK OR STADIUM OR ARENA? CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THESE IDIOMS WOULD *MEAN* TO SOMEONE WHO *NEVER SAW* A BASEBALL GAME OR A FOOTBALL GAME OR A GOLF MATCH? THEN PRETEND, IF YOU CAN, THAT *THIS IS TRUE*... THAT *YOU* DON'T KNOW FROM BEANS ABOUT SPORTS! REACH DOWN AND TURN ON YOUR RADIO... SIT BACK AND CLOSE YOUR EYES... AND LET'S TAKE A LITERAL LOOK AT:

BASEBALL JARGON

GOOD AFTERNOON, SPORTS FANS. HERE WE ARE AT *FERSHLUGGINER PARK* FOR ANOTHER EXCITING AFTERNOON OF *BASEBALL.* IT'S ALMOST GAME TIME... AND...
...THE GIANTS ARE TAKING THE FIELD...
HEY! COME *BACK* WITH THAT!
THE INDIANS ARE IN THEIR DUGOUT...
STROKE... STROKE...
DART MOUTH INDIANS
THE GIANT BATTERY IS ALMOST READY...
NOT *ALMOST*... WE'RE *EVERREADY!*
GIANTS
THE CATCHER FINISHES WARMING UP THE PITCHER...
YOGURT, ANYONE?
AND NOW, THE UMPIRE DUSTS OFF THE PLATE...
AND A CRY GOES UP FROM THE BLEACHERS AS 'PLAY BALL' RESOUNDS THROUGH THE AIR...
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES
JACK DAVIS

YOGI IS FIRST MAN UP. HE GOES TO THE WOODPILE...TO...
FIVE, SIX, PICK UP STICKS...
...CHOOSE HIS FAVORITE LOUISVILLE SLUGGER...
GITCHA COTTON PICKEN HANDS OFF ME!
OUCH!
...AND STEPS INTO THE BATTER'S BOX...
OOPS!
HE SWINGS AT THE FIRST PITCH, AND IT'S A FOUL BALL...
PHEW!
...WHICH INDICATES THAT YOGI HAS HIS EYE ON IT...
SOME EYE CATCHER!
THE PITCHER WINDS UP...
BE HAPP GO FOOEY
BEER
HOT DOG
...AND DELIVERS A SCREWBALL...
SIGN HERE PLEASE!
YOGI HAS TWO STRIKES ON HIM NOW...
UN-
FAIR
HE HITS THE NEXT PITCH DOWN TO THE HOT CORNER...
INFERNO
HECK ST.
HADES GUYS HIT HOT BALLS!
PAIR OF DICE LOST!
2

YOGI IS SAFE AT FIRST. NOW THE INDIAN MANAGER SIGNALS TO HIS ***BULL PEN*** TO START SHOWING SOME ACTIVITY. . .

PEE-WEE STROLLS TO THE PLATE. HE HAS A PECULIAR STANCE... KEEPS HIS ***FOOT*** IN THE ***BUCKET***...

PEE-WEE HITS A ***HIGH POP-UP***...

THERE'S ONE OUT AND A MAN ON FIRST AND DUKE IS UP. HE BUNTS ONE AND YOGI IS ***SACRIFICED***. . .

THE INDIAN MANAGER WALKS OUT TO THE ***PITCHER'S MOUND***...

HE AND THE PITCHER CONFER. THE PITCHER ANGRILY KICKS THE ***RUBBER***...

YEP! HE'S MAD, FOLKS! THEY'RE ***YANKING*** HIM...

THE NEW GIANT PITCHER IS A ***SOUTHPAW***, FOLKS. HE GOES TO THE ***ROSIN BAG***. . .

MEANWHILE, YOGI ***STEALS THIRD***... AND ***GOES ON HOME***...

THERE'S TWO OUT, AND THE INDIANS LEAD BY ONE. THE NEXT BATTER COMES UP. HERE'S THE PITCH AND... OOOH! HE'S BEANED!
BEANS
THE INDIAN MANAGER STORMS OUT ONTO THE FIELD, AND IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE RHUBARB...
THAT'S GONNA TRIP MY PLAYERS!
BUT THE UMPIRE QUICKLY COOLS THINGS OFF. THE BEANED PLAYER TAKES FIRST AND A PINCH-HITTER LOOSENS UP...
BUT THE GIANT PITCHER TIGHTENS UP AND FANS HIM...
PANT
PANT
PANT
...AND THE SIDE IS RETIRED...
NOW THE GIANTS COME TO BAT. THE FIRST MAN UP HITS A LONG FLY...
THE CENTERFIELDER DIGS FOR IT...
BUT HE CAN'T GET IT. IT'S... IT'S... MAN, OH, MAN... IT'S OVER THE FENCE. HE'S MADE A HOME RUN...
I'M PANICKY!
WELL, FOLKS! THE GIANTS HAVE TIED THE SCORE...
GIA 001
IND 001
H E
4 1
R AB
3
4

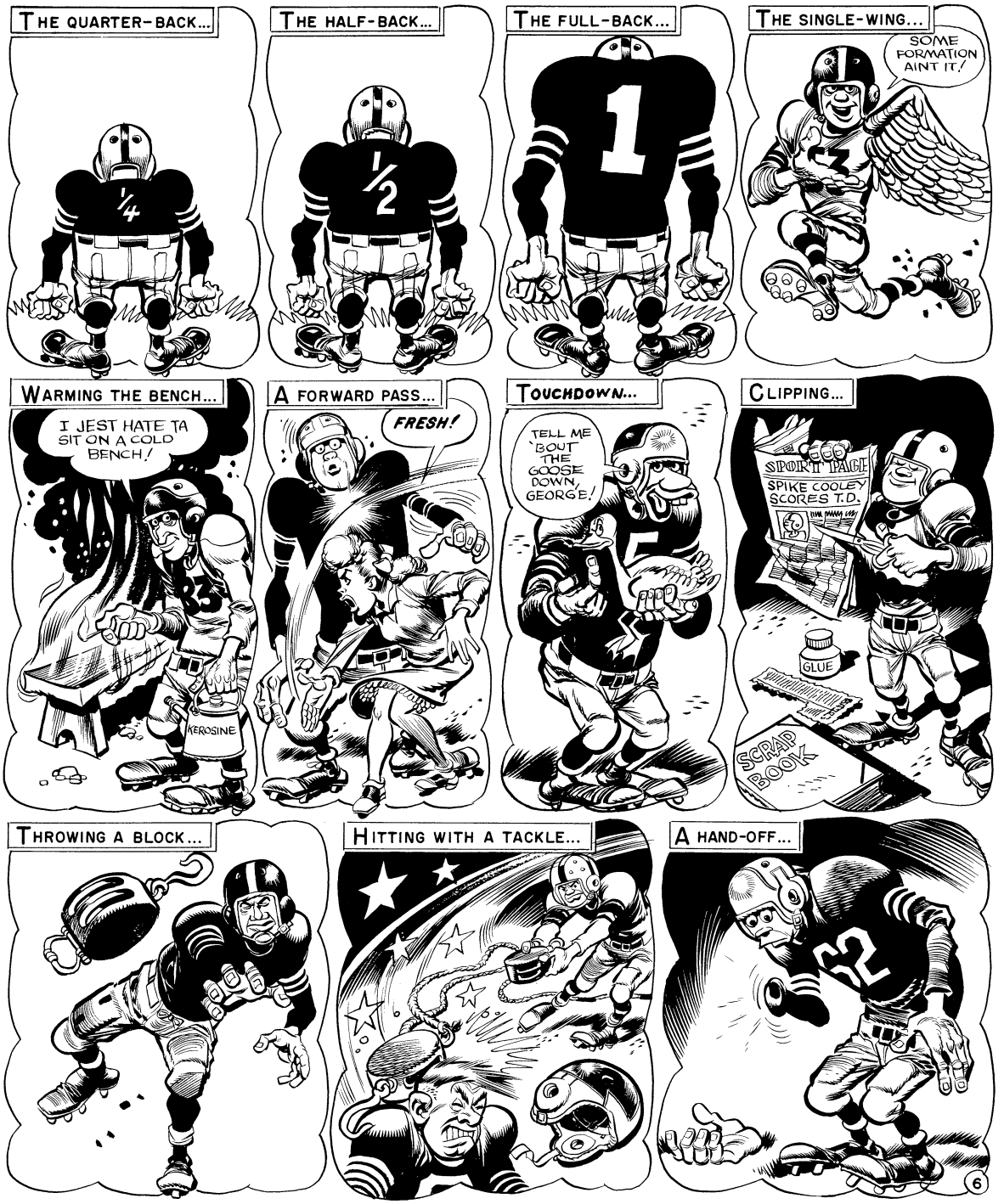
ALL RIGHT! SWITCH STATIONS. HOW ABOUT *THIS* SPORT? LET YOUR *IMAGINATION WANDER* AS YOU LISTEN TO THE NOMENCLATURE USED TO DESCRIBE AN EXCITING...

GOLF MATCH!

HERE WE ARE AT POTRZEBIE COUNTRY CLUB IN THE *FOURTH ROUND* OF THE *ANNUAL WEEKEND DUFFERS' NATIONAL OPEN GOLF TOURNEY...*
...AND SLAMMING SAMMY DIVOT IS *APPROACHING* THE FIFTH TEE...
WITH *LEMON* AGAIN?
YOU SHOULD *KNOW* BY NOW...
HE CALLS FOR HIS *CADDY*...
...AND PULLS OUT HIS *DRIVER*...
THEN, HE SHAKES HIS HEAD, GOES BACK TO HIS *GOLF BAG*, TAKES AN *IRON*...
YOU FOOL! THAT'S DACRON!
...RETURNS IT, AND FINALLY DECIDES ON A *PUTTER*...
INCIDENTALLY, SLAMMING SAMMY GOT A *BIRDIE* ON THE FIRST HOLE...
CHEEP!
...AN *EAGLE* ON THE SECOND...
CAW!
...AND A *BOGIE* ON THE THIRD...
A BOGIE, MAN!
ALL RIGHT, LOOEY... DROP THAT MASHIE... *NNNNNNNNG!*
LEW KELLER
HE *BLASTED OUT OF A TRAP* ON THE FOURTH...
BOOM!
...AND GOT A *PAR* ON THAT HOLE...
DADDY...SOB...DADDY!
SOMEBODY GET THAT KID OUTTA HERE...
OH MY PAR, PAR...
5

HAD *ENOUGH?* SWITCH TO *ANOTHER* STATION, WHY DON'TCHYA? *WHAT* COMES INTO YOUR MIND WHEN YOU HEAR THESE...

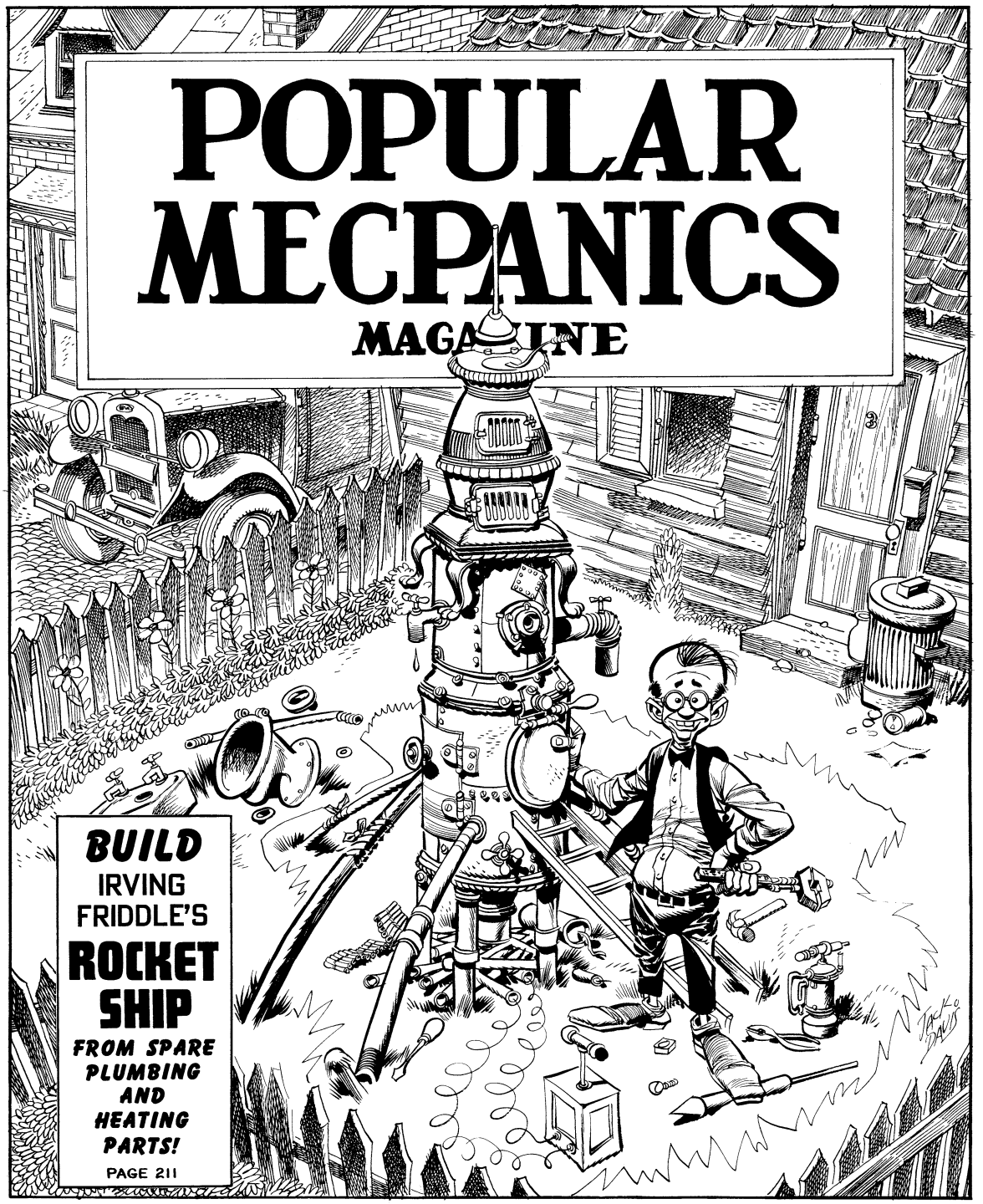
FOOTBALL TERMS!



AMERICA'S NATIONAL *INDOOR* SPORT HAS SOME INTERESTING SAMPLES OF THIS KIND OF NONSENSE. SWITCH, NOW, TO...

BASKETBALL!

MAGAZINES FOR THE MECHANICAL-MINDED DEPT. (295 PAGES OF ADS AND 5 PAGES OF SCIENCE NEWS DIVISION): HAVE YOU SEEN THE SLEW OF *GADGET-AND-INVENTION-TYPE MAGS* ON THE NEWSSTANDS THESE DAYS, *CRAMMED-FULL* OF *ADS* FOR *USELESS SURPLUS MERCHANDISE* AND *WHO-NEEDS-THEM NEW INVENTIONS?* THE *COVER* IS USUALLY A *COME-ON* PROMISING YOU A *FULLER LIFE* WITH THAT *EASY-TO-MAKE DOO-DAD* YOU'VE *ALWAYS WANTED.* PANIC MAGAZINE TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING ITS *OWN* VERSION OF ONE OF THESE *DO-IT-YOURSELF, IMPROVE-YOUR-LOT PUBLICATIONS.* *OURS* IS CALLED...



AFTER YOU'VE *CONVINCED* YOURSELF THAT YOU'VE *ALWAYS WANTED* TO BUILD IRVING FRIDDLE'S ROCKET SHIP OUT OF SPARE PLUMBING PARTS, YOU *BUY* THE BULKY BOOK. YOU *OPEN IT UP*, AND *FIRST HAVE TO PLOW THROUGH 60 OR 70 PAGES OF ADS LIKE THESE*:

BE AN ARTIST
MAKE BIG MONEY

Melvin Sturdley made a 3 ft. 8 inch dollar bill after just one lesson!

You get to keep these slightly used artist's materials with your course.

pencil eraser beret paint rag

ENROLL NOW!

START YOUR CAREER IN ART TODAY!

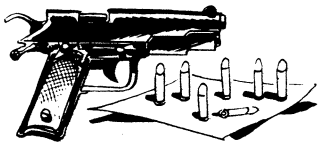
STURDLEY SCHOOL OF ART
Dept. P-41, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

The kind men like! Vest Pocket Size.

VAA-VOOM SALES CO.
Hookyuhville, Wisc.

EARN MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME
Send for Handy-Dandy Business Kit

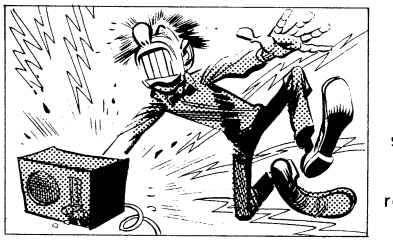


$10.00
Postpaid

Kit includes gun, ammunition, and list of promising banks, payroll offices, etc.

STURDLEY STICK-UP CAREERS
Dept. P-42, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

I GOT A START IN RADIO!



says Melvin Sturdley successful radio repairman.

LEARN RADIO REPAIRING AT HOME!

You get to keep these useless junked radio parts with your worthless course.

old tube old dial old resistor old crow

SEND FOR SAMPLE LESSON TODAY!

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF RADIO
Dept. P-43, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

INVENTORS
PROTECT YOUR INVENTION

Why let just anybody steal it when you can let me do it?

MELVIN STURDLEY—PATENT ATTORNEY
Dept. P-44, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

BARBELLS

Learn to pick them up. Feel like a new man. Where there's a bar, there's a bell. Learn the correct method. Send for free little black book of names, addresses, and phone numbers.

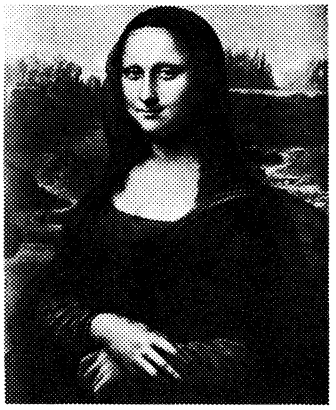
STURDLEY SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. P-45, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

RUPTURED?

GEE, THAT'S TOUGH!
Don't lift no heavy weights like picking up barbells, f'rinstance.

SOMEWHERE AFTER THE SEVENTIETH PAGE OF ADS LIKE THE PRECEDING, IF YOU LOOK REAL HARD, YOU *MAY* FIND THE *LETTERS TO THE EDITORS* COLUMN. OF COURSE, THERE'RE *ALWAYS ADS* ALONGSIDE IT. *AFTER ALL*, WHY *WASTE* SPACE ON STUFF *READERS* MIGHT BE *INTERESTED IN*, WHEN THEY CAN *SELL* SPACE AND *INCREASE THEIR REVENUE?...*

DRAW ME!



WIN A PARTIAL SCHOLARSHIP
To A Famous Art Course!
YOU PAY THE DIFFERENCE
Nobody loses—Everybody's got talent!
STURDLEY SCHOOL OF ART
Dept. P-46, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS
The kind men like!
Vest Pocket Size.
VAA-VOOM SALES CO.
Hookyuhville, Wisc.

LEARN HYPNOTISM
MAKE HER BEND TO YOUR WILL.
HAVE HER AT YOUR MERCY.

Easy instruction book gives you all the details. Rush a card. Read fast. You may not have to pay the postman $1.79.

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF SEDUCTION
Dept. P-47, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

SEND ONLY $1.00
I'm broke. I need the dough.
STURDLEY CHARITY ORGANIZATIONS
Dept. P-48, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

On page 265 of your recent issue, you suggested the use of asbestos shingling to protect wood from the flame of an oxy-acetelene torch. Do you know that such a shingle explodes violently under extreme heat like with a flame from an oxy-acetelene torch. I think you ought to warn your readers. I'm forwarding my hospital bill to you. After all.

Lacerated and Third Degree Burned Reader

The shingle you used was probably not an asbestos shingle but an asbestos-cement shingle. There's a difference. Am returning bill. Get well soon and read more carefully from now on.—eds.

Dear Popular Mecpanics Editor,

In the last issue, you said that a good solvent for plastic castings is a mixture of acetone and kentucky bourbon. I want to thank you for starting me on the road to success in my own business. I have sold my plastic casting business and gone into the Bar and Grill business. The gang is wild about my new drink, acetone and kentucky bourbon. I add a mariscino cherry for color.

Grateful Al

Mariscino cherry juice is a sodium solicilate compound and when mixed with acetone, a hetrophenol biproduct, and kentucky bourbon, containing alcohol, you are creating a high explosive known as MAKB. Any slight jar will blow your customers to bits. Good luck in your new venture.—eds.

Dear Editors,

I would like to tell you what I think of your last issue. For my part, you could take the whole thing and shove

(*Continued on page 297*)

THEN COMES FORTY-ODD PAGES OF ***CLASSIFIED ADS***. IF YOU ***READ EACH*** AND ***EVERY ONE***, USUALLY SET IN ***MICROSCOPIC TYPE***, YOU CAN ***PUT IN YOUR ORDER*** FOR A ***SEEING-EYE DOG***. TO ***PROTECT YOUR EYE-SIGHT, WE'RE*** ONLY PRINTING THE ***FIRST PAGE***:

WORLD'S WORST WANT AD MEDIUM CLASSIFIED *Advertisements* MAKE MONEY ON THE SUCKERS

Advertisements in this miserable eye-straining section only 90c per word per insertion per issue, minimum two words, payable in advance. If you want to get on the sucker-bandwagon, your crooked copy must be in our Hong Kong office on the 20th of the third month preceding the fourth week after off-sale of the previous issue. Make checks payable to I. Strain, Adv. Mgr.

Here are thousands and thousands and thousands of opportunities to buy worthless and useless articles that may not even come after you order them. Read these Ads. Answer them. Be a sucker. We warned you.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE Bodies. Build your own hot-rod over a scooter chassis. Fool your friends. Our junk yard is the most complete on the west coast. Fenders, doors, grills etc. sent by mail to anywhere in U. S. Write for free catalog. Include $1.00 postage. Hot-Bodies. Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

BIG Money in Auto body repairs. Start your business today. Send for Dent-Out Repair Kit and simplified instruction booklet plus Steel Armor Plating to put on your own car to start you off smashing up potential customers. Dent-Out, Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

COMIC Books. The kind men like. Vest pocket size. Coat pocket size for men who don't wear vests. Keep them in your Auto glove compartment for any occasion. Woo-Woo Sales Co. Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

BOATS, OUTBOARD MOTORS

BUILD your own battleship. Actual U.S.N. blueprints. Send for free micro-film frame. Spy-Surplus Sales Corp., Moscow, U.S.S.R.

BUY 6000 ton Surplus U.S.N. Sub-Chaser. A real Bargain. Only $100.00 FOB Gobi Desert. You pay nominal freight charges. How do we know how it got to the middle of the Gobi Desert! Write soon. Supply limited. Spy-Surplus Sales Corp., Moscow, U.S.S.R.

BOAT Kits. Build your own boat. Easy to follow instructions. Plans and Materials List plus free Mae West Life Jacket to wear when you launch it $1.00. Boat-Kits, Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

COMIC BOOKS. The kind men like. Pea-Coat Pocket size. Salty Stories. Keep them in your life raft for any occasion. Wow-Wow Sales Co., Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES, MICROSCOPES, MAGNIFIERS

BUILD Your own 1000 power day and night telescope. Study the stars in the sky and the starlet across the court. Get interesting facts. About our kits. Write today for free booklet. Eyeful Products. Box 00, Lensberg, Pa. Enclose $2.00 handling charge.

DISCOVER a whole new world. Slightly used microscopes. See the wonders of nature, the life teeming in a drop of your own drinking water. Discover why you've suffered from Amoebic Dysentery all these years. Tear wings off flies, legs off ants, tails off guppies and see their intricate cell structures. Eyeful Products. Box 00, Lensberg, Pa. Send for catalog and free onion skin.

COMIC Books. The kind men like. Printed on slides. Look like you're working on an important experiment while you're Wee-Wow Sales Co. Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

ARTIFICIAL Lightning. Make it yourself, in your own home. Interesting display to liven up a dull party. Works off ordinary house current. Generates 6,000,000 Volts. Shoots ten feet. Splinters tables, chairs, floors. Perfect gift for the scientific-minded party-giver. Watt Sales, Box 110V, Amperage, N.M.

FOOL Your friends. Surplus Electric Chair. Really works. Interesting item to liven up a dull party. This'll kill 'em. Can be upholstered to look like ordinary furniture. Supply limited. Prison Products Surplus Corp. Box 210V. Alcatraz, Va.

SHOCK Your prudish friends. Comic books. The kind men like. Interesting items to liven up a dull party. Wow-Wee Sales Co. Same Address.

FARMS AND ACREAGE

LIVE In Sunny Southern California. Solve your vacation or retirement problems. Let the Blue Pacific be your back yard. In fact, it can be your front yard too. Underwater Estates, Milabou Beach, Calif. Write for free tide table.

FLORIDA homesites. Every lot facing the Gulf of Mexico. Build your house looking out over its blue waters. You can see it on clear days. Short ten mile drive to beautiful private bathing beaches that you can't get into. Fishing and hunting terrific, if all the lands weren't posted. You might grow oranges. Write for free illustrated brochure with cleverly touched-up pictures and photo-montages that make this miserable deal look pretty good. Hinterland Homesites, Swampville, Fla.

FARM Opportunity. Lovely 40 acre tract. Original mule. Must be seen to be appreciated. Elderly couple ready to retire after raising cane for 68 years. If you've a yen to get back to the soil, this is your chance. Farm house and barn go with property. Just pick them up at Centersville, Ark. which is 47 miles from Pottstown, Okla. where the farm is. The last twister took 'em there. Beezley. RFD 8, Pottstown, Okla.

COMIC Books. The kind that men-farmers like. Keep them in the hay loft for any occasion. Hay-Hay Sales Co. RFD 8, Pottstown, Okla.

DON'T Be fooled. Buy only new, not second hand Comic Books, the kind men-anything like. Wee-Wow Sales Co. Box 6679 1/6, You know where.

GAMES, TOYS, NOVELTIES

FULL Gross, toy balloons. Just the thing for parties and social events. Less than one cent each. Factory rejects. Nothing wrong with them except a small hole in each, hardly discernable to the naked eye yet big enough to make it impossible to blow them up. Fzzzzz Sales Corp. Box PPT, Boomsiss, Minn.

THROW Your voice. Be a ventriloquist. Have fun getting other people's faces slapped. Be the life of the party. Throw your voice into boxes, cars, bathrooms. Get thrown out of boxes, cars, bathrooms. Tight-Lipped Careers, Clenched Teeth, Mont.

WE Supply thousands of professional magicians with the amazing patented "Sawing a Woman in Half" Illusion. Due to circumstances beyond our control we are no longer manufacturing this illusion. However, we can now supply interested parties with various size half-women. State which half when ordering. Fraction Anatomy Co. Upper Lowerdame, N. Y.

MYSTIFY Your friends with Comic Books, the kind Magicians like, Silk Hat size. Also sleeve size for the informal performer. Keep them in your Chinese Torture Chest for any occasion. Wee-Woo Sales Corp. Same address.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$1.00 GUARANTEES You a life-time income. Send for sample Pyramid Club letter form. Start one a week. If everybody joins, you will make $1,694,-612 per year. Be your own boss. Mail-Order Schemes, Box 8, Sing-Sing, N. Y.

START A Profitable business on a shoestring. Everybody wears shoes. Need I say more. Tie into some big dough. Knot everybody can do it. Bills-For-Bows, Eyelet, Calif.

METALIZE Baby shoes. This is a real lucrative racket. Every parent is a sentimental slob when it comes to their brat's first pair of baby shoes. Send for free sample bronze paint. Miserable Mimentos. Souvenir, S.C.

OWN Your own Golf Course. Cash in on America's number-one growing sport. If you have seven hundred idle acres of land and a spare bankroll of, say, Two Hundred Grand, you can start your own Golf Course and play free. Send for interesting booklet. Millionaire's Pastime Industries, Bucks County, Pa.

SELL Illustrated Comic Books, the kind Buyers like. Sample-case size. Carry along with your present line and break down sales resistance to your present dull uninteresting product. Woo-Woo-Wee Sales Co. We haven't moved.

PERSONAL

NEED Money? Want $200, $300 right away? Want to pay off all your debts and wipe the slate clean? Want to get your wife/sweetheart that ring/fur coat she's been hinting for? Want cash? Money? Loot? So, what makes you think you're anything special! We all got troubles. Let's Face It Philosophy School teaches you how to stop getting deeper and deeper into hock.

IRVING. Come home. All is Forgiven. We love you. Ma.

LONELY? Desire companionship, warmth, friendship? Can you write? Send your name, age, sex, and complete description of your home, especially where you keep your valuables, and you'll be having company soon. Second-Story Social Club. G.P.O., Ossening, N. Y.

IRVING. Come home. We miss you and want you back. Sis.

BE Rich. Make money. My financial secret revealed in startling booklet. Only $1.00. (I make $40,000 dollars a year on suckers who send for this booklet. All I do is tell them, in it, to take an ad and say, "Be rich. Make money. My financial secret revealed . . ."

IRVING, come home. And bring back those Illustrated Comic Booklets, the kind I like. Paw.

MISCELLANEOUS

MOUSTACHE Wax, in 100 pound barrels. Cheap. You can never tell when someone will call you up at 2 A.M. some morning and ask, "Got any Moustache Wax?" Be prepared. $1.00 per Barrel, you pay postage. Useless Products Sales Corp. Nome, Alaska

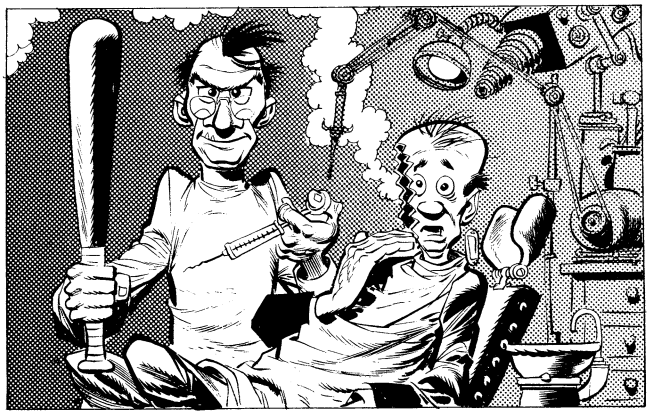
DINOSAUR Bones. Museum Rejects. Cheap. You can never tell when someone will call you up at 2 A.M. some morning and ask, "Got any Moustache Wax?" Be prepared. Say, "Yes!" and when he comes over to get it, hit him with a Dinosaur bone. Send for skeleton diagram with sizes and prices. More Useless Products Corp. Fairbanks, Alaska

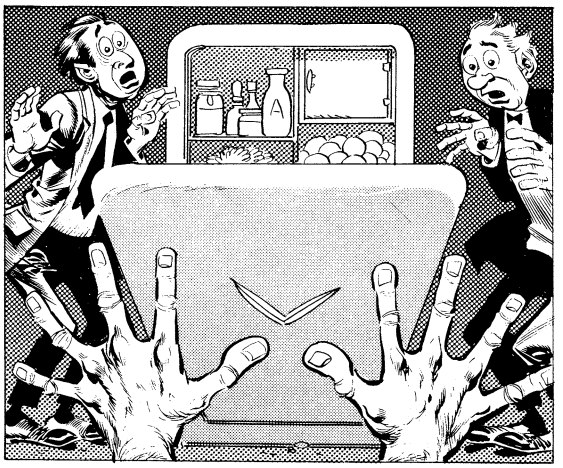
RARE OLD Illustrated Comic booklets, the kind rare old men like. Wescot pocket size. Novel new size to hide in spats. Wee-Wow-Wee-Woo-Woo etc.

AND NOW, *FINALLY*, ON PAGE *190* OR SO, COMES THE *BODY* OF THE MAGAZINE... A FEW LONELY PAGES OF *NEW INVENTIONS* AND *RECENT DEVELOPMENTS* IN THE *WORLD OF SCIENCE*. HERE ARE *TWO* PAGES. *THEY* USUALLY HAVE *FIVE*, MAYBE...

Tulsa Dentist Discovers New Method of Extracting Teeth

A new chemical, destined to revolutionize the Dental Industry and Tooth Extraction methods, was demonstrated last month by Melvin Sturdley, its inventor. Used in minute quantities, injected into the gum below the infected tooth, this newly developed chemical explosive, much like a mild T. N. T., blows out chopper when patient's head is jarred, like with a baseball-bat. The inventor is shown here with his patient after a first attempt with his new method. (The patient, Irving Friddle, is expected to recover.)



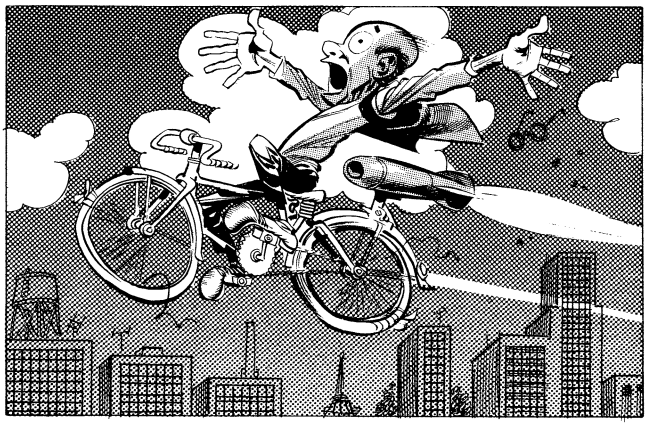


Refrigerator with Two-Way Door Saves Many Steps

A revolutionary two-way hinge and handle arrangement on a new model refrigerator, developed by a big manufacturer, enables the door to swing open either way, thereby saving many steps for the poor over-worked housewife. The amazing appliance was demonstrated recently as two people stood on either side of it, opening the door, first to the right, then to the left. This picture shows them as they both pressed the handle at the same time. The door fell off. (The photographer, Irving Friddle, is expected to recover.)

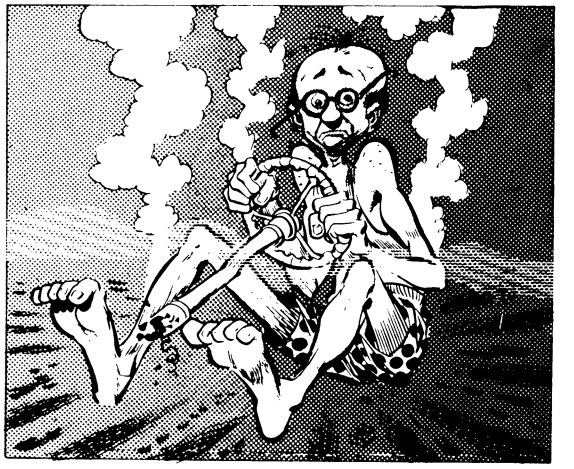
Miniature Jet Engine Attaches to Bicycle

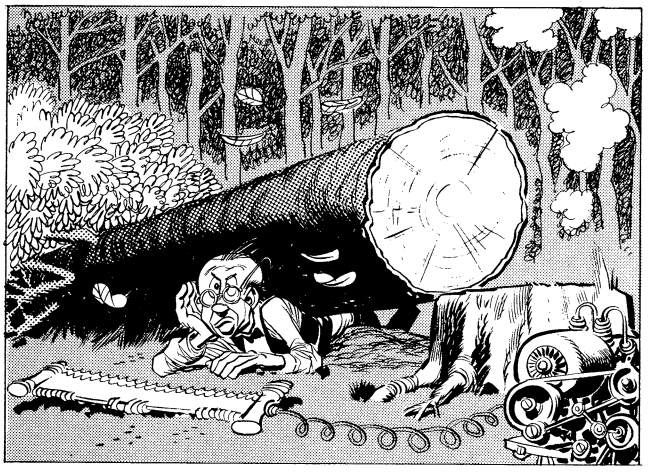
Bicycling enthusiasts will be pleased to learn that a new invention, designed by Irving Friddle, of Boston, Mass., will take the strain out of peddling. A small jet engine, bolted to the rear fender, powered by kerosene and liquid oxygen, will deliver enough thrust to drive a bike up to 287 miles per hour without peddling. When testing his invention, Mr. Friddle spread his arms in a "no-hands" pose. This picture shows him as he buzzed St. Louis. He and his bike were found outside of Denver, Colo. (Irving is expected to recover.)



16 Barrelled Carburetor Will Enable Hot-Rods to Crack Sound Barrier

Able to be built for a reasonable $2593, a new 16 barrelled carburetor, using air injection and T. C. P. additive, will enable any hot-rod enthusiast to drive his heap through the sonic barrier. Irving Friddle, the inventor of this amazing gadget, which is destined to revolutionize the automotive industry, is shown in this picture just after his stripped down Chevvy reached the phenomenal speed of 772 M. P. H. when the whole mess exploded. (Irving is expected to recover.)



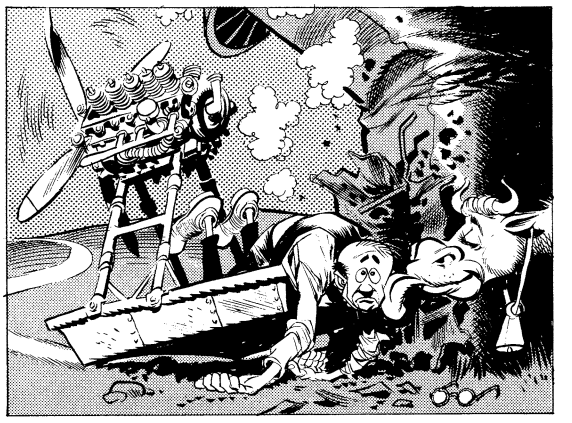


Electrified Hand-Saw Slashes Through Trees in 3 Seconds

A newly developed electrified saw, designed to simplify the tedious job of clearing wooded lands, was demonstrated recently. The insulated hand-saw blade, wired to a 7000 Volt generator, easily burned through a 26 inch tree in three seconds. This picture shows the inventor, Irving Friddle, just after the tree was felled. There wasn't time to get out of the way. (Irving is expected to recover.)

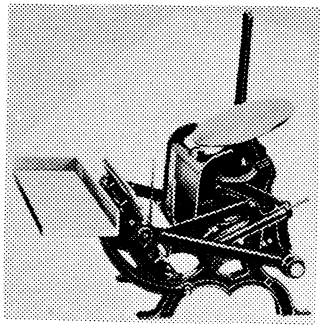
Airplane Engine with Propeller Pushes Flatbottom Swamp Boat

A surplus airplane engine, mounted on the stern of a flatbottom boat, easily pushes the odd-looking craft over Florida swamp waters previously considered unnavigatible because of the thick growth of sub-surface marine plants that entangled and hopelessly choked ordinary outboard motor propelled boats. A successful demonstration of this invention ended chaotically, however, when the engine couldn't be stopped. The craft is shown here, after it skidded out of the swamp and continued overland, finally crashing into a silo on a farm forty-two miles from the nearest water. (The inventor, Irving Friddle, is not expected to recover.)



THEN, AFTER THAT BRIEF EDITORIAL SECTION, *MORE ADS*...*80* OR *100* PAGES...TO *WIND UP* THE MAG. "WHAT HAPPENED TO 'HOW TO BUILD IRVING FRIDDLE'S ROCKET SHIP' ARTICLE?", YOU ASK? IT WAS *PULLED*... FOR *THIS PAGE*...

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!



Handy-Dandy Printing Press, comes with genuine hand-etched zinc $10 bill plates, green ink, and a generous supply of paper, only

$19.95

f.o.b. Alcatraz

STURDLEY PRINTING INDUSTRIES
Dept. P-49, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

DON'T ADMIT YOU SAW IT IN

POPULAR MECPANICS

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

The kind men like!
Vest Pocket Size.

VAA-VOOM SALES CO.
Hookyuhville, Wisc.

BE A DETECTIVE

FIGHT CRIME!

... Arrest possessors of those ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS ... The kind men like and the law doesn't. Get to keep them yourself!

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF SHAMUSES
Dept. P-50, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

STOP SMOKING! TODAY!

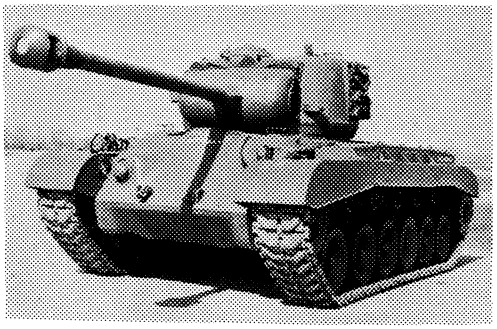
Buy everything advertised here and you won't be able to afford to.

FIX CARS

Any Make or Model

FIX 'EM GOOD!

Get even with all those idiot drivers that have been giving you a hard time on the road.



STURDLEY SURPLUS TANKS
Dept. P-51, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

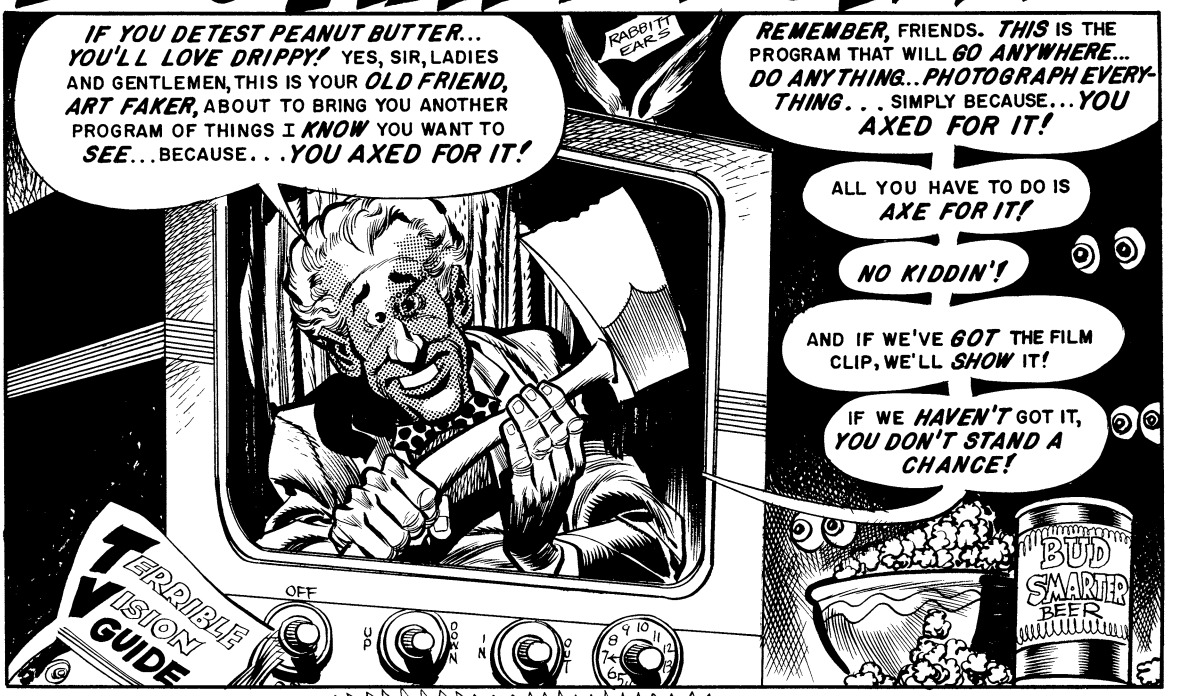
ADVERTISERS

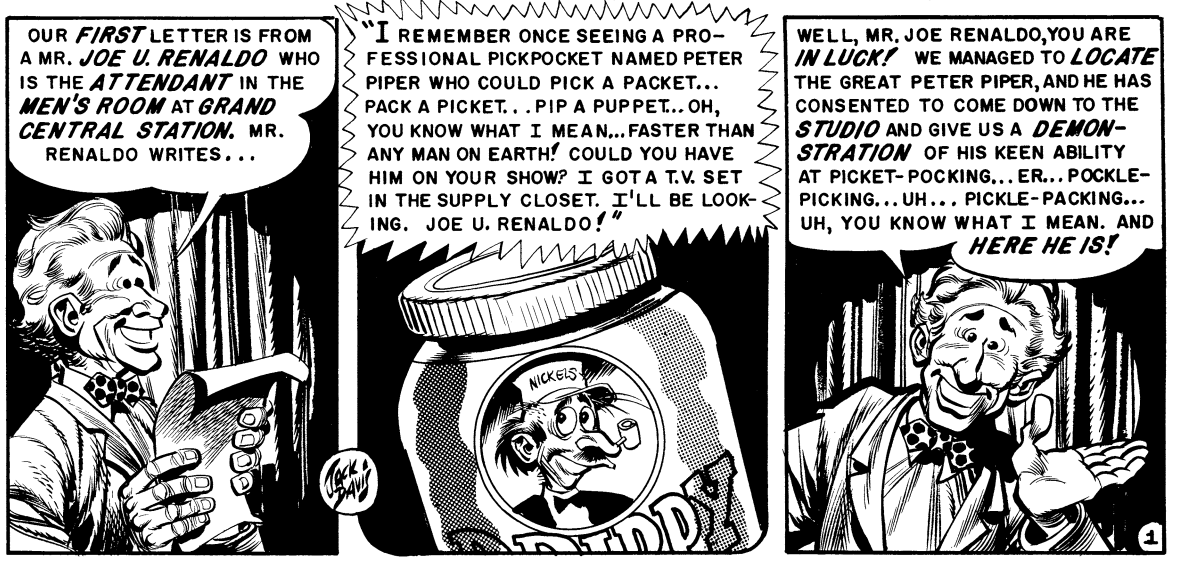
Got a lucrative crooked scheme you want to pull off on waiting eager suckers? Advertise in this space. No kidding. They bite.

SHRINK SOLENOIDS
Without Surgery
New, easy, fast, effective method.
STURDLEY HOT-SEATS
Dept. P-52, You know where by now.

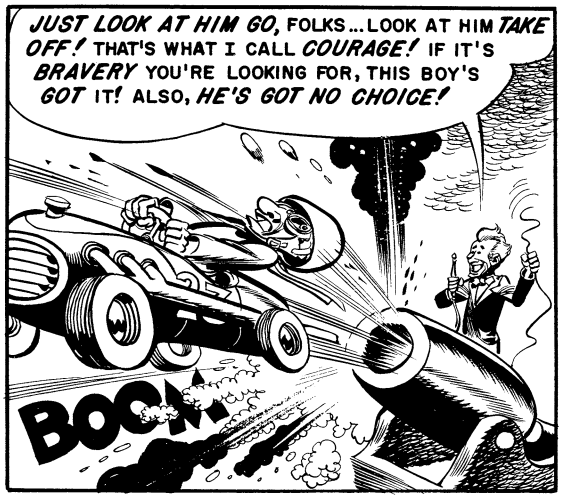
OLD FILM CLIPS PASSED OFF AS T.V. ENTERTAINMENT DEPT. (IF NOBODY WRITES, THEY'LL PHONY THE LETTERS DIVISION): DID YOU EVER *SIT HOME* ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND *WATCH TELEVISION,* BECAUSE... (A) YOU DON'T SEE ANY *SENSE* IN GETTING *FOULED UP* IN THAT *BUMPER-TO-BUMPER WEEKEND TRAFFIC* IN YOUR *FAMILY CAR?*... (B) *YOU DON'T HAVE A FAMILY?*... (C) *YOU DON'T HAVE A CAR?*... (D) YOU... *HAH? WHAT'S* THAT YOU SAY? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A *TELEVISION SET?* WELL, YOU'RE *LUCKIER* THAN MOST OF US, CHUM, BECAUSE *THAT* MEANS YOU NEVER HAD TO *SIT THROUGH* THE LEMON CALLED...

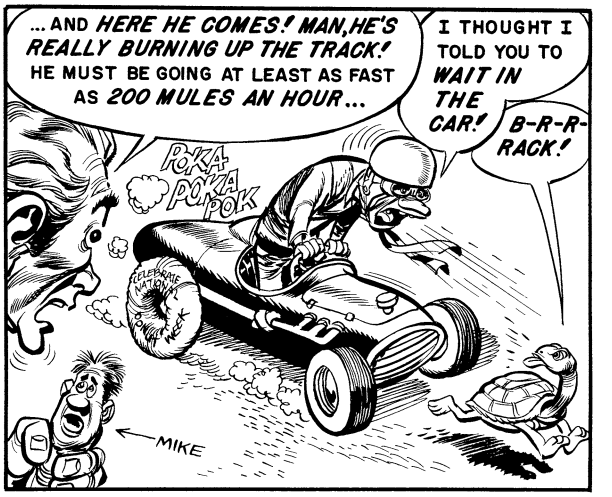
YOU AXED FOR IT!

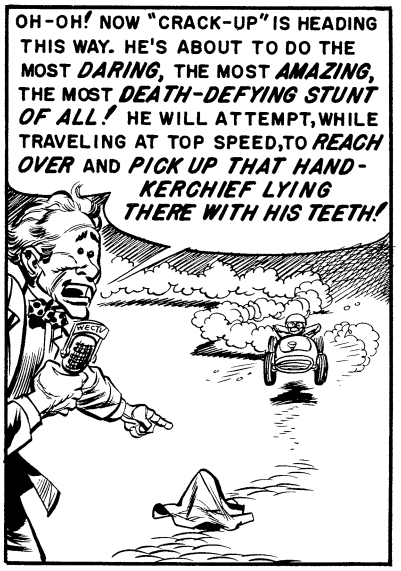

IF YOU DETEST PEANUT BUTTER... YOU'LL LOVE DRIPPY! YES, SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR OLD FRIEND, ART FAKER, ABOUT TO BRING YOU ANOTHER PROGRAM OF THINGS I KNOW YOU WANT TO SEE... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
RABBITT EARS
REMEMBER, FRIENDS. THIS IS THE PROGRAM THAT WILL GO ANYWHERE... DO ANYTHING... PHOTOGRAPH EVERYTHING... SIMPLY BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS AXE FOR IT!
NO KIDDIN'!
AND IF WE'VE GOT THE FILM CLIP, WE'LL SHOW IT!
IF WE HAVEN'T GOT IT, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!
TERRIBLE TV VISION GUIDE
OFF
BUD SMARTER BEER

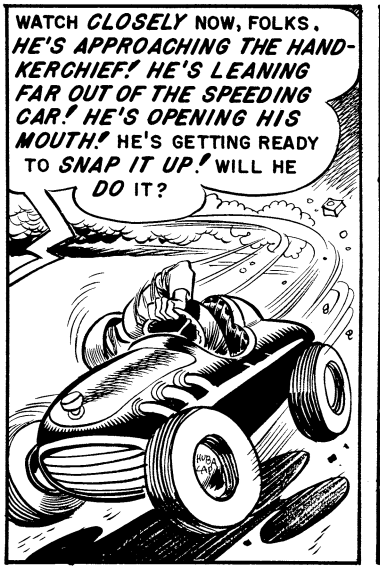

OUR FIRST LETTER IS FROM A MR. JOE U. RENALDO WHO IS THE ATTENDANT IN THE MEN'S ROOM AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION. MR. RENALDO WRITES...
"I REMEMBER ONCE SEEING A PROFESSIONAL PICKPOCKET NAMED PETER PIPER WHO COULD PICK A PACKET... PACK A PICKET... PIP A PUPPET... OH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN... FASTER THAN ANY MAN ON EARTH! COULD YOU HAVE HIM ON YOUR SHOW? I GOT A T.V. SET IN THE SUPPLY CLOSET. I'LL BE LOOKING. JOE U. RENALDO!"
NICKELS
CLICK
WELL, MR. JOE RENALDO, YOU ARE IN LUCK! WE MANAGED TO LOCATE THE GREAT PETER PIPER, AND HE HAS CONSENTED TO COME DOWN TO THE STUDIO AND GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION OF HIS KEEN ABILITY AT PICKET-POCKING... ER... POCKLE-PICKING... UH... PICKLE-PACKING... UH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. AND HERE HE IS!
1

WELCOME TO "YOU AXED FOR IT," MR. PIPER! IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO COME DOWN TO OUR STUDIO TO PICK A FEW POCKETS IN ORDER THAT MR. RENALDO, WATCHING FROM THE MEN'S ROOM AT GRAND CENTRAL, CAN SEE IF YOU HAVE...
...N'T LOST ANY OF THAT OLD SKILL. AND PERHAPS, WHILE YOU'RE HERE, MR. PIPER, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW OUR VIEWERS HOW THEY CAN LEARN TO PICK POCKETS RIGHT IN THEIR VERY OWN HOMES!
I'M SORRY, MR. RENALDO, THAT OUR GUEST, THE GREAT PETER PIPER, HAD TO RUSH OFF TO A PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT BEFORE HE COULD DEMONSTRATE HIS SKILL.
BAH!
HOWEVER, I... I... AYE, AYE, AYE! WELL, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, MR. RENALDO! NOT ONLY HAVE MY POCKETS BEEN PICKED, BUT ALSO ALL MY CLOTHES ARE GONE! WELL, I'M GLAD TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE BECAUSE... "YOU AXED FOR IT"!
FAKE!
AND NOW, A LETTER FROM A MISS THELMA POTRZEBIE, OF BUTTERBALL, MONT., WHO WRITES: "DEAR ART, I HAVE ALLA TIME LONGED TO SEE THAT DAREDEVIL STUNT CAR DRIVER, 'CRACK-UP' CASEY DEECH, DOING HIS FAMOUS 'FLIP-OVER THROUGH FLAMES ON TWO WHEELS INTO A BOXCAR FULL OF DYNAMITE' ROUTINE. I LOVE TO SEE STUNT CARS IN ACTION! I ALSO LOVE TO SEE BLOOD! YOURS, THELMA P."
WELL, MISS POTRZEBIE, THERE IN BUTTERBALL, MONT., YOU WILL GET YOUR CHANCE TO SEE "CRACK-UP" DO HIS FAMOUS ROUTINE... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
...AND ALSO BECAUSE I LOVE TO SEE BLOOD, TOO!
ROLL 'EM, MAXIE!
...AND HERE WE ARE AT THE UTAH SALT FLATS, WATCHING AS "CRACK-UP" CASEY DEECH WARMS UP HIS SOUPED-UP, RE-BORED, RE-DESIGNED, STRIPPED-DOWN, STANLEY STEAMER! NOW HE'S GIVING THAT OL' CHASSIS A LAST MINUTE CHECK UP...
STEERING... TIGHT! FUEL... FULL! TIMING... PERFECT! ASHTRAYS... OH, OH! THE ASHTRAYS ARE DIRTY! HOLD EVERYTHING!
SO, OKAY, ALREADY, CASEY! GET GOING! THIS IS ONLY A HALF-HOUR SHOW, Y'KNOW!
I CAN'T GO NOW, ART! MY VEEBLEFETZER ISN'T ALIGNED WITH MY FRAMMISPFLUGER AND MY MEXIFIZOID IS OUT OF KILTER!
IS THAT ALL?
NO! I AM ALSO CHICKEN!
CLUCK CLUCK KACKLE
2


JUST LOOK AT HIM GO, FOLKS... LOOK AT HIM TAKE OFF! THAT'S WHAT I CALL COURAGE! IF IT'S BRAVERY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, THIS BOY'S GOT IT! ALSO, HE'S GOT NO CHOICE!
BOOM

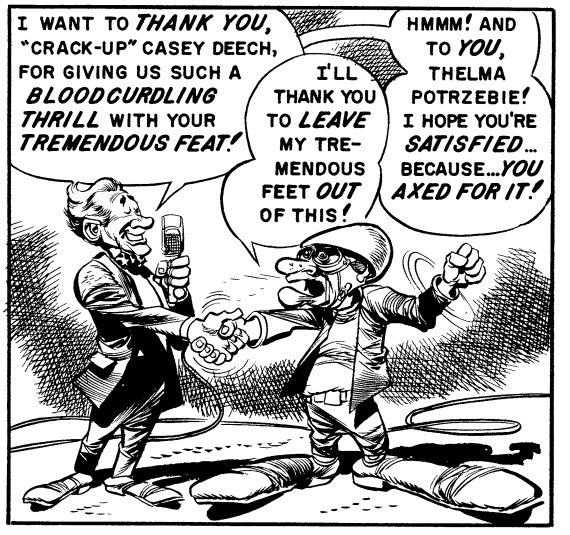

... AND HERE HE COMES! MAN, HE'S REALLY BURNING UP THE TRACK! HE MUST BE GOING AT LEAST AS FAST AS 200 MULES AN HOUR...
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAR!
B-R-R-R-RACK!
POKA POKA POK
MIKE

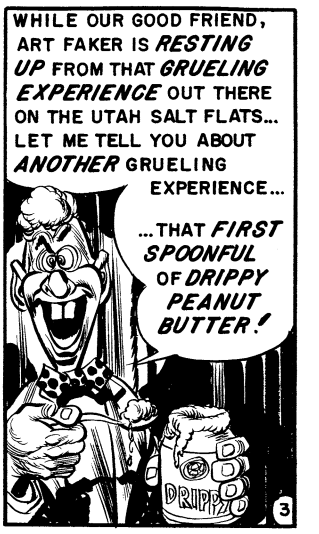

OH-OH! NOW "CRACK-UP" IS HEADING THIS WAY. HE'S ABOUT TO DO THE MOST DARING, THE MOST AMAZING, THE MOST DEATH-DEFYING STUNT OF ALL! HE WILL ATTEMPT, WHILE TRAVELING AT TOP SPEED, TO REACH OVER AND PICK UP THAT HANDKERCHIEF LYING THERE WITH HIS TEETH!
WECTV


WATCH CLOSELY NOW, FOLKS. HE'S APPROACHING THE HANDKERCHIEF! HE'S LEANING FAR OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR! HE'S OPENING HIS MOUTH! HE'S GETTING READY TO SNAP IT UP! WILL HE DO IT?

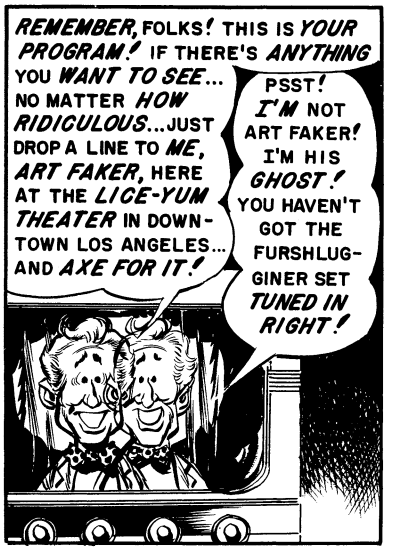
HE DID IT, FOLKS! HE PICKED UP THAT HANDKERCHIEF WITH HIS TEETH! TALK ABOUT RAW COURAGE... THIS BOY IS ABOUT AS FOOLHARDY AS THEY COME!

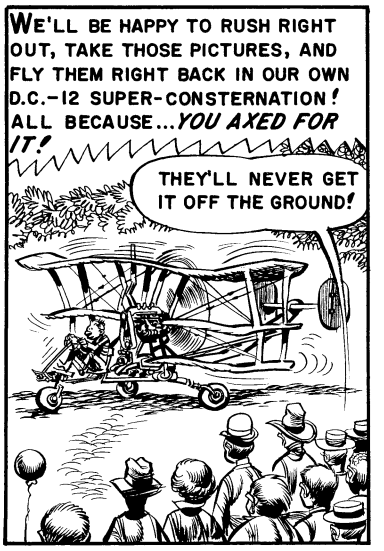
YES, SIR! HE'S GOT COURAGE, FOLKS! AFTER ALL, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT KIND OF GERMS YOU MIGHT FIND ON A HANKY THAT'S BEEN KICKING AROUND THE UTAH SALT FLATS SINCE THE RACING SEASON OPENED!
WECTV


I WANT TO THANK YOU, "CRACK-UP" CASEY DEECH, FOR GIVING US SUCH A BLOODCURDLING THRILL WITH YOUR TREMENDOUS FEAT!
I'LL THANK YOU TO LEAVE MY TREMENDOUS FEET OUT OF THIS!
HMMM! AND TO YOU, THELMA POTRZEBIE! I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!

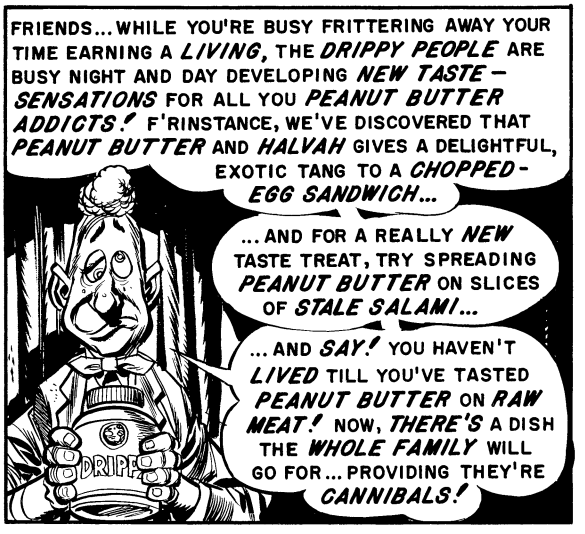

WHILE OUR GOOD FRIEND, ART FAKER IS RESTING UP FROM THAT GRUELING EXPERIENCE OUT THERE ON THE UTAH SALT FLATS... LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER GRUELING EXPERIENCE...
...THAT FIRST SPOONFUL OF DRIPPY PEANUT BUTTER!
DRIPPY
3

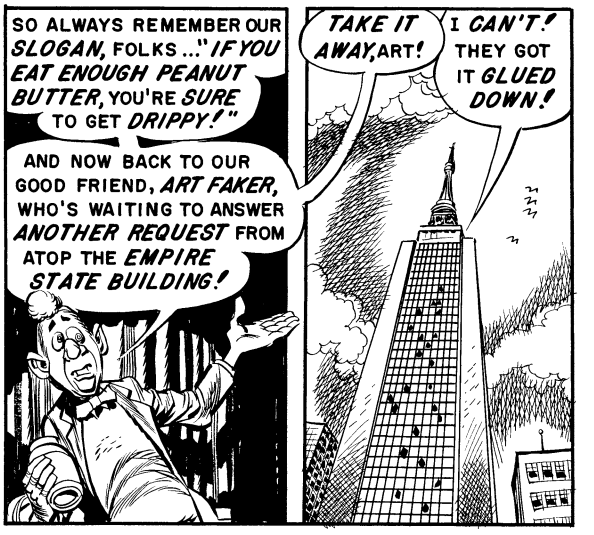
THIS BEING THE LOW-PRESSURE-TYPE COMMERCIAL, I AM NOT GOING TO RUN DOWN THE OTHER BRANDS OF PEANUT BUTTER ON THE MARKET! SOME OF THE OTHER MAKES ARE VERY GOOD! IN FACT, SOME ARE EXCELLENT... EVEN FAR SUPERIOR TO OUR OWN DRIPPY!
ALL RIGHT! LET'S FACE IT FOLKS! THEY'RE ALL BETTER THAN DRIPPY!
DRIPPY
BUT DRIPPY IS CHEAP! AND EVEN THOUGH IT MAY NOT TASTE AS GOOD AS THE OTHERS, WHO CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE!?
YOU'RE SO BUSY TRYING TO SCRAPE ANY BRAND PEANUT BUTTER OFF THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH, YOU NEVER CAN TASTE IT! SO, WHY SPEND MORE!? SUFFER FOR LESS! GAG AND SAVE! REMEMBER!
IF YOU DETEST PEANUT BUTTER, YOU'LL LOVE DRIPPY!
DRIPPY
NOW, BACK TO ART FAKER!
THANK YOU, MOROSE! AND HERE IS A LETTER FROM A VIEWER IN BROOKLYN, WHO WRITES...
Dear Art, I once heard a story about the deadly Vindshield Viper a rare snake found in deepest Africa, which, although it is only 18 inches long is capable of choking to death and swallowing a full-grown African elephant. I would give anything to see a picture of this... as long as it's free.
SIGNED MELVIN MAD
WELL, MELVIN MAD, THERE IN BROOKLYN, YOUR WISH IS ABOUT TO COME TRUE. WE SENT A CAMERA CREW INTO THE WILD AFRICAN JUNGLES TO PHOTO-GRAPH THIS CUNNING REPTILE AND BRING BACK THE FILM YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
DRIPPY
LET'S SEE NOW! WHAT HAVE WE HERE! THAT LOOKS LIKE A BULL ELEPHANT, AND A PRETTY MEAN CUSTOMER. BUT, WAIT! WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE ON THE RIGHT. THAT MUST BE THE FEROCIOUS VINSHIELD VIPER YOU DESCRIBED IN YOUR LETTER, MELVIN, BWAH!...
OH-OH! THE SNAKE HAS SPOTTED THE HUGE BEAST AND NOW IT'S SWAYING BACK AND FORTH HYPNOTICALLY... AS THOUGH INVITING THE PONDEROUS ELEPHANT TO ENGAGE IN MORTAL COMBAT...
IS IT REALLY POSSIBLE THAT A TINY CREATURE LIKE THAT CAN SUBDUE AND CRUSH THE LIFE OUT OF AN ENORMOUS AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT? IS IT?
G.O.P.
SQUISH
I GUESS NOT!
SEE ELEPHANT WALK
AND TO YOU, MELVIN MAD! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU HEAR THESE FURSHLUGGINER STORIES ABOUT SNAKES CRUSHING ELEPHANTS, BUT FROM NOW ON, KEEP THEM TO YOURSELF!
'CAUSE IF YOU EVER WRITE TO ME AGAIN... YOU'LL BE ASKING FOR IT!
4

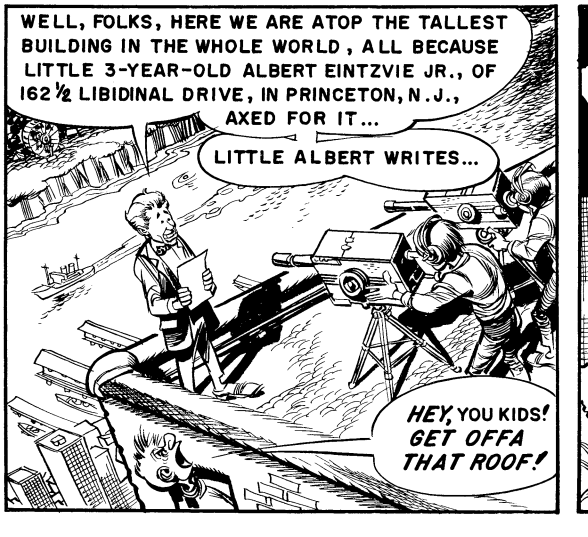

REMEMBER, FOLKS! THIS IS YOUR PROGRAM! IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE... NO MATTER HOW RIDICULOUS... JUST DROP A LINE TO ME, ART FAKER, HERE AT THE LICE-YUM THEATER IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES... AND AXE FOR IT!
PSST! I'M NOT ART FAKER! I'M HIS GHOST! YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE FURSHLUGGINER SET TUNED IN RIGHT!


WE'LL BE HAPPY TO RUSH RIGHT OUT, TAKE THOSE PICTURES, AND FLY THEM RIGHT BACK IN OUR OWN D.C.-12 SUPER-CONSTERNATION! ALL BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
THEY'LL NEVER GET IT OFF THE GROUND!

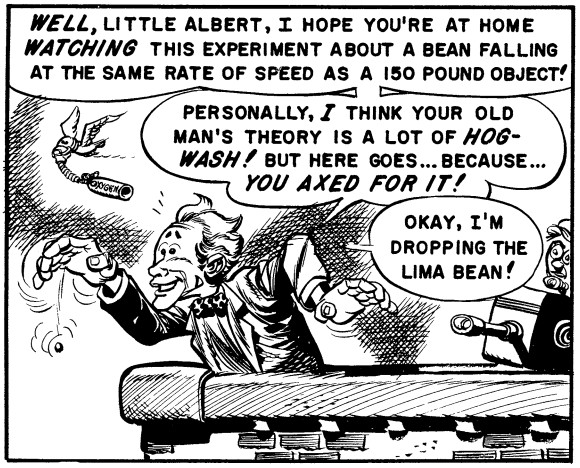
BUT BEFORE WE GET ON TO OUR NEXT REQUEST, WHICH COMES FROM A VIEWER IN PRINCETON, N.J., LET'S LISTEN TO ANOTHER BRIEF WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR! (HERE, IDIOT!)
COME, HERSHEL!
THANKS, ART!

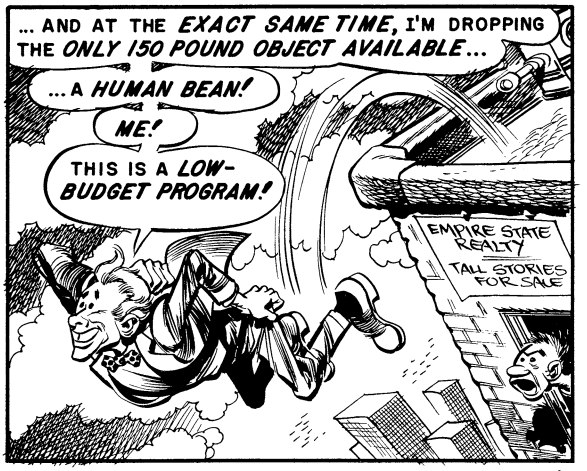

FRIENDS... WHILE YOU'RE BUSY FRITTERING AWAY YOUR TIME EARNING A LIVING, THE DRIPPY PEOPLE ARE BUSY NIGHT AND DAY DEVELOPING NEW TASTE-SENSATIONS FOR ALL YOU PEANUT BUTTER ADDICTS! F'RINSTANCE, WE'VE DISCOVERED THAT PEANUT BUTTER AND HALVAH GIVES A DELIGHTFUL, EXOTIC TANG TO A CHOPPED-EGG SANDWICH...
... AND FOR A REALLY NEW TASTE TREAT, TRY SPREADING PEANUT BUTTER ON SLICES OF STALE SALAMI...
... AND SAY! YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE TASTED PEANUT BUTTER ON RAW MEAT! NOW, THERE'S A DISH THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL GO FOR... PROVIDING THEY'RE CANNIBALS!
DRIPPY


SO ALWAYS REMEMBER OUR SLOGAN, FOLKS... "IF YOU EAT ENOUGH PEANUT BUTTER, YOU'RE SURE TO GET DRIPPY!"
AND NOW BACK TO OUR GOOD FRIEND, ART FAKER, WHO'S WAITING TO ANSWER ANOTHER REQUEST FROM ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
TAKE IT AWAY, ART!
I CAN'T! THEY GOT IT GLUED DOWN!

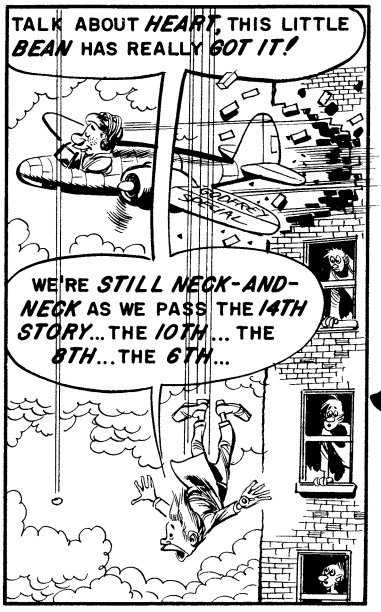

WELL, FOLKS, HERE WE ARE ATOP THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WHOLE WORLD, ALL BECAUSE LITTLE 3-YEAR-OLD ALBERT EINTZVIE JR., OF 162½ LIBIDINAL DRIVE, IN PRINCETON, N.J., AXED FOR IT...
LITTLE ALBERT WRITES...
HEY, YOU KIDS! GET OFFA THAT ROOF!

DERE MISTUR FAKER,
MY FADDER, WHO IS A FISICKS PROFESER, SAIS THAT A LIMA BEEN, DROPPD FRUM THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STAIT BILDIN, WUD REECH THE GROWND AT THE SAIM TIME AND WITH THE SAIM FORSE AS A 150 POWND OBJECK CUD YOU SHO A PIKTURE OF THIS XPERIMINT?
albert Eintzvie JR.
Age 3 YRS.
P.S. PLEEZ XCUSE THE POOR SPUELLIN. MY FADDER PRINTED THIS LETTER
A.E.
5

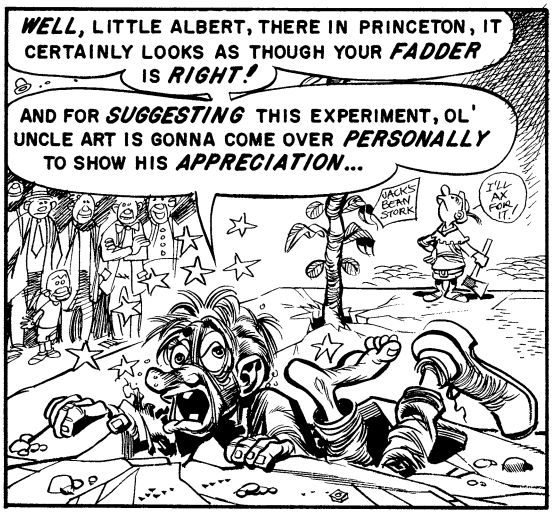

WELL, LITTLE ALBERT, I HOPE YOU'RE AT HOME WATCHING THIS EXPERIMENT ABOUT A BEAN FALLING AT THE SAME RATE OF SPEED AS A 150 POUND OBJECT!
PERSONALLY, I THINK YOUR OLD MAN'S THEORY IS A LOT OF HOG-WASH! BUT HERE GOES... BECAUSE... YOU AXED FOR IT!
OKAY, I'M DROPPING THE LIMA BEAN!

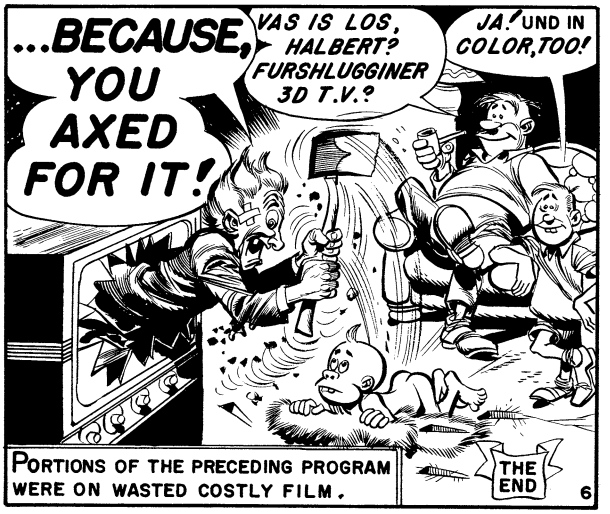

... AND AT THE EXACT SAME TIME, I'M DROPPING THE ONLY 150 POUND OBJECT AVAILABLE...
... A HUMAN BEAN!
ME!
THIS IS A LOW-BUDGET PROGRAM!
EMPIRE STATE REALTY
TALL STORIES FOR SALE

WELL, WE'RE NOW PASSING THE 58TH FLOOR... AND IT LOOKS LIKE THIS LI'L OL' LIMA BEAN ISN'T GIVING UP SO EASILY!
I CAN HEAR IT PUFFING AND PANTING ITS LI'L OL' POD OUT TRYING TO KEEP UP... ER... COME DOWN WITH ME!
WRITER'S ENTRANCE
YOO-HOO! STANLEY?


TALK ABOUT HEART, THIS LITTLE BEAN HAS REALLY GOT IT!
WE'RE STILL NECK-AND-NECK AS WE PASS THE 14TH STORY... THE 10TH... THE 8TH... THE 6TH...

MAN! DIG THEM CRA-A-A-ZY PIGEONS!
SPLAT
PING


WELL, LITTLE ALBERT, THERE IN PRINCETON, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS THOUGH YOUR FADDER IS RIGHT!
AND FOR SUGGESTING THIS EXPERIMENT, OL' UNCLE ART IS GONNA COME OVER PERSONALLY TO SHOW HIS APPRECIATION...
JACK'S BEAN STORK
I'LL AX FOR IT!


...BECAUSE, YOU AXED FOR IT!
VAS IS LOS, HALBERT? FURSHLUGGINER 3D T.V.?
JA! UND IN COLOR, TOO!
PORTIONS OF THE PRECEDING PROGRAM WERE ON WASTED COSTLY FILM.
THE END
6

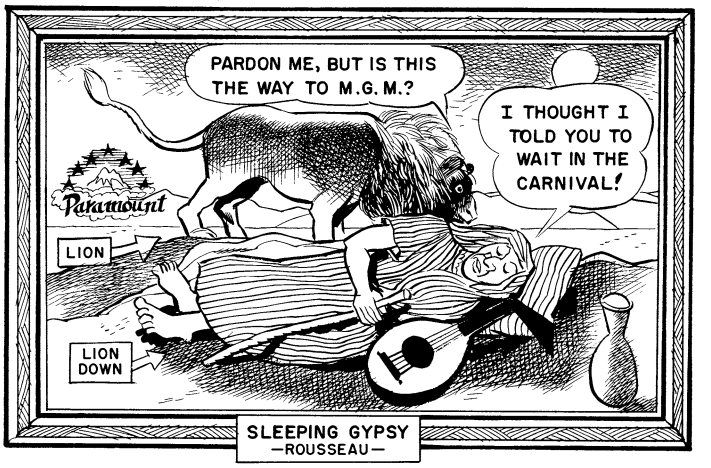
ART APPRECIATION DEPT: EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, YOU READ ABOUT FAMOUS PAINTINGS UNDERGOING REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATIONS WHILE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING CLEANED AND RESTORED. NEW DETAILS APPEAR, OLD DETAILS DISAPPEAR, COSTUME CHANGES TAKE PLACE, DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT AND VICA VERSA, AND NEW MEANINGS TO THESE MASTERPIECES ARE SUDDENLY REVEALED. RECENTLY THE EDITORS OF PANIC HAVE BEEN SNEAKING AROUND MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES WITH ALL KINDS RAGS AND ALL KINDS CLEANING FLUIDS. AFTER MUCH DILIGENT SCRAPING AND SCOURING, WE ARE ABLE TO PRESENT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HITHERTO UNHIDDEN DETAILS FOUND IN SOME OF THE WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS YOU HAVE BEEN ADMIRING ALL YOUR LIFE. JOIN US NOW AS...

PANIC PEEKS INTO SOME OLD UNDER PAINTS

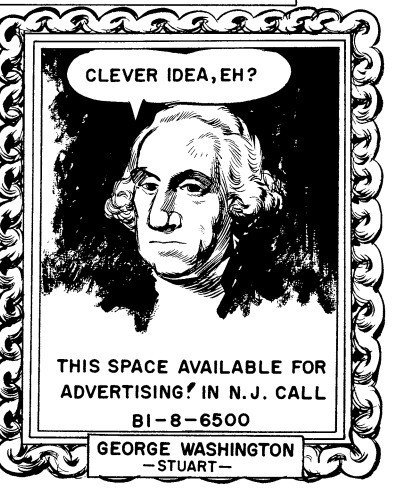
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
—RAPHEAL—

—HALS—
A FOOL WITH A LUTE
OR
NEVER FOOL WITH A LUTE
OR
A FOOL AND HIS LOOT ARE SOON PARTED

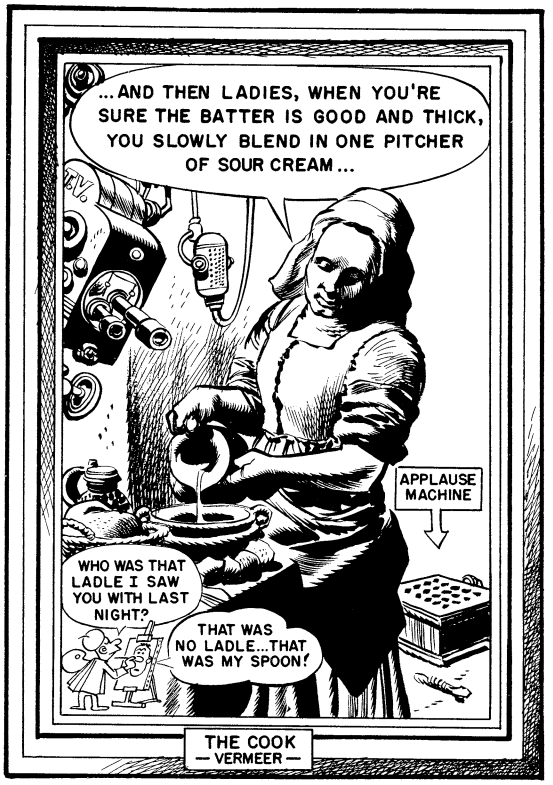
JACK DAVIS



SLEEPING GYPSY
—ROUSSEAU—



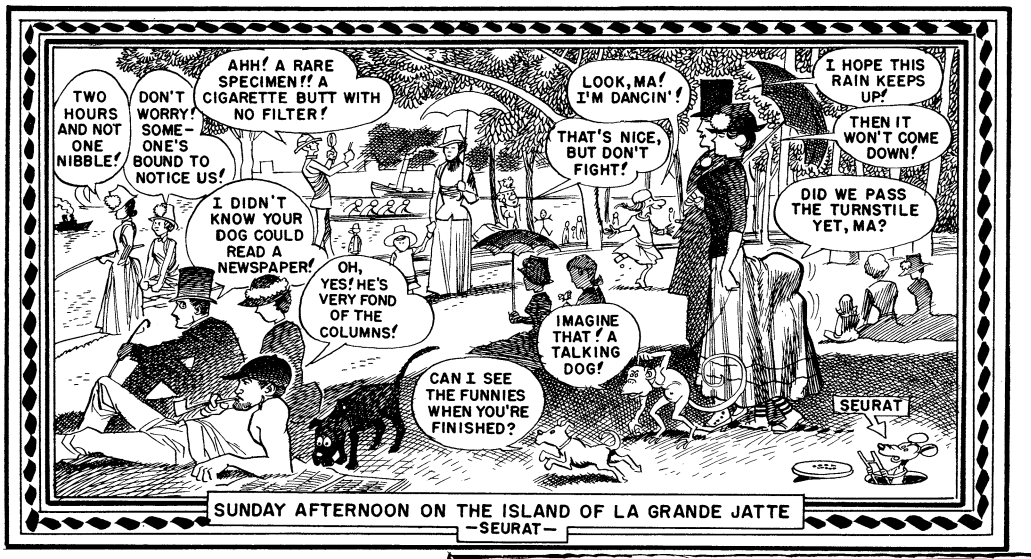
GEORGE WASHINGTON
—STUART—

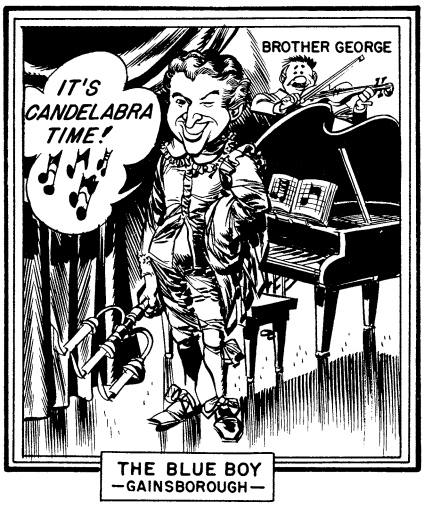

...AND THEN LADIES, WHEN YOU'RE SURE THE BATTER IS GOOD AND THICK, YOU SLOWLY BLEND IN ONE PITCHER OF SOUR CREAM...
APPLAUSE MACHINE
WHO WAS THAT LADLE I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?
THAT WAS NO LADLE...THAT WAS MY SPOON!
THE COOK
—VERMEER—

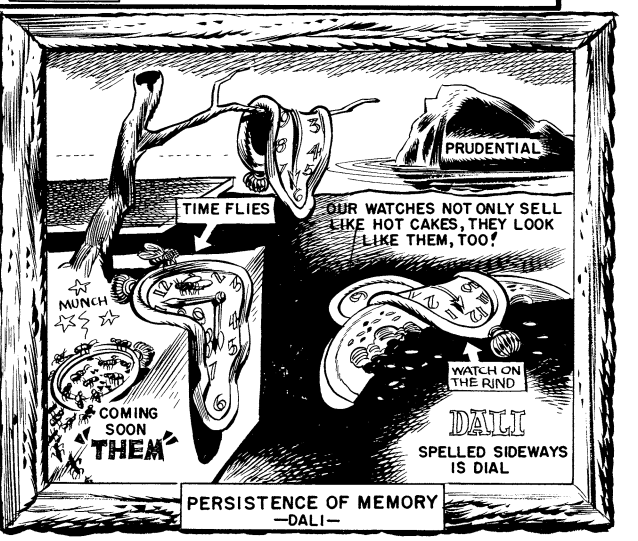
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
EEHH! WHAT'S UP DOC?
WHUT IS UPDOC?
BUNNY HUG
FOR SPLITTING HARES.
BOY WITH A RABBIT
—RAEBURN—

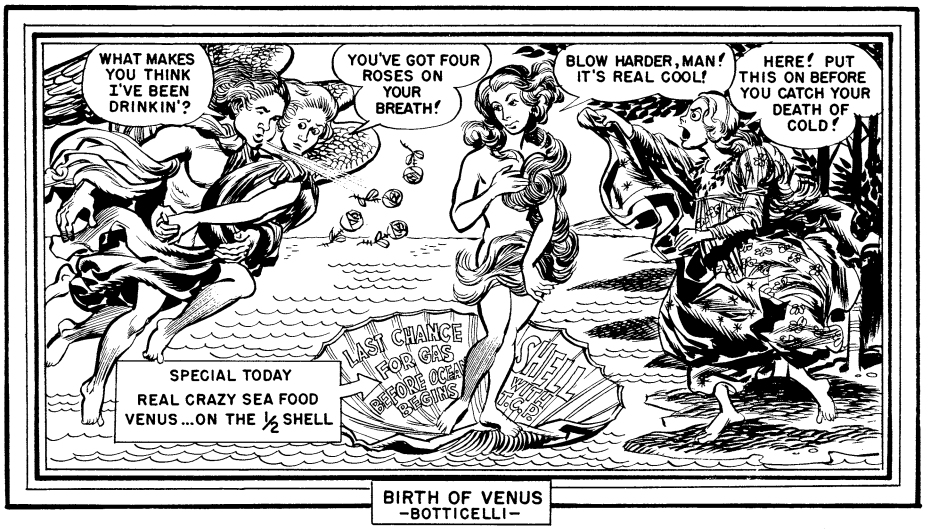
THE SHRIMP GIRL
—HOGARTH—

HOW TO BREAK THE OPIUM HABIT
WHO WAS THAT TUBA I SAW YOU OUT WITH LAST NIGHT?
THAT WAS NO TUBA... THAT WAS MY FIFE!
THE FIFER
—MANET—


TWO HOURS AND NOT ONE NIBBLE!
DON'T WORRY! SOME-ONE'S BOUND TO NOTICE US!
AHH! A RARE SPECIMEN!! A CIGARETTE BUTT WITH NO FILTER!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR DOG COULD READ A NEWSPAPER!
OH, YES! HE'S VERY FOND OF THE COLUMNS!
CAN I SEE THE FUNNIES WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED?
IMAGINE THAT! A TALKING DOG!
LOOK, MA! I'M DANCIN'!
THAT'S NICE, BUT DON'T FIGHT!
I HOPE THIS RAIN KEEPS UP!
THEN IT WON'T COME DOWN!
DID WE PASS THE TURNSTILE YET, MA?
SEURAT
SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE ISLAND OF LA GRANDE JATTE
—SEURAT—


BROTHER GEORGE
IT'S CANDELABRA TIME!
THE BLUE BOY
—GAINSBOROUGH—


PRUDENTIAL
TIME FLIES
OUR WATCHES NOT ONLY SELL LIKE HOT CAKES, THEY LOOK LIKE THEM, TOO!
MUNCH
WATCH ON THE RIND
COMING SOON "THEM"
DALI
SPELLED SIDEWAYS IS DIAL
PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY
—DALI—


WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DRINKIN'?
YOU'VE GOT FOUR ROSES ON YOUR BREATH!
BLOW HARDER, MAN! IT'S REAL COOL!
HERE! PUT THIS ON BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD!
SPECIAL TODAY
REAL CRAZY SEA FOOD
VENUS...ON THE ½ SHELL
LAST CHANCE FOR GAS BEFORE OCEAN
SHELL
BIRTH OF VENUS
—BOTTICELLI—

OOPS!
WHO WAS THAT LEVEE I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?
THAT WAS NO LEVEE... THAT WAS MY DYKE!
IT ONLY RUNS AT NIGHT!
DIS MUS' BE DE PLACE!
PUT A HEAD ON THIS, WILL YOU MELVIN?
SOME WATCH!
RACK 'EM UP AGAIN, JOE!
HEY, THIS IS A STAG PARTY! WHO LET THE DAME IN?
THAT MUTT BETTER NOT GET ANY IDEAS!

THE NIGHT WATCH
—REMBRANDT—

WHERE'S THE MIZZEN MAST?
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MIZZEN!
ROBERT E. LEEWARD
THIS MAST IS REAL GONE.
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CORAL!
H-BOMB TESTING AREA
BOW SPLIT
BUOYS AND GULLS TOGETHER
ONY T'ING IS, IT HOITS ME HERE!
SAY GOOD-BYE TO BRIARPATCH LEGS!
SHARK SKIN SLOOP
GENUINE SHARK SKIN

THE GULF STREAM
—HOMER—

OH, I'M SORRY! IS THIS YOUR TAIL?
I'LL KILL THAT GYPSY! THIS AIN'T M.G.M.?
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT BY THE CARCASS!
AWRIGHT, FOLKS! TELL YUH WHAT I'M GONNA DO!
MMMMM BWAH!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
I KILLED A PINT IN THIS BAR D. BOONE
BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN THEY BOUGHT MANHATTAN ISLAND, THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO WAS ALL STOCKED!
SPOT REMOVER
THIS IS WHERE THEY GOT THE TITLE FOR THE PICTURE! THIS IS A PIECE O' BULL!

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM
—HICKS—

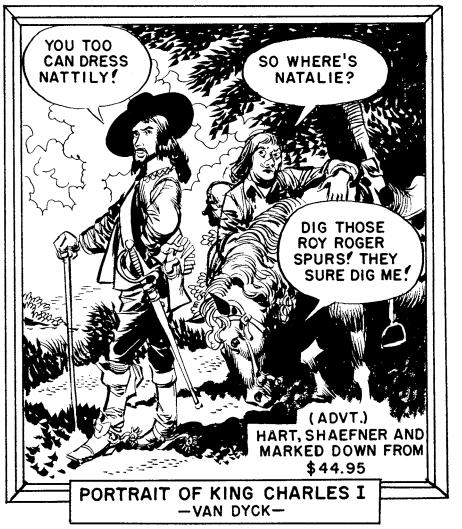
GET YER KHARTOUM-PICKIN' HANDS OFFA MY HORSE!
NOT IN THE HEAD, ABOU!
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CARAVAN!
CERTIFIED PICTURE FRAME NEGRO

ARAB RIDER ATTACKED BY A LION
—DELACROIX—

JOHN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE
—VAN EYCK—

WHERE YOU GOIN'?
THIS I GOTTA SEE!
WRITE US AS SOON AS YOU GET TO NIAGARA FALLS, DEAR!
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE BREAKERS!
NOT SO FAST!
LISSEN'! WHO'S STEERING ANYWAY?
CAREFUL OF THE ROCKS!
HOW NOW BROWN COW?
CENSORED

E OF EUROPA
TITIAN—


YOU TOO CAN DRESS NATTILY!
SO WHERE'S NATALIE?
DIG THOSE ROY ROGER SPURS! THEY SURE DIG ME!
(ADVT.)
HART, SHAEFNER AND MARKED DOWN FROM $44.95

PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES I
—VAN DYCK—

THE GLEANERS
—MILLET—

WHO WAS THAT SCAPEL I SAW YOU CUT OUT WITH LAST NIGHT?
SEE? THIS IS A DUTCH TREAT!
THIS MAN IS OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING FROM ORANGE FEVER! OBSERVE THE SUNKIST NAVEL!
THAT WAS NO SCAPEL... THAT WAS MY KNIFE!
NETHERLANDS PAINTING
NOT IN THE STOMACH, IRVING!
BLOOD PLASMA ARTIFICAL COLORING ADDED
BROCOLLI WITH HOLLAND DAYS SAUCER
ATHLETE'S FOOT
7 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS HAVE SWITCHED TO REMBRANDT
MEDICAL BOARD
THE ANATOMY LESSON
—REMBRANDT—

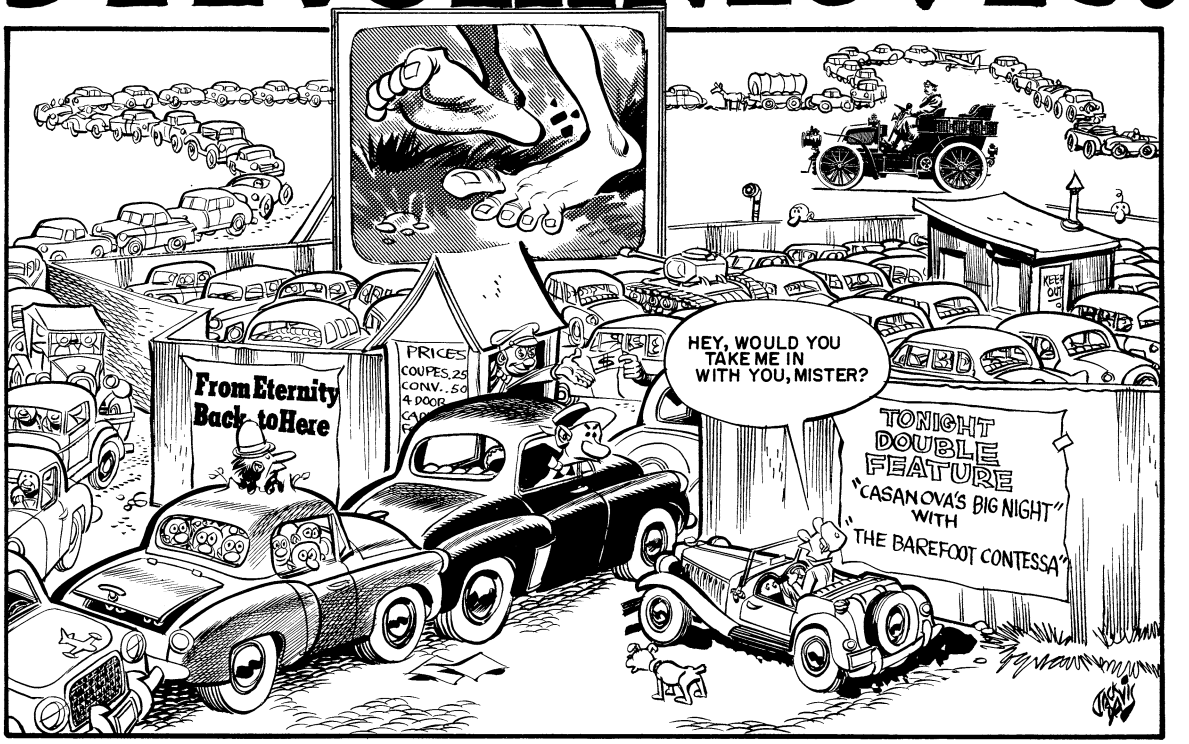
HE'S A PEOPLE WATCHER!
OH, LOOK AT ME! I'M SO HIGH!
YOGI
YOU THINK YOU'RE HIGH!
I WOULDN'T MIND BEING A WALLFLOWER IF AVA WERE MY GARDNER.
THE SWING
—FRAGONARD—

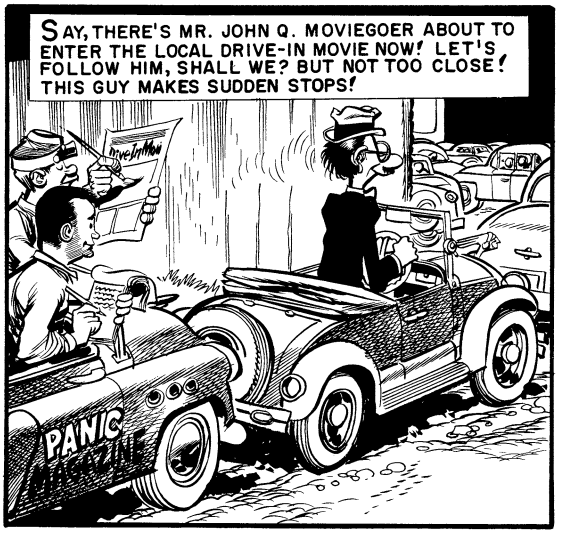
DEFINITION OF A NUDIST: A PERSON WHO WEARS ONE BUTTON SUITS.
ISN'T IT DIFFICULT TO EAT SOUP WITH THAT MUSTACHE?
NO MORE CARDS FOR ME BOYS!
YES. IT'S A TERRIBLE STRAIN!
ANOTHER ONE! WHO DEALT THIS MESS?
CENSORED
HONEY
"THEM" AGAIN
LUNCHEON ON THE GRASS
— MANET —

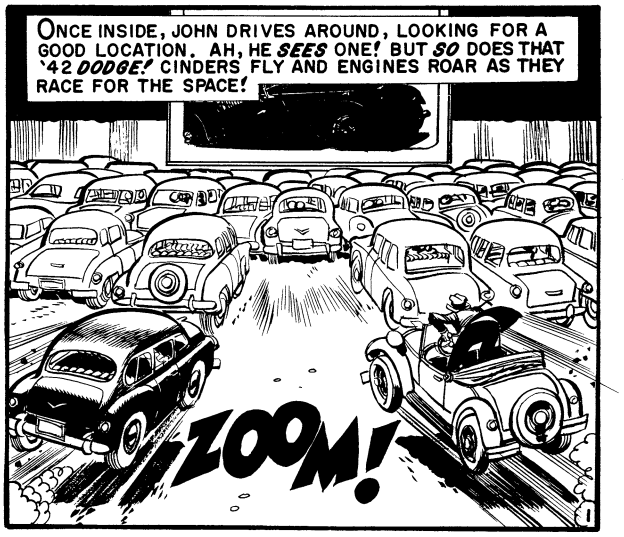
HEY, JOE! YOU GOT CHOON GUM?
SIT DOWN! YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT!
YIPE! I FORGOT MY E.C. COLLECTION!
NOW WHAT'LL WE READ?
WE'LL BE BORED EVERY MINUTE, MEN!
COURTESY TOMMY'S ICE
KON TIKI
SMOKE KOOLS
HOW WAS THE CROSSING?
IT WAS GEORGE ALL THE WAY!
OAR LOCKS AND BAGELS
EVEN RUDER
ELVIN RUDE
BERP BERP
PUT PUT
WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE
—LEUTZE—

(A SATIRICAL LOOK AT THE AMERICAN SCENE DEPT. (HOW PEOPLE ARE AMUSING THEMSELVES THESE NIGHTS! DIVISION): IF YOU'RE A ***FILM FAN***, YOU'VE PROBABLY ***HEARD OF*** OR EVEN ***TRIED*** THIS LATEST INNOVATION IN NIGHTTIME ENTERTAINMENT. YES, FOLKS... NOW YOU CAN SEE HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST EPIC IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR ***OWN AUTOMOBILE!*** NO MORE STANDING IN A SLOW-MOVING LINE WAITING TO GET INTO THE LOCAL BIJOU ON SATURDAY NIGHT. NOW YOU CAN ***SIT*** IN A SLOW-MOVING LINE WAITING TO GET INTO THE...

Drive In Movie!



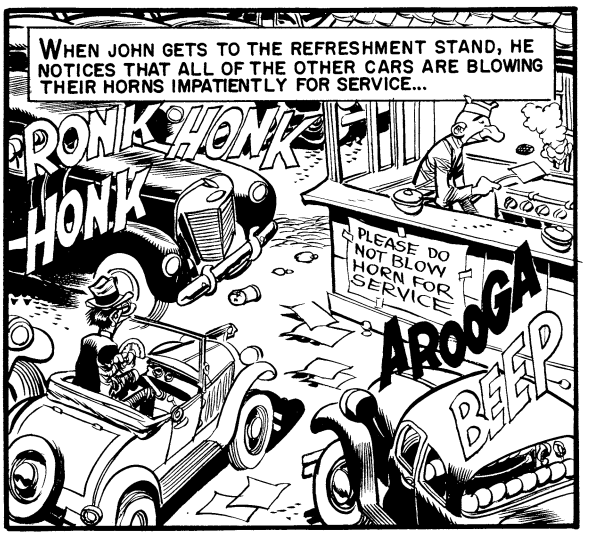

SAY, THERE'S MR. JOHN Q. MOVIEGOER ABOUT TO ENTER THE LOCAL DRIVE-IN MOVIE NOW! LET'S FOLLOW HIM, SHALL WE? BUT NOT TOO CLOSE! THIS GUY MAKES SUDDEN STOPS!
PANIC MAGAZINE

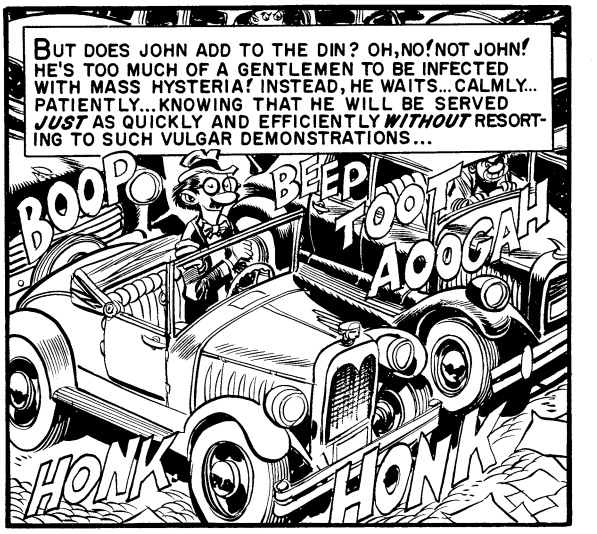

ONCE INSIDE, JOHN DRIVES AROUND, LOOKING FOR A GOOD LOCATION. AH, HE *SEES* ONE! BUT *SO* DOES THAT '42 *DODGE!* CINDERS FLY AND ENGINES ROAR AS THEY RACE FOR THE SPACE!
ZOOM!

THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE CRUNCH OF COLLAPSING FENDERS AND THE SCRAPE OF INTERLOCKING BUMPERS AS THE TWO CARS ARRIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY. FROM THIS NEW ANGLE, JOHN THINKS HE IS WATCHING AN INDIAN PICTURE, AS HIS VIEW OF THE SCREEN IS BLOCKED BY HIS PONTIAC RADIATOR CAP!
HMMM! THAT'S BURT LANCASTER?!
HEY! DOWN IN FRONT!
THERE ARE ATTENDANTS TO LOOK AFTER ALL OF YOUR NEEDS IN A DRIVE-IN MOVIE! THERE'S THE FELLOW WHO WIPES YOUR WINDSHIELD AND THE FELLOW WHO ATTATCHES THE SMALL ADJUSTABLE SPEAKER TO THE INSIDE OF YOUR WINDOW AND THE FELLOW WHO PEDDLES SOFT DRINKS AND SANDWICHES!
SLAM
MAD
SO WITH HIS WINDSHIELD CLEAN AND THE VOLUME TUNED JUST RIGHT, JOHN PREPARES TO SETTLE BACK TO ENJOY THE PICTURE WITH
JOHN!
MARSHA!
BUT WITH HIS VERY FIRST BITE, JOHN DISCOVERS THAT THE BURGER IS A LITTLE MORE WELL-DONE THAN HE LIKES...
JOHN, I...
YEEOWW!
KRUNCK KRACK
NO WONDER! JOHN'S TAKEN A BITE OUT OF THE SMALL ADJUSTABLE SPEAKER!
?
WHA' HOPPEN?
THE ATTENDANT GRUDGINGLY HANDS JOHN ANOTHER SPEAKER... THIS TIME WITH NO KATSUP... AND HE SETTLES BACK IN HIS SEAT FOR SOME SOLID SCREEN ENJOYMENT...
SOON JOHN REALIZES THAT ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST THRILLING LOVE SCENES IS BEING PLAYED RIGHT BEFORE HIS VERY EYES...
WOW
HE ALMOST FALLS OUT OF HIS CAR WITH EMOTION AS HE IS SWEPT ALONG IN THE SPELL OF THE VIOLENT PASSION HE IS NOW WITNESSING...
WEE
2

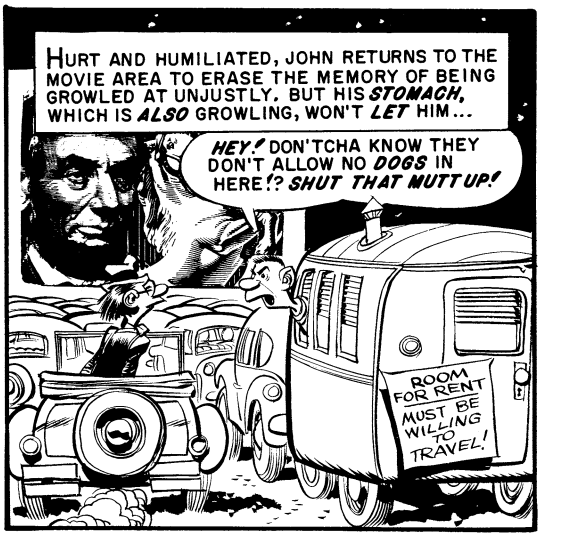
BUT THEN, JUST AS THE SCENE IS ABOUT TO REACH ITS MOST EXCITING CLIMAX, THE GUY PULLS DOWN THE VENETIAN BLINDS AND JOHN HAS TO GO BACK TO WATCHING THE MISERABLE ACTION ON THE SCREEN...
DRAT!
CLACKETY KLIK
JUST MARRIED
BUT, ALAS, JOHN CAN'T SEE THE SCREEN ANYMORE, EITHER, AS AN ANCIENT VEEBLEFETZER HIGH-TOP CONVERTIBLE HAS JUST BACKED IN AHEAD OF HIM. SO JOHN ASKS THE WOMAN-DRIVER FOR A LITTLE CONSIDERATION...
LADY! WOULD YOU MIND REMOVING YOUR HOOD?
BUT THE OWNER OF THE CAR AHEAD IGNORES JOHN. NOW HE WILL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE MOVIE IS ABOUT BY LISTENING TO THE SOUNDTRACK...
OH, STURDLEY! I LOVE YOU SO!
YOU TOO!?
AH! IT MUST BE A GANGSTER PICTURE... PROHIBITION ERA! JOHN CAN HEAR THE SCREAM OF TIRES AS THE GETAWAY CAR TAKES A SHARP CURVE... THE TOMMY GUNS BLASTING THE LIFE OUT OF SOME HONEST SPEAKEASY OWNER WHO WON'T BUY PROTECTION... THE SMASHING OF BOTTLES AND MIRRORS AS AS THEY TURN HIS PLACE INTO A SHAMBLES IN REVENGE!
SCREECH!
BLAM!
BLAM
BAP
KLANG!
POTRZEBIE SMASHES, TOO!
ACTUALLY, THE PICTURE'S ABOUT A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN A SNEAKER FACTORY! THE NOISES JOHN HEARS ARE FROM THE HOT-ROD THAT JUST PULLED IN NEXT TO HIM!
BEE BOP
CRASH
BANG
SCREEECH!
OH, WELL... JOHN FIGURES... THINGS WILL QUIET DOWN AGAIN WHEN THE LAD SHUTS OFF HIS MOTOR. JOHN WAITS FOR HIM TO SHUT OFF HIS MOTOR. HE WAITS... AND WAITS... AND...
MAN, I SAID WHATSA SENSE IN SHUTTIN' IT OFF WHEN I ONLY GOTTA START IT UP AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!?
DIG ME, POPS?
BLAM
BLAM
POW
CHUG
POP
CHUG
CHUG
CRAZY, MAN!
GO! GO! GO!
HOWEVER, DISTURBING THE PEACE IS NOT THE ONLY THING JOHN'S ADOLESCENT NEIGHBOR IS GUILTY OF. BY REMOVING THE SPARE FROM HIS TRUNK, THIS CLEVER CREEP HAS MANAGED TO SMUGGLE IN WHAT SEEMS LIKE HIS ENTIRE ADVANCED BIOLOGY CLASS...
OKAY, GANG! THE USHER'S GONE! PILE OUT!
CRAZY, DAD!
GO!
GO!
3

JOHN DECIDES THAT HE'D BETTER MOVE TO ANOTHER SPOT BEFORE HE BECOMES INVOLVED WITH THIS MOB OF JUVENILE GATE-CRASHERS...
YOU CATS HOLD THE SPACE WHILE I GO BACK FOR ANOTHER LOAD!
DRIVE CAREFULLY, MELVIN!
YOOM
SO JOHN CRUISES AROUND SEARCHING FOR A NICE QUIET SPOT. AH, THERE'S ONE BETWEEN THOSE TWO SMALL CARS. JOHN THINKS FOR A MOMENT THAT HE MUST BE IN THE CHILDREN'S SECTION...BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE DRIVERS BOTH SEEM TO BE MATURE ADULT GROWN-UPS!
BUT THEY ONLY SEEM TO BE! JUST AS JOHN IS REFOCUSING HIS EYEBALLS, THE DRIVERS ON EITHER SIDE GREET EACH OTHER, AS IS THE CUSTOM AMONG SPORTS CAR OWNERS...
BEEP BEEP
HONK HONK
THE TWO ENTHUSIASTS ARE SOON DISCUSSING THE LATEST ADVANCES IN THE FIELD OF SMALL SPORTS CARS...
SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW POTRZEBIE-8 WITH THE MULTIPLE SUSPENSION SPRINGS?
NAAH! GIVE ME AN UNDERSLUNG LOLLOBRIGIDA ANY TIME! THOSE ITALIAN JOBS ARE REALLY PUT TOGETHER!
POTRZEBIE NOT ONLY SPRINGS... IT BOUNCES!
AND, AS THE DISCUSSION GETS HOTTER, SO DOES JOHN...UNDER THE COLLAR!
I'M THINKING OF GETTING A ZAMBEEZI "PLAYBOY" NEXT! YOU KNOW...THE ONE WITH THE BLOODSHOT HEADLIGHTS?!
MAN, HOW CAN IT COMPARE WITH THE BLENHEIM ONE-SEATER!
12 CYLINDERS 60 HORSE POWER 1 MOTOR
THE ZAMBEEZI "PLAYBOY"
SPORTS CARS
FINALLY, JOHN CAN STAND NO MORE OF THIS INANE CHATTER! HE THROWS HIS GEARS INTO REVERSE AND DRIVES OFF IN A HUFF!
NOT A BAD CAR... THE HUFF!
FOR MY DOUGH, I'LL TAKE A TANTRUM ANY DAY OF THE WEEK!
ZOOM
AT THIS POINT, JOHN REALIZES HE IS STARVING, HAVING SKIPPED DINNER IN ORDER TO CATCH THE COMPLETE DOUBLE FEATURE. SO HE HEADS FOR THE REFRESHMENT STAND AT THE REAR OF THE GROUNDS...
YUM... YUM!
DRIVE-IN REFRESHMENT STAND
HOW'D IT HAPPEN!
A '52 FORD GOT HER WHILE SHE WAS TRYING TO FIND HER CAR!
4


WHEN JOHN GETS TO THE REFRESHMENT STAND, HE NOTICES THAT ALL OF THE OTHER CARS ARE BLOWING THEIR HORNS IMPATIENTLY FOR SERVICE...
HONK
HONK
HONK
PLEASE DO NOT BLOW HORN FOR SERVICE
AROOGA
BEEP

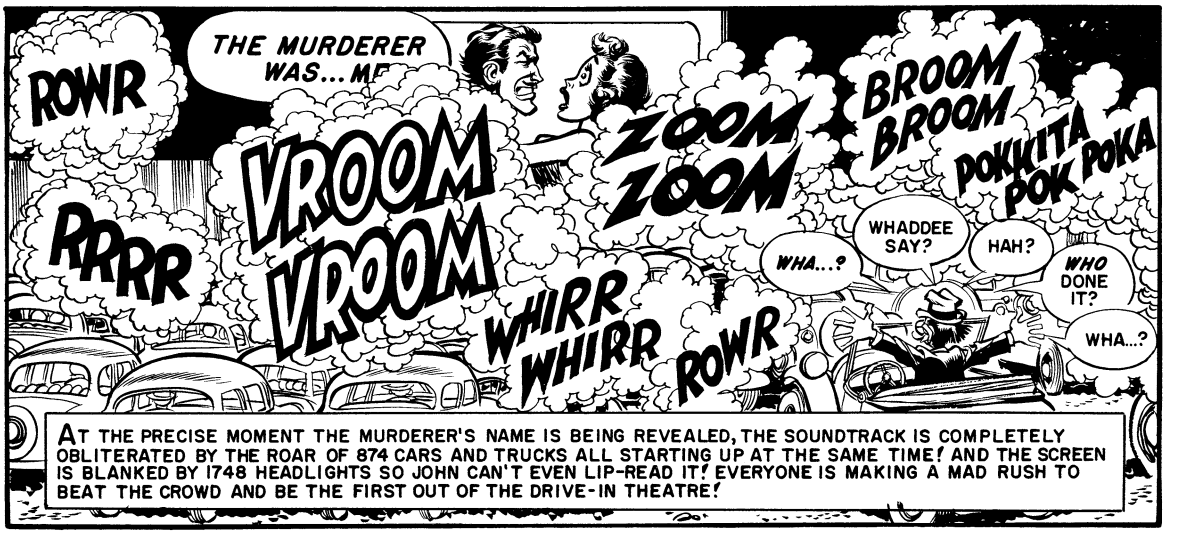

BUT DOES JOHN ADD TO THE DIN? OH, NO! NOT JOHN! HE'S TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMEN TO BE INFECTED WITH MASS HYSTERIA! INSTEAD, HE WAITS... CALMLY... PATIENTLY... KNOWING THAT HE WILL BE SERVED JUST AS QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY WITHOUT RESORTING TO SUCH VULGAR DEMONSTRATIONS...
BOOP
BEEP
TOOT
AOOGAH
HONK
HONK

AND SURE ENOUGH, IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE WAITRESS IS AT JOHN'S CAR WINDOW... ALONG WITH THE COOK, THE DISHWASHER, AND THE MANAGER...
S'MATTER? Y'AIN'T GONNA EAT?!
DON'TCHA LIKE THE FOOD HERE!?
YER HORN OUT OF ORDER OR SOMETHIN'!?
GO'WAN! BEAT IT, BUM!

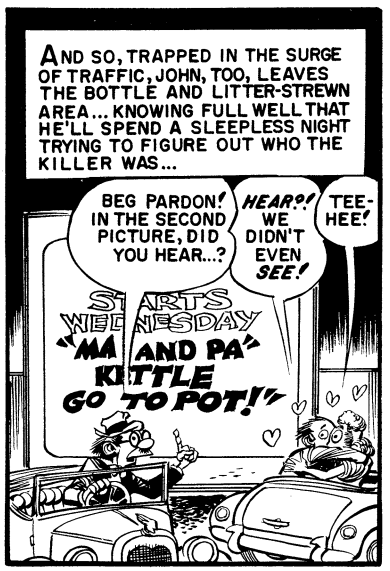

HURT AND HUMILIATED, JOHN RETURNS TO THE MOVIE AREA TO ERASE THE MEMORY OF BEING GROWLED AT UNJUSTLY. BUT HIS STOMACH, WHICH IS ALSO GROWLING, WON'T LET HIM...
HEY! DON'TCHA KNOW THEY DON'T ALLOW NO DOGS IN HERE!? SHUT THAT MUTT UP!
ROOM FOR RENT MUST BE WILLING TO TRAVEL!

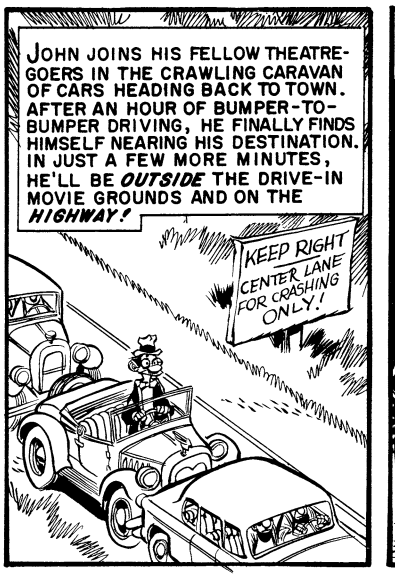
BUT NOW, AS THE STORY ON THE SCREEN MOUNTS STEADILY TO ITS GRIPPING CLIMAX, ALL HUNGER IS FORGOTTEN! ONLY ONE THING OCCUPIES JOHN'S MIND NOW... FINDING OUT WHO THE MURDERER IS!
YOU SEE, MARSHA! I KNEW WHO KILLED YOUR UNCLE WHEN I WENT INTO THAT CANDY STORE AND ORDERED A TWO CENTS PLAIN! IT ALL CAME BACK ON ME!
JOHN! YOU... YOU MEAN...?

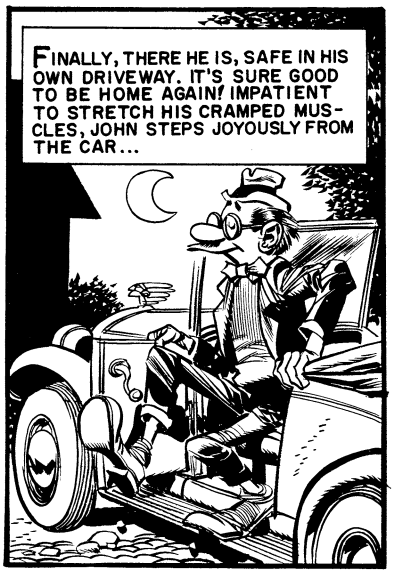
PITCHED TO FEVER EXCITEMENT, JOHN HANGS ON EVERY WORD. HIS MOUTH DROPS HALF OPEN... HIS EYES BULGE 3/4'S OPEN... HIS EYEGLASSES BULGE COMPLETELY OPEN... BREATHLESSLY AWAITING THE DENOUMENT!
THE MURDERER WAS...
YES?...
YES?... YES?... YES?...
5

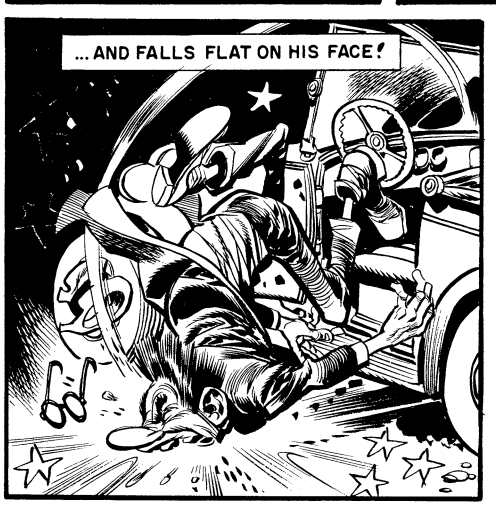


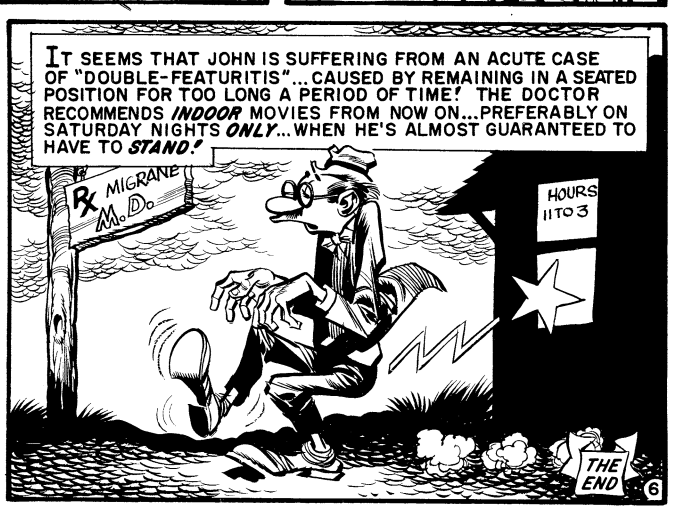
AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THE MURDERER'S NAME IS BEING REVEALED, THE SOUNDTRACK IS COMPLETELY OBLITERATED BY THE ROAR OF 874 CARS AND TRUCKS ALL STARTING UP AT THE SAME TIME! AND THE SCREEN IS BLANKED BY 1748 HEADLIGHTS SO JOHN CAN'T EVEN LIP-READ IT! EVERYONE IS MAKING A MAD RUSH TO BEAT THE CROWD AND BE THE FIRST OUT OF THE DRIVE-IN THEATRE!


AND SO, TRAPPED IN THE SURGE OF TRAFFIC, JOHN, TOO, LEAVES THE BOTTLE AND LITTER-STREWN AREA... KNOWING FULL WELL THAT HE'LL SPEND A SLEEPLESS NIGHT TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO THE KILLER WAS...
BEG PARDON! IN THE SECOND PICTURE, DID YOU HEAR...?
HEAR?! WE DIDN'T EVEN SEE!
TEE-HEE!
STARTS WEDNESDAY
"MA AND PA" KETTLE GO TO POT!"


JOHN JOINS HIS FELLOW THEATRE-GOERS IN THE CRAWLING CARAVAN OF CARS HEADING BACK TO TOWN. AFTER AN HOUR OF BUMPER-TO-BUMPER DRIVING, HE FINALLY FINDS HIMSELF NEARING HIS DESTINATION. IN JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, HE'LL BE OUTSIDE THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE GROUNDS AND ON THE HIGHWAY!
KEEP RIGHT
CENTER LANE FOR CRASHING ONLY!


FINALLY, THERE HE IS, SAFE IN HIS OWN DRIVEWAY. IT'S SURE GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN! IMPATIENT TO STRETCH HIS CRAMPED MUSCLES, JOHN STEPS JOYOUSLY FROM THE CAR...



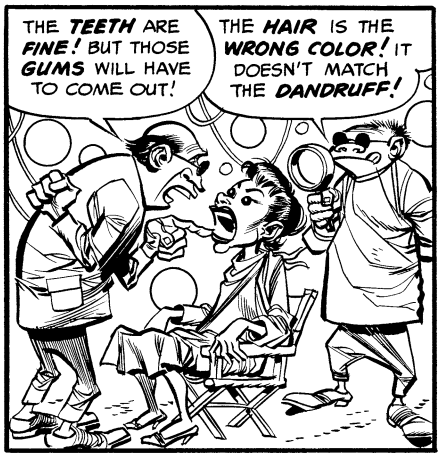

IT SEEMS THAT JOHN IS SUFFERING FROM AN ACUTE CASE OF "DOUBLE-FEATURITIS"... CAUSED BY REMAINING IN A SEATED POSITION FOR TOO LONG A PERIOD OF TIME! THE DOCTOR RECOMMENDS INDOOR MOVIES FROM NOW ON... PREFERABLY ON SATURDAY NIGHTS ONLY... WHEN HE'S ALMOST GUARANTEED TO HAVE TO STAND!
℞ MIGRANE M. D.
HOURS 11 TO 3
THE END
6

SPECTACULAR MOVIE DEPT.: THIS IS THE STORY OF AN ACTRESS'S METEORIC RISE FROM DISMAL OBSCURITY TO SUDDEN STARDOM. SURE, IT'S BEEN DONE 362 TIMES ALREADY IN PLAIN OL' TECHNICOLOR... 418 TIMES IN OLD FASHIONED BLACK-AND-WHITE... AND 826 TIMES IN ANCIENT SILENT FILMS! BUT IT HASN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE IN WIDE-SCREEN CINEMASCOPE WITH SIX-TRACK STEREOPHONIC SOUND, YOU GOTTA ADMIT! SO WHAT'S A BETTER REASON TO REMAKE (FOR THE 1606TH TIME) THE PICTURE THAT PEEKS BEHIND THE TINSEL VEIL OF HOLLYWOOD AND SHOWS JUST HOW...
"A STAR IS CORN"
TONIGHT
BIG HOLLYWOOD
BENEFIT PERFORMANCE
ALL MONEY TAKEN IN TONIGHT WILL GO DIRECTLY TO THE BANK FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. THE SHOW'S FOR OUR BENEFIT!
WELL, HERE WE ARE FOLKS, AT THE MOST GALA PERFORMANCE EVER WITNESSED HERE AT THE CHINESE THEATER!
BUT DON'T ASK ME WHICH CHINESE THEATER IT IS! THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE TO ME!
JUST ABOUT EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH THE MOVIE INDUSTRY IS HERE TONIGHT
SO WHO'S WATCHING THE STUDIO?
BUT WAIT! WHO'S THAT DRIVING UP TO THE THEATER!?
YOU CAN LET ME OUT HERE, GEORGE! IT'S SUCH A NICE NIGHT, I THINK I'LL WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!
WHY, IT'S NONE OTHER THAN THAT IRRESPONSIBLE, ECCENTRIC MATINEE IDOL, NORMAN MAINLINER!
JUST LISTEN TO THE DELIGHTED SCREAMS OF THE CROWD AS HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE THEATER!
SCREECH
EEEEK
OH
GOOD LORD!
OWWW
ARRG
LOOK WHO'S WANDERING ON STAGE! IT'S NORMAN MAINLINER... THE IRRESPONSIBLE, ECCENTRIC, MATINEE IDOL...
...AND HIGH AS USUAL, HE'LL RUIN THAT POOR GIRL'S ACT!
D'YA KNOW "MELON-CHOLY BABY"...?
ESTHER BLODGETT

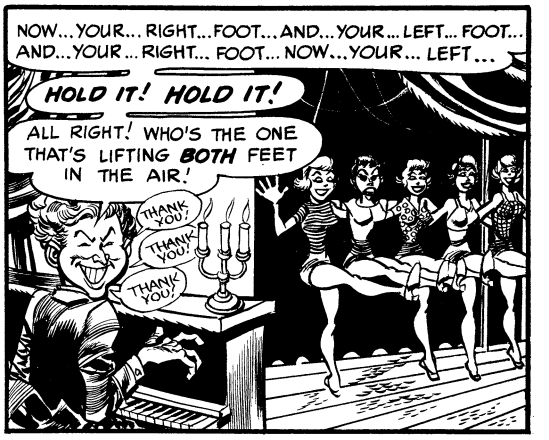
LOOK! SHE'S CLEVERLY WORKING HIM RIGHT INTO THE ACT!
WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU OUTWIT LAST NIGHT?
DIS MUS' BE D' PLACE!
SPIRT
WHAT IS IT THAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER?
... A BLUSHING ZEBRA?
SQUASH!
THE GIRL'S SENSATIONAL!
WHAT PRESENCE OF MIND!
WHAT A FINISH!
I... I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE WAY YOU COVERED FOR ME OUT THERE ON THE STAGE, MISS BLODGETT!
YOU HAD A PERFECT RIGHT TO HUMILIATE ME, YET YOU CHOSE NOT TO!
DR. KINSEY, I PRESUME...?!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT IN MY BOOK!
NO, I AM THAT IRRESPONSIBLE ECCENTRIC MATINEE IDOL, NORMAN MAINLINER! WON'T YOU LET ME REPAY YOUR KINDNESS BY TAKING YOU TO DINNER?
I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET SOME WONDERFUL PHEASANT-UNDER-GLASS... ROASTED TRUFFLES... AND HUMMINGBIRD TONGUES AU-GRATIN! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I HAD THAT FOR LUNCH!
MISS BLODGETT, YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A STAR... A REALLY GREAT STAR! I'M NEVER WRONG ABOUT THESE THINGS! YOU'LL SEE!
YOU MEAN ME!? LI'L OL' ME?
FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING, I'M GOING TO ARRANGE FOR YOU TO HAVE A SCREEN TEST AT MY STUDIO! YOU'LL SEE!
OH, MR. MAINLINER! HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?
YOU'LL SEE...!
WE MUST CELEBRATE THIS OCCASION! ALLOW ME TO DRINK A TOAST TO YOU OUT OF YOUR SLIPPER!
I'M EMBARRASSED! IF I KNEW WE WERE GOING TO SUCH A FANCY PLACE, I WOULD HAVE CHANGED MY SHOES!
NO! NO! I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T! SLURP!
2

AND SO, ON THE SUDDEN IMPULSE OF THE FAST LIVING MOVIE IDOL, ESTHER IS THROWN INTO THE FILMLAND GRISTMILL... WHERE SO MANY YOUNG HOPEFULS ARE, FOR THE MOST PART, DESTINED FOR DISAPPOINTMENT...OBSCURITY... AND EVENTUAL FAILURE!

FIRST COME THE LONG HOURS WITH THE MAKE-UP EXPERTS...



...THEN, THE EXHAUSTING DANCE WORKOUTS...DEVELOPING AND SHARPENING HER SENSE OF RHYTHM AND TIMING ...



...THE CONSTANT DICTION LESSONS...

...THE ENDLESS INTERVIEWS WITH THE PUBLICITY STAFF...

TELL ME, MISS BLODGETT! WHICH DO YOU PREFER MOST IN A MAN? CHARACTER? WEALTH? OR APPEARANCE?
APPEARANCE! ...AND THE SOONER, THE BETTER!

...AND THE FATEFUL MEETING WITH O.G. OLIVER, THE HEAD OF THE TANTAMOUNT PICTURES...THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE POWER TO MAKE OR BREAK A BUDDING STARLET...

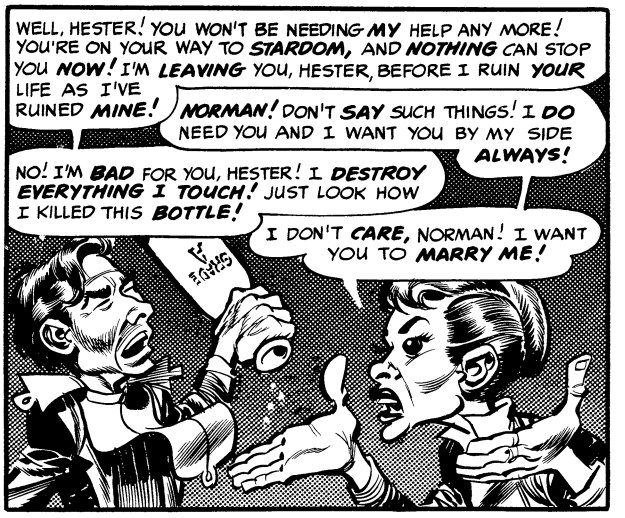
ESTHER BLODGETT? WHO EVER HEARD OF A MOVIE STAR WITH A NAME LIKE ESTHER BLODGETT?
IT'S A HORRIBLE NAME, O.G.!
YOU'RE RIGHT, CHIEF!
AWFUL!
YEH!

WE'LL HAVE TO THINK UP A MORE GLAMOROUS, MORE SOPHISTICATED NAME FOR YOU! SOMETHING LIKE...
WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL CALL YOU HESTER BLODGETT! HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU?
GREAT, O.G.!
SENSATIONAL!
TERRIFIC, BOSS!
HESTER BLODGETT! IT SOUNDS SO... STRANGE! I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO IT!

...ALL BUILDING UP TO THAT EMOTION-CHARGED EVENING WHEN ESTHER IS ABOUT TO SEE HERSELF ON THE SILVER SCREEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND SHE NERVOUSLY AWAITS THE REACTION OF MR. AND MRS. MOVIEGOER...

HESTER BLODGETT in TFFFHP!
(THAT'S "PHFFFT" SPELLED BACKWARDS)
OH, NORMAN! I'M FRIGHTENED! WHAT IF MR. AND MRS. MOVIEGOER DON'T LIKE ME?
THEY'VE GOT TO LIKE YOU!
THEY'RE ON THE PAYROLL! WE SEARCHED THE WHOLE COUNTRY FOR A COUPLE WITH THAT NAME!
3

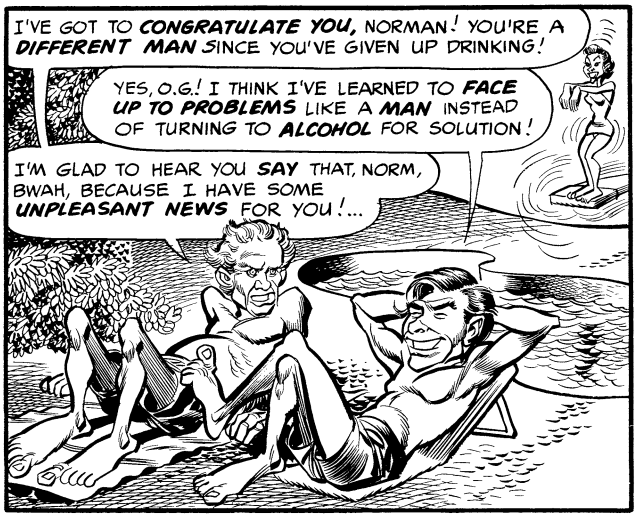
HESTER, YOU'VE DONE IT! AFTER TONIGHT, YOUR NAME WILL BE A HOUSEHOLD WORLD!
LIKE RAG-MOP!?
JUST LOOK AT THESE REACTION CARDS, O.G. 84% OF THE AUDIENCE, NAMELY MRS. MOVIEGOER, THINKS HESTER IS SENSATIONAL!
TR-RRB! (WHICH IS BRR-RT, SPELLED BACKWARDS.!)


WELL, HESTER! YOU WON'T BE NEEDING MY HELP ANY MORE! YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO STARDOM, AND NOTHING CAN STOP YOU NOW! I'M LEAVING YOU, HESTER, BEFORE I RUIN YOUR LIFE AS I'VE RUINED MINE!
NORMAN! DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS! I DO NEED YOU AND I WANT YOU BY MY SIDE ALWAYS!
NO! I'M BAD FOR YOU, HESTER! I DESTROY EVERYTHING I TOUCH! JUST LOOK HOW I KILLED THIS BOTTLE!
I DON'T CARE, NORMAN! I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME!

DO YOU, NORMAN MAINLINER, SOLEMNLY SWEAR...?
YES! BUT ONLY WHEN I DRINK!
AND, DO YOU, HESTER BLODGETT, SOLEMNLY SWEAR...?
NEVER!!
LICENSES: MARRIAGE, DOG, CAT, DRIVE, FISHIN', HUNTIN'
THEN, I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU--

BEO AIR.
DAILY POOP
DECEMBER 21 1954
NORMAN MAINLINER WEDS THE BLODGETT
BRIDE CARRIES TWO ORCHIDS
GROOM CARRIES FOUR ROSES... IN HIS HIP POCKET
CLOSE FRIENDS DOUBTFUL IT WILL LAST
THROW MINUTE RICE
BRIDE CARRIES GROOM ACROSS THRESHOLD!

DARLING, WHY ARE YOU EMPTYING ALL THOSE ULCER-SHAPED BOTTLES INTO OUR ULCER-SHAPED SWIMMING POOL?
AS A SYMBOL DARLING, NOW THAT I HAVE YOU, I WON'T HAVE TO DRINK ANY MORE! YOUR LOVE AND DEVOTION HAVE CURED ME OF THAT AWFUL HABIT!


I'VE GOT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, NORMAN! YOU'RE A DIFFERENT MAN SINCE YOU'VE GIVEN UP DRINKING!
YES, O.G.! I THINK I'VE LEARNED TO FACE UP TO PROBLEMS LIKE A MAN INSTEAD OF TURNING TO ALCOHOL FOR SOLUTION!
I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, NORM, BWAH, BECAUSE I HAVE SOME UNPLEASANT NEWS FOR YOU!...

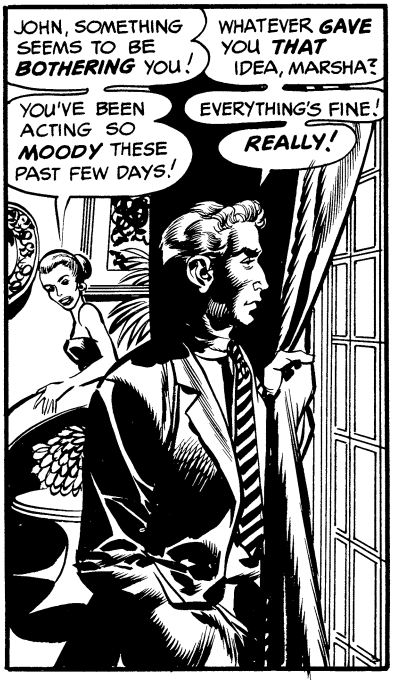
...THE STUDIO HAS DROPPED YOUR CONTRACT!
SWISH
SLURP
GURGLE
GURGLE GURGLE
4

OH, GEE, O.G... I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN. NOW HE'LL BE OFF ON A BAT FOR DAYS... MAYBE WEEKS!
NOW YOU MUSTN'T GO TO PIECES OVER THIS, HESTER. YOU'VE GOT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER FOR THE ACADEMY AWARD DINNER TONIGHT!
...AND SO, IT IS WITH GREAT PLEASURE THAT I PRESENT TO YOU, HESTER BLODGETT... FOR YOUR OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO THE FILM INDUSTRY... THIS HANDSOME 24-CARAT, SOLID, GOLD-PLATED OSCAR!
OKAY! COME ON IN, OSCAR!
VA-VA VA-VOOM!
LE' ME BE THE FIRSH' T' CONGRATULATE YOU, ESTHER!
NORMAN! YOU'VE COME HERE TO BE AT MY SIDE AT THIS THRILLING MOMENT...!
NO, M'DEAR! I COME HERE T' BELT YOU ONE!
O'COURSE, I'M S'POSE T'DO IT ACCIDENTALLY! BUT IT'LL MAKE A GOOD PUBLICITY STILL FOR THE NEWSPAPER ADS! MAKE PEOPLE THINK THERE'S LOTSA VIOLENCE IN THE PICTURE...
TIPPY TOE
NORMAN! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! I'VE GOT A GREAT PART FOR YOU IN MY NEW PICTURE!
NO THANKS, O.G.! I'LL HOLD OUT FOR A SPEAKING PART!
YOU PLAY THE ROLE OF A MAN WHO'S BEEN MARRIED FOR TWENTY YEARS!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, NORM, BWAH! THIS IS GOING TO BE A GREAT WAR EPIC! WE'VE GOT ONE BATTLE SCENE IN WHICH WE USE NINE THOUSAND EXTRAS!
NINE THOUSAND EXTRAS? HOW CAN YOU AFFORD IT?
WE'RE USING REAL BULLETS!
FORGET IT, O.G.! I DON'T WANT CHARITY... OR SYMPATHY... OR PITY! I JUST WANT ONE THING! MONEY!
HE'LL KILL HIMSELF, HESTER! ISN'T THERE SOME WAY WE CAN GET HIM TO CUT DOWN ON HIS INTAKE?
I TRIED BENDING HIS FUNNEL, BUT IT DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD!
YES, THIS IS MRS. MAINLINER! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? MY HUSBAND IS IN JAIL?... FOR RECKLESS DRIVING!?
YOU SAY HE DROVE THROUGH TWO RED LIGHTS?! SO WHAT'S SO SERIOUS ABOUT THAT?!
OH, I SEE! THEY WERE ON THE BACK OF A DOWNTOWN BUS!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

WELL, MR. MAINLINER? WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE?
FIRS' OF ALL, I WANNA SAY THAT NOT ONLY ARE THESE CALIFORNIANS TERRIBLE DRIVERS, BUT THEY'RE DISHONEST, TOO!
EVERY TIME I STUCK MY HAND OUT T' SIGNAL, SOMEBODY STOLE THE STRAW OUTTA MY BOTTLE!
IT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO COME DOWN AND BAIL ME OUT, LAST NIGHT, DARLING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU!
SIMPLE! SIXTY DAYS!
I'M A NEW MAN, ESTHER! AND TO PROVE IT, I'M GOING TO TAKE A SWIM BEFORE BREAKFAST!
ALL RIGHT. MEANWHILE, I'LL RUSTLE UP SOMETHING FOR US TO EAT!
♪ I'M GLAD I MADE YOU CRY, BABY! YOUR FACE IS CLEANER NOW... ♪
I WISH SHE WOULDN'T SING THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR LIKE THAT! SHE'S STRAINING HER VOICE!
♪ I'LL GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU... VERY WELL ♪
SHE'S RIGHT! I'LL JUST KEEP WALKING...
...AND WALKING...
AND... BLURBLE!
NORMAN, BREAKFAST IS READY! NORMAN!? NORMAN!
GOOD LORD! ALL I SEE ARE HIS BATHROBE... SLIPPERS... TOWEL... GOGGLES... MASK... FLIPPERS... EAR PLUGS... BATHING CAPS... AND WATER WINGS FLOATING ON THE SURFACE!
IF I KNOW NORMAN, THIS CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT BIG OL' YOU IS REALLY GOIN' T' GET LI'L OL' ME INTO THE MOVIES!
PLEASE DON'T TELL YOUR FRIENDS HOW THIS PICTURE ENDS! AND MOST IMPORTANT... DON'T TELL MY WIFE'S FRIENDS!
COMING SOON "A STARFISH IS CORN"
THE END
6

FOREIGN MOVIES

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT STATE OF MIND WITH WHICH PRODUCERS OF **FOREIGN FILMS** EACH APPROACH THE VERY SAME SUBJECT? YOU **HAVEN'T!?** WELL, NEVER MIND **NECKIN'** UP THERE IN THE **BALCONY** SO MUCH AND PAY A LITTLE **ATTENTION** TO THE **SCREEN!** ANYWAY, TAKE FOR INSTANCE **THIS** SIMPLE LITTLE SCENE! IT'S FAMILIAR TO **ALL** MOVIE-GOERS! IT SHOWS, IN ONE BRIEF DRAMATIC MOMENT, A WOMAN'S SPIRITED LOYALTY TO THE MAN SHE LOVES:


JOHN, SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE **BOTHERING** YOU!
WHATEVER **GAVE** YOU **THAT** IDEA, MARSHA?
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SO **MOODY** THESE PAST FEW DAYS!
EVERYTHING'S FINE! **REALLY!**

JOHN! THIS IS YOUR **WIFE** YOU'RE TALKING TO! SOMETHING **IS** BOTHERING YOU! AND I HAVE THE RIGHT TO **KNOW!**
ALL RIGHT, THEN! YOU **ASKED** FOR IT! SO I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU **STRAIGHT!**
I'VE **LOST MY JOB** AT THE ADVERTISING AGENCY!
IT'S BEEN OVER A **WEEK** NOW!

WAS I **AWFULLY SELFISH** IN NOT TELLING YOU **SOONER?...** IN WANTING TO **HOLD ON** TO OUR HAPPINESS JUST A **FEW** DAYS LONGER?
MARSHA, YOU DESERVE SOMEONE **MORE SUCCESSFUL** THAN MYSELF! YOU'VE YOUR WHOLE **LIFE** AHEAD OF YOU! I WANT IT TO BE A **HAPPY** ONE FOR YOU!
JOHN!
IF YOU **WANT** A DIVORCE, I WON'T STAND IN YOUR **WAY!**

JOHN, ARE YOU **REALLY** FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THAT I MARRIED YOU JUST FOR YOUR **JOB?!** I MARRIED YOU FOR **BETTER** OR FOR **WORSE**... AND I'LL **TAKE** IT, WHICHEVER WAY IT COMES!
Y-YOU MEAN YOU'RE **STILL WILLING** TO **STICK BY ME!?**
OF COURSE, MY DARLING!
IT WILL BE **ROUGH GOING** AT FIRST!
WHO CARES!? OUR **LOVE** IS THE ONLY THING THAT **MATTERS!**

MARSHA, DARLING, IT WILL MEAN A **WHOLE NEW LIFE**... A **NEW CAREER!** TIMES ARE GOING TO GET A LOT **WORSE** BEFORE THEY GET **BETTER!** BUT, I **KNOW**... I'M **POSITIVE**... WE'LL **SEE IT THROUGH,** AS LONG AS WE HAVE **EACH OTHER!**
OH, JOHN...

CORNY, HUH? KNOW HOW THF **FRENCH** MOVIE-MAKERS WOULD HANDLE THAT VERY SAME SCENE? WHY, IN THE SAME JOYOUS, EBULLIENT MANNER IN WHICH THEY TREAT **ALL** MATTERS OF THE HEART! THE FILM WOULD FAIRLY **BOUNCE** WITH TYPICAL GALLIC EXUBERANCE AND GAIETY! LIKE **THIS,** F'RINSTANCE ...

PIERRE! ZOMETHEENG SEEM TO BE TROUBLING YOU!
'OW OBSERVANT YOU ARE, MON PETITE SOUFFLE!
YOU ARR NOT YOUR USUAL JOYOUS, EBULLIENT SELF LATELY! WOT EEZ BOZZERING YOU, MAN AMOUR?
I DID NOT THEENK DAT YOU WOULD TAKE LE NOTEECE!
I 'AV LE RIGHT TO KNOW! AM I NOT YOUR WIFE?
YOU ARR RIGHT! I CANNOT HIDE EET ANY LONGAIR!
OUI! EET EES MOS SERIOUS!
I 'AV LOSS LE JOB AT LE POST-CARD FACTORY!
'OW WEEL WE LEEV?
'OW WEEL WE EET?
QUELL TRAGEDIE, MAI MON?
KEES KEES KEES
BUT, DO NOT FRET, MON CHERIE! I WEEL FIND A JOB, SECOND THEENG TOMORROW MORNNEENG!
BON! AN' I WEEL USE ALL MY EENFLUENCE TO 'ALP YOU IN YOUR NEW CAREER, MON PRECIOUS!
IT WEEL BE A NEW LIFE!
IT WILL BE A NEW CAREER!
AH, LE DAY EEZ BREAKEENG! TIME FOR ME TO GET OUT AN' LOOK FOR LE JOB!
OUI! AN', MEANWHILE, I WEEL BE CALLING UP MY EENFLUENTUAL FRENS... TO 'ALP YOU!
'ALLO, GASTON?
THEESE IS PIERRE!...
YOU KNOW SOMEONE 'OO EEZ LOOKEENG FOR A FRANCH MAID, MON AMI? I GOT JUZ LE GIRL...
RUE DE DAY
RUE DE KAZOOTIE
RUE DE VALLEY
2

AND THEN THERE'S THE **BRITISH!** AH, THE BRITISH! **THEY** WOULD TELL THE STORY WITH TYPICAL TIGHT-LIPPED RESERVE. THERE'D BE **VERY LITTLE SHOW OF EMOTION...ABSOLUTELY NO HYSTERICS**...AND **LOTS OF TEA!** ALL VERY **GENTLEMANLY,** DON'T Y'KNOW. CARE TO **LOOK IN? BULLY! SHALL WE?** AFTER **YOU,** OL' THING...

I SAY! REGGIE! YOU ARE HOME UNEXPECTEDLY EARLY FROM YOUR LABORS!
QUITE SO! SODDY TO BARGE IN! DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY! BEEN SACKED, Y'KNOW!
ICE MAN
BLAHSTED BEARD FELL OFF WHILE IN THE MIDST OF POSING FOR A SCHWEPPES ADVERTISEMENT!
NO REASON TO CARRY ON SO, REGGIE!
MEANS WE'VE SOME TEDDIBLY LEAN YEARS AHEAD, OLD GIRL!
YOU KNOW I CAHN'T STAND IT WHEN YOU LOSE CONTROL OF YOURSELF LIKE THIS!
I RAWTHER IMAGINE THIS ABOUT WASHES UP OUR MARRIAGE, WOT!? I'VE 'ALF A MIND TO BLAWST MY BRAINS OUT!
NOW, DO LET'S NOT BE CHILDISH ABOUT THIS, REGGIE!
I MARRIED YOU FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSTERSHIRE AND, BY JOVE, I'LL NOT LET A TRIVIAL THING LIKE THIS BREAK UP OUR HOME!
PITY I'M SUCH A COWARD!*
* NOT YOU, NOEL! — EDS.
DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT, OLD SOCK? DEUCEDLY SPORTING OF YOU TO STICK BY ME THROUGH THIS WHOLE BEASTLY MESS!
OH, THE DEVIL WITH THE HUNTING LODGE!
YOU ARE ALL I NEED IN LIFE, OLD FOOT!
IT WILL MEAN GIVING UP THE SERVANTS, OF COURSE...AND WE'LL MOST LIKELY LOSE THE HUNTING LODGE AT NOTTINGHAM-ON-THE BILGEWATER!
JUST BEING CLOSE TO YOU LIKE THIS IS QUITE ENOUGH FOR ME!
IT WILL MEAN GROWING A REAL BEARD THIS TIME, Y'KNOW!
I SHAWN'T FIND IT TOO DIFFICULT, REGGIE DEAR... AS LONG AS WE CAN AFFORD TEA!
MONTHS AND MONTHS OF CAREFULLY WATERING AND NURTURING EACH LITTLE FOLLICLE AS IT APPEARS!
BUT WITH YOU HERE AT MY SIDE LIKE THIS, I KNOW I CAN DO IT, MARGARET, OLD GIRL!
3

NOW CONTRAST ***THAT*** WITH THE FIERY EXCITABLE ***ITALIAN*** WAY OF DOING MOVIES. ***THEIR*** FILMS PRACTICALLY ***REEK*** WITH EARTHY REALISM AND UNINHIBITED ANIMAL VITALITY! THEIR VERSION OF THE SCENE WOULD GO SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

HEY, CUMPARI!
I'MA GOTTA SOME BAD NEWS, MARI-OOCH!
WHATSA MATTA, YOU COME-A HOM FROM WORK SO EARLY!?
THE BEEZANESS, SHE'SA FOLD UP LIKE-A THE COLD LASAGNA!
AH?
#675823
I'M A JOOST STOP-A ONE-A MINOOT FOR A SUBMARINE SANDAWICH... AN' A SOOMBODY, SHE'SA STEAL THE POOSHACART WITH ALL-A THE PIZZA PIES!
YOU MEAN-A WE NOT-A GONNA BE ABLE TO HAVE LOTSA BAMBINOS NOW... LIKE-A WE PLAN!?
MAMA MIA! I'MA THE BEEG-A FAT FAILURE, HOW YOU SAY!
EH!? WHAT'SA MATTER FROM-A YOU? YOU THEENK I'MA MARRY YOU FOR YOU POOSHACART!?
I'MA GONNA KILL-A MYSELF SO'SA YOU CAN MARRY A REECH, YOUNG-A, HANDSOME MAN WITH-A HIS OWN POOSHACART!
I'MA MARRY YOU CAUSE I'MA LOVE YOU!
HEY, GOOMBAH! WE GONNA BUILD ANOTHER-A POOSHACART! A GREAT-A BEEG-A ONE!
MARI-OOCH! YOU MEAN-A...
AN'A I'MA GONNA HELP-A YOU BUILD IT!
AN'A WE GONNA HAVE LOTSA AN'A LOTSA BAMBINOS!
EH, SHOO! WE GONNA SELL-A POOSHACARTS ON'A NEW POOSHACART!
4

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE **JAPANESE** GO IN FOR MORE ***STYLIZED POETIC IMAGERY,*** BOTH IN THEIR DIALOGUE AND IN THEIR PICTORIAL ARRANGEMENT. A CERTAIN ***PHILOSOPHICAL SERENITY*** PERMEATES EACH INDIVIDUAL SCENE, WITH MORE EMPHASIS ON DELIGHTFUL ***WORD IMAGES*** THAN ON ACTION. LIKE ***THIS,*** PLEASE TO BEGIN...

OOLONG NOTICE ***FAINT FROWN*** PASS OVER FACE OF HONORABLE HUSBAND... LIKE ***DISTANT CLOUD*** OVER ***HIGH FUJIYAMA!***
AH, SO! WE JAPANESE VERY CLEVER AT ***IMITATION!***
BUT, MUCH BESIDE, HAVE ***LOSE HONORABLE JOB*** IN SUKIYAKI RESTAURANT!

HONORABLE BOSS SAY ME ***TALK*** TOO MUCH!
AH, SO! THIS NEWS ***PAIN*** OOLONG LIKE ***SHARP THORN*** PAIN SOFT PAW OF ***KITTEN!***
HONORABLE BOSS SAY ME MAKE ***TOO MUCH YAKI...*** AND ***NOT ENOUGH SUKI!***
LIKE ***CRUEL CLAW OF EAGLE*** PAIN TIGHTLY CLUTCHED ***FIELD MOUSE!***
LIKE ***BAND-AID*** PAIN WHEN TORE FROM ***HAIRY CHEST!***

IF HONORABLE WIFE WISH TO ***LEAVE*** HONORABLE HUSBAND AS ***BUTTERFLY*** LEAVE ***COCOON*** IN SPRING, IS FREE TO ***DO*** SO!
HONORABLE HUSBAND IS ***TOO INDULGENT*** WITH UNDESERVING OOLONG!
OOLONG ***STILL BEAUTIFUL!*** CAN CATCH ***YOUNG* HUSBAND*** AS ***DRAGONFLY*** CATCH ***DROWSY BEETLE!***
OOLONG ***WILL*** CLING TO HONORABLE HUSBAND AS ***STRIPE*** CLING TO ***MIGHTY TIGER!***
MADE IN JAPAN
MADE IN JAPAN
*EGG-FOO, THAT IS!-ED.

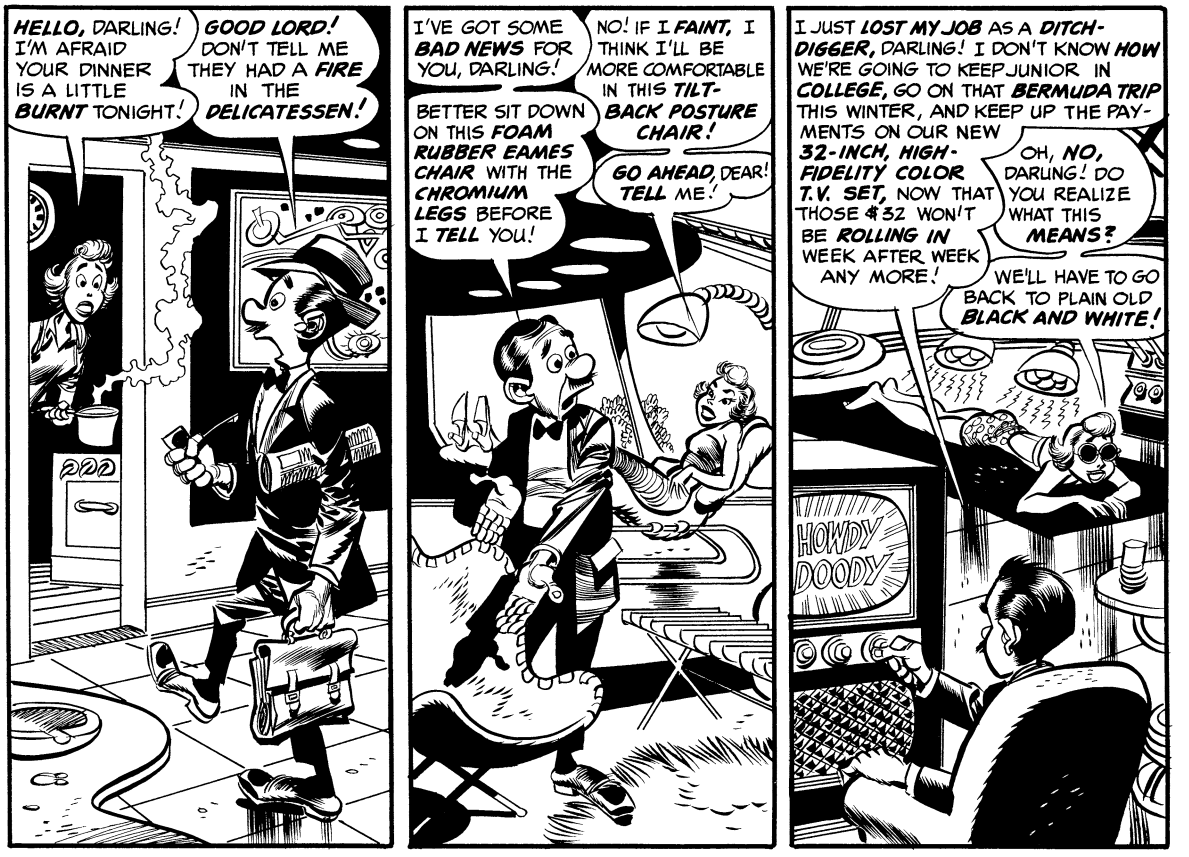
OOLONG WILL CLING TO HONORABLE HUSBAND AS ***PILOT FISH*** CLING TO ***SHARK!***
HONORABLE HUSBAND ***WARN*** OOLONG AS ***THUNDER*** WARN OF ***APPROACHING STORM!***
OOLONG WILL CLING TO HONORABLE HUSBAND AS ***LAST LEAF*** CLING TO ***TREE*** IN FALL!
WILL BE BUFFETED BY ILL FORTUNE AS ***STRAW*** WILL BE BUFFETED BY ***WIND!***
WILL CLING TO HONORABLE HUSBAND AS ***HAIRY CATERPILLAR*** CLING TO ***SWAYING BRANCH!***
UUCCCHH!

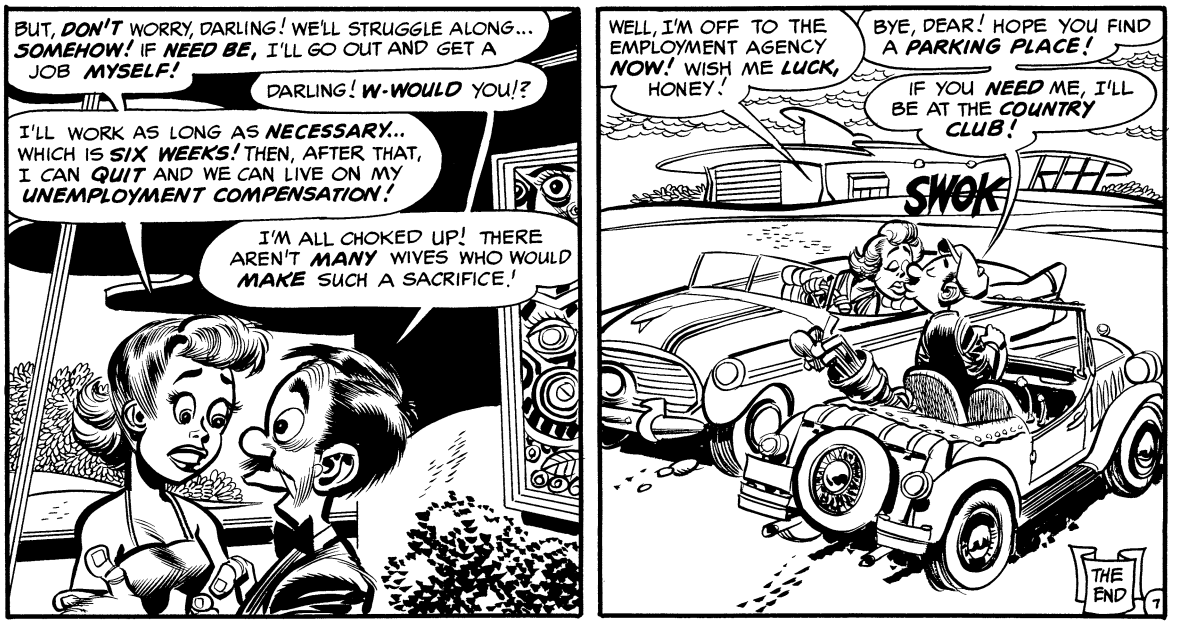
WILL CLING TO HONORABLE HUSBAND AS ***JASMINE VINE*** CLING TO SIDE OF ***HOUSE!***
...CLING TO HUSBAND AS ***OATMEAL*** CLING TO ***RIBS!***
...AS ***GRAVY STAIN*** CLING TO ***SILK KIMONO!***
...AS...
PLEASE TO BREAK ***JIU-JITSU*** HOLD ON HONORABLE HUSBAND, OR OOLONG WILL RECEIVE ***SHOT IN HEAD*** AS ***BAMBOO ROOF*** RECEIVE PELT OF ***DRIVING RAIN!***
IN OTHER WORDS...***GET OFF MY BACK!***
HONORABLE UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE
5

"SUFFERINK" IS THE WATCHWORD IN THE RUSSIAN APPROACH. SOMBER LIGHTING, DEEPLY ETCHED FACES, AND SOLEMN MINOR-KEY BACKGROUND MUSIC ALL COMBINE TO SET THE MISERABLE MOOD OF TRAGEDY, FUTILITY AND IMPENDING DOOM IN THEIR RELEASES. SELF-PITY PERVADES THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE THE STEAM ROOM IN A RUSSIAN BATH. THIS IS THE MOSCOW VERSION OF THE VERY SAME SCENE. OF COURSE, THEY DID IT FIRST!...

NIKOLAI! VOT IS WRONG!? YOU ARE COMING HOME SO LATE FROM SAWLT MINES IN SIBERIA!
DA, TANYA! IS SUCH NIZE EVENING, AM DECIDING TO WALK!
AWLSO, I'M NOT HAVING FIVE KOPEKS* CARFARE!
*ABOUT ELEVEN CENTS! — EDS.
BUBLITCHKA, IZ BAD NOOSE I AM BRINGINK! THE FOREMAN IS FIRINK ME FOR NOT GOINK IN ON RAWSHIN ROOLETTE POOL!
TANYA IZ NOTICINK A SORTEN FORCED GAIETY IN YOUR MONNER, TONIGHT, NIKOLAI!
I'M NEEDINK RAWSHIN ROOLETTE LIKE I'M NEEDINK HOLE IN HADD!
I CON NO LONGER GIFF YOU THE LOXURIES OFF LIFE, TANYA!
IZ TALKINK FOOLISH, NIKOLAI!
IZ BADDER YOU ARE LEAVINK ME FOR YONG SUCKSESSFOOL PROLETARIAT!
IZ OLD RAWSHIN PROVERB..."A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BORSHT!"
KRAK!
FSST
YOU ARE MEANINK THOT, BUBLITCHKA!? YOU ARE NOT DEZARTINK ME IN HOUR OF NEED!?
AM NOT LATTINK YOU OUT OF SIGHT, NIKOLAI!
IZ GOING TO BE ROFF WINTER, TANYA! LOTS OFF SUFFERINK!
AM STAYINK BY YOUR SIDE TILL WARY END!
UND NOW IZ WARY END FOR YOU, COMRADE HUSBAN'!
IS WONDARFOOL IDEA, TANYA!
GLORIOUS PEOPLES GOVERNMENT IZ PAYING 20,000 RUBLES* CASH FOR AVERY ENEMY OF REGIME IZ BEING TORNED IN!
NOW I'M BEIN' ABLE WRITE BOOK OND MAKE LOTS MONNIES!
AM CALLINK BOOK, "I WAS TROPPED BY N.K.V.D. IN B.V.D."!
HIP!...HOP!... HIP!... HOP!
NKVD HQ
*ABOUT ELEVEN CENTS! — EDS.
6

AND NOW, LAST BUT NOT LEAST, WE COME TO THE **AMERICAN** VERSION, IN WHICH THE EMPHASIS IS PLACED ON ***MATERIAL POSSESSIONS***. EVER NOTICE THAT NO MATTER HOW MENIAL THE JOB, THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD HAS IN A HOLLYWOOD PICTURE, THE MOTION PICTURE CODE GUARANTEES EVERY SCREEN FAMILY A $28,000 RANCH HOUSE, TWO CARS IN THE TWO-CAR GARAGE, AND A CHICKEN IN EVERY POTRZEBIE? LIKE F'RINSTANCE...


HELLO, DARLING! I'M AFRAID YOUR DINNER IS A LITTLE BURNT TONIGHT!
GOOD LORD! DON'T TELL ME THEY HAD A FIRE IN THE DELICATESSEN!
I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU, DARLING!
NO! IF I FAINT, I THINK I'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE IN THIS TILT-BACK POSTURE CHAIR!
BETTER SIT DOWN ON THIS FOAM RUBBER EAMES CHAIR WITH THE CHROMIUM LEGS BEFORE I TELL YOU!
GO AHEAD, DEAR! TELL ME!
I JUST LOST MY JOB AS A DITCH-DIGGER, DARLING! I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO KEEP JUNIOR IN COLLEGE, GO ON THAT BERMUDA TRIP THIS WINTER, AND KEEP UP THE PAY-MENTS ON OUR NEW 32-INCH, HIGH-FIDELITY COLOR T.V. SET, NOW THAT THOSE $32 WON'T BE ROLLING IN WEEK AFTER WEEK ANY MORE!
OH, NO, DARLING! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?
WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO PLAIN OLD BLACK AND WHITE!
HOWDY DOODY


BUT, DON'T WORRY, DARLING! WE'LL STRUGGLE ALONG... SOMEHOW! IF NEED BE, I'LL GO OUT AND GET A JOB MYSELF!
DARLING! W-WOULD YOU!?
I'LL WORK AS LONG AS NECESSARY... WHICH IS SIX WEEKS! THEN, AFTER THAT, I CAN QUIT AND WE CAN LIVE ON MY UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION!
I'M ALL CHOKED UP! THERE AREN'T MANY WIVES WHO WOULD MAKE SUCH A SACRIFICE!
WELL, I'M OFF TO THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY NOW! WISH ME LUCK, HONEY!
BYE, DEAR! HOPE YOU FIND A PARKING PLACE!
IF YOU NEED ME, I'LL BE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB!
SWOK
THE END

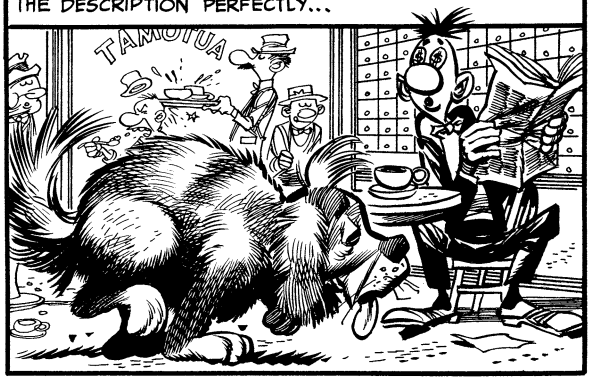
CLASSIFIED JOKES DEPT.: IN AN EFFORT TO FILL THE VOID LEFT UPON THE AMERICAN HUMOR SCENE BY THE SUDDEN DEMISE OF ***LIBERACE*** AND ***BE-BOP GAGS,*** PANIC MAGAZINE NOW OFFERS A RANDOM COLLECTION OF THE ODDITY KNOWN AS...

SHAGGY DOG STORIES!

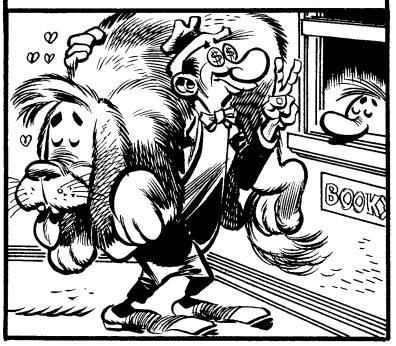
THE ***ORIGINAL*** SHAGGY DOG STORY WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS: A MAN WAS BROWSING THROUGH A COPY OF THE "LONDON TIMES" WHICH HE'D FOUND IN THE AUTOMAT, WHEN HE CAME ACROSS AN INTERESTING ITEM IN THE LOST-AND-FOUND COLUMN...

Lost-One shaggy dog. Reward-27 Pounds, 12 crowns, 2 shillings, 14 bob and a ha'penny. Contact Wilson, 18 Crudney Lane, Cockleberry Frond, Chutney on Thames.

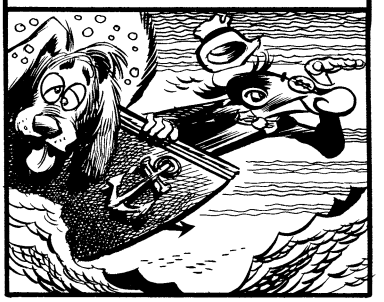
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, WHAT SHOULD STROLL INTO THE AUTOMAT BUT A LARGE SHAGGY DOG THAT FITTED THE DESCRIPTION PERFECTLY...



SO, SCOOPING UP THE ANIMAL, THE MAN RUSHED RIGHT OVER TO THE STEAMSHIP LINE AND BOOKED PASSAGE ON THE NEXT SHIP TO ENGLAND...



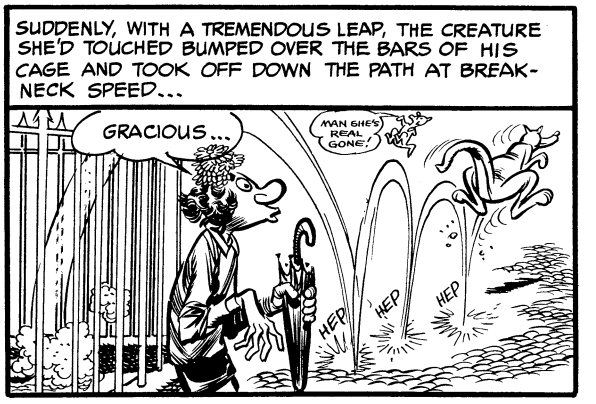
THE CROSSING WAS A ROUGH ONE, AND THE SHIP ARRIVED THREE DAYS LATE. BUT OUR HERO WAS SO ELATED OVER HIS EVENTUAL REWARD THAT HE COULD HARDLY CONCENTRATE ON BEING SEASICK...

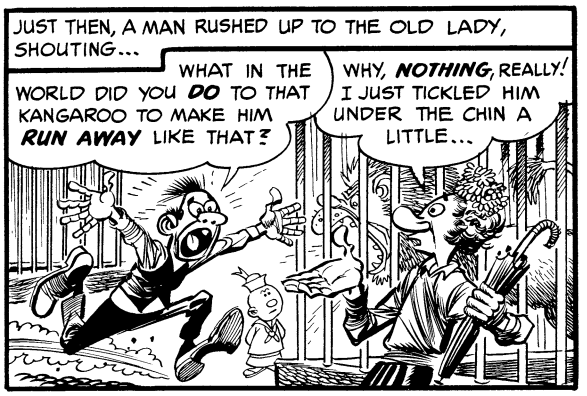


ONCE IN SOUTHHAMPTON, HE HIRED A LIMOUSINE TO DOVER, FROM THERE TO BRIGHTON BY TRAIN, AND FINALLY TO CHUTNEY BY STAGE...

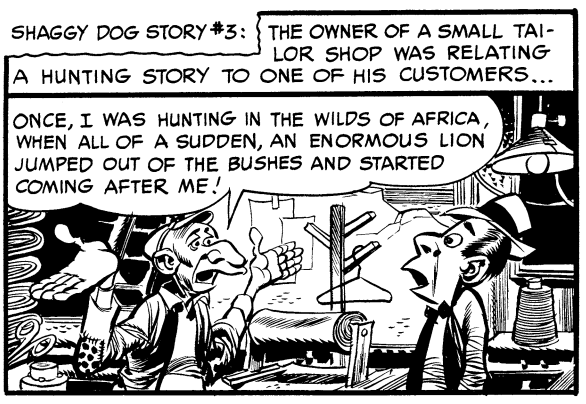
ON FOOT, HE MADE THE LONG TRIP UP CRUDNEY LANE UNTIL HE CAME TO NUMBER 18, WHEREUPON HE KNOCKED EAGERLY...

SHAGGY DOG STORY #2: AN ELDERLY LADY WAS SPENDING A PLEASANT SUNDAY AT THE ZOO ADMIRING THE KANGAROOS...
KITCHY-KITCHY-KOO...
KANGAROO

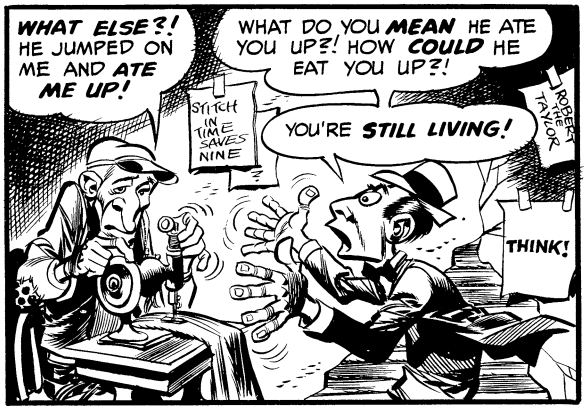

SUDDENLY, WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, THE CREATURE SHE'D TOUCHED BUMPED OVER THE BARS OF HIS CAGE AND TOOK OFF DOWN THE PATH AT BREAK-NECK SPEED...
GRACIOUS...
MAN SHE'S REAL GONE!
HEP
HEP
HEP


JUST THEN, A MAN RUSHED UP TO THE OLD LADY, SHOUTING...
WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO TO THAT KANGAROO TO MAKE HIM RUN AWAY LIKE THAT?
WHY, NOTHING, REALLY! I JUST TICKLED HIM UNDER THE CHIN A LITTLE...

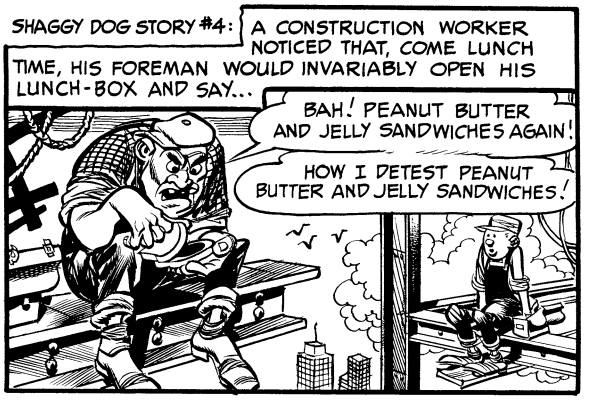
WELL, YOU'D BETTER TICKLE ME THE SAME WAY, LADY! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THE DERN THING!
KEEPER

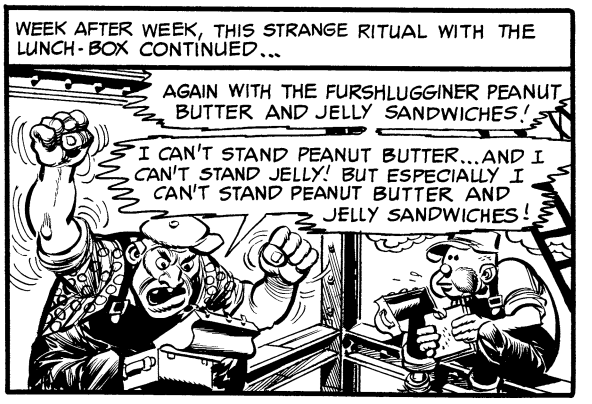

SHAGGY DOG STORY #3: THE OWNER OF A SMALL TAILOR SHOP WAS RELATING A HUNTING STORY TO ONE OF HIS CUSTOMERS...
ONCE, I WAS HUNTING IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, AN ENORMOUS LION JUMPED OUT OF THE BUSHES AND STARTED COMING AFTER ME!

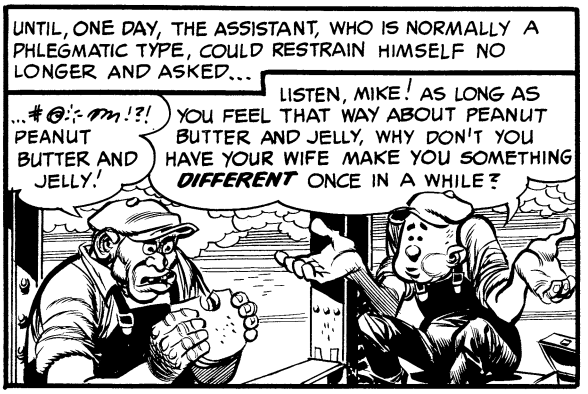
I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY AMMUNITION LEFT!
YES! YES! GO ON!
HE CAME CLOSER AND CLOSER! I WAS SO FRIGHTENED I COULDN'T MOVE AN INCH!
WHAT HAPPENED THEN...?
KATTY HOLE

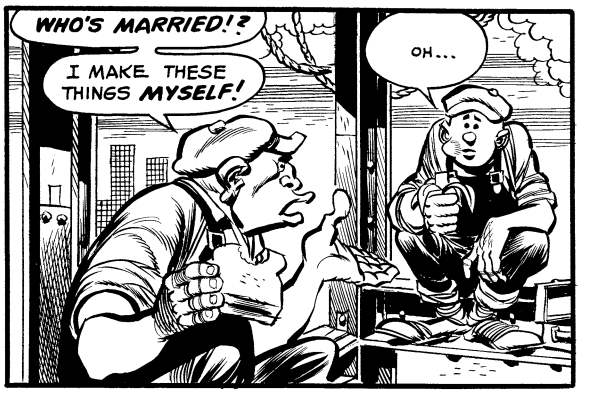

WHAT ELSE?! HE JUMPED ON ME AND ATE ME UP!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE ATE YOU UP?! HOW COULD HE EAT YOU UP?!
YOU'RE STILL LIVING!
STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE
ROBERT THE TAYLOR
THINK!

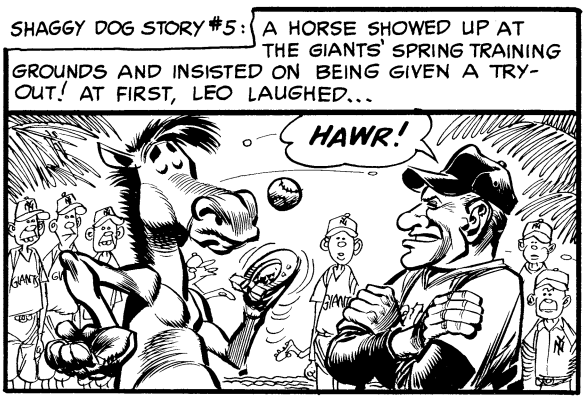
YOU CALL THIS "LIVING"?
2

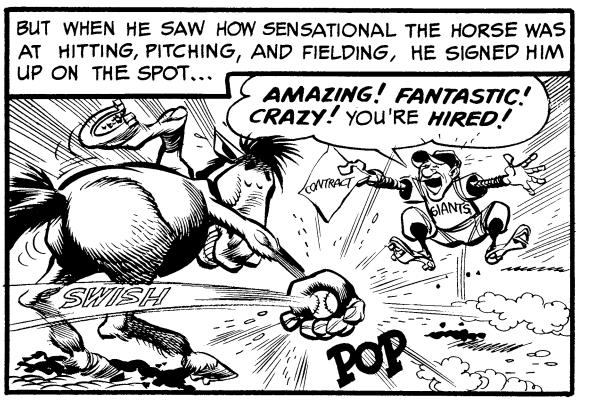

SHAGGY DOG STORY #4: A CONSTRUCTION WORKER NOTICED THAT, COME LUNCH TIME, HIS FOREMAN WOULD INVARIABLY OPEN HIS LUNCH-BOX AND SAY...
BAH! PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES AGAIN!
HOW I DETEST PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!

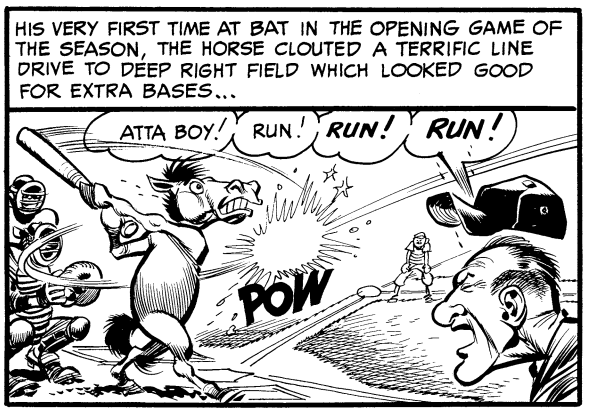

WEEK AFTER WEEK, THIS STRANGE RITUAL WITH THE LUNCH-BOX CONTINUED...
AGAIN WITH THE FURSHLUGGINER PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!
I CAN'T STAND PEANUT BUTTER...AND I CAN'T STAND JELLY! BUT ESPECIALLY I CAN'T STAND PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!


UNTIL, ONE DAY, THE ASSISTANT, WHO IS NORMALLY A PHLEGMATIC TYPE, COULD RESTRAIN HIMSELF NO LONGER AND ASKED...
...#@!-m!?! PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY!
LISTEN, MIKE! AS LONG AS YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE YOUR WIFE MAKE YOU SOMETHING DIFFERENT ONCE IN A WHILE?


WHO'S MARRIED!?
I MAKE THESE THINGS MYSELF!
OH...


SHAGGY DOG STORY #5: A HORSE SHOWED UP AT THE GIANTS' SPRING TRAINING GROUNDS AND INSISTED ON BEING GIVEN A TRY-OUT! AT FIRST, LEO LAUGHED...
HAWR!


BUT WHEN HE SAW HOW SENSATIONAL THE HORSE WAS AT HITTING, PITCHING, AND FIELDING, HE SIGNED HIM UP ON THE SPOT...
AMAZING! FANTASTIC! CRAZY! YOU'RE HIRED!
CONTRACT
GIANTS
SWISH
POP


HIS VERY FIRST TIME AT BAT IN THE OPENING GAME OF THE SEASON, THE HORSE CLOUTED A TERRIFIC LINE DRIVE TO DEEP RIGHT FIELD WHICH LOOKED GOOD FOR EXTRA BASES...
ATTA BOY!
RUN!
RUN!
RUN!
POW

WHADDYA MEAN, RUN?!
IF I COULD RUN, I'D BE AT HIALEAH... MAKING AN HONEST LIVING!

SHAGGY DOG STORY #6: A HUGE LION HAD BEEN LORDING IT OVER THE REST OF THE JUNGLE CREATURES FOR MANY WEEKS NOW... AND TO EACH ANIMAL, HE WOULD PUT THE SAME QUESTION...

WHO IS THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST, MOST FEROCIOUS ANIMAL IN THIS ENTIRE JUNGLE?

YOU ARE, OH MIGHTY LION!

INVARIABLY, OF COURSE, HE'D RECEIVE THE SAME ANSWER. UNTIL, ONE DAY, HE CHANCED UPON A TINY FIELD MOUSE...

HEY, YOU! WHO IS THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST, MOST FEROCIOUS ANIMAL IN THIS ENTIRE JUNGLE?

THE LITTLE MOUSE, WHO WAS GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF THE SAME ROUTINE WEEK IN AND WEEK OUT, FINALLY COULD TAKE IT NO LONGER. IN A FIT OF RAGE, HE GRABBED THE LION BY THE TAIL, SWUNG HIM ROUND AND ROUND IN THE AIR, AND SLAMMED HIM AGAINST A TREE...

WELL... GEE, WHIZ! JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE ***ANSWER*** IS NO REASON TO GET ***SORE!***

SHAGGY DOG STORY #7: A NEWSPAPER REPORTER WAS SENT OUT TO INTERVIEW TOM THUMB, THE WORLD-FAMOUS MIDGET...

GET THAT STORY!

PRESS ROOM

75¢ A SUIT

RIGHT, CHIEF!

CITY'S DESK

THE REPORTER, ARRIVING AT THE ADDRESS GIVEN HIM, WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HIS KNOCK ANSWERED BY AN ELEVEN-FOOT GIANT OF A MAN...

OH, I'M ***SORRY!*** I WAS LOOKING FOR ***TOM THUMB!***

THAT'S ME!

THERE MUST BE SOME ***MISTAKE!*** THE TOM THUMB ***I'M*** LOOKING FOR IS A ***MIDGET!***

THAT'S ME! COME IN!

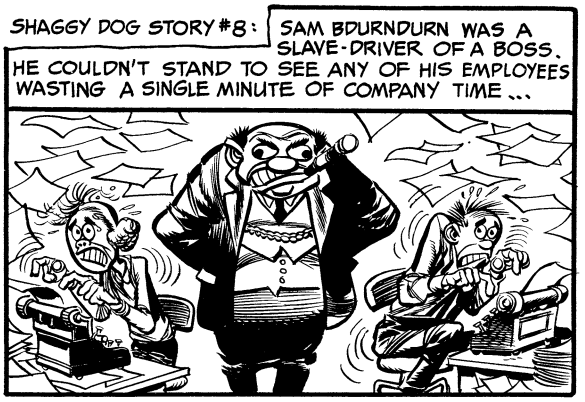
BUT, IF YOU'RE TOM THUMB, THE ***MIDGET,*** HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT YOU'RE ***ELEVEN FEET TALL?***

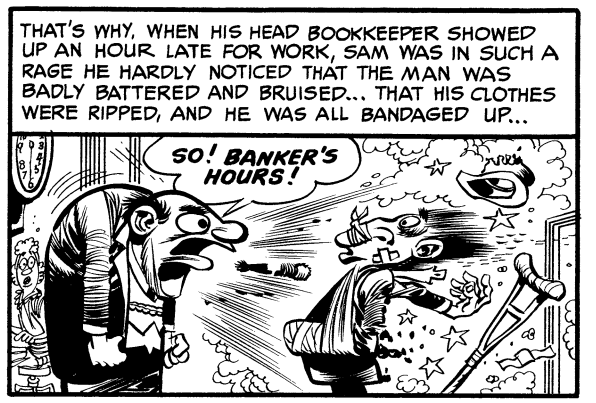
SIMPLE! YOU SEE...

THIS IS MY DAY OFF!

OH...

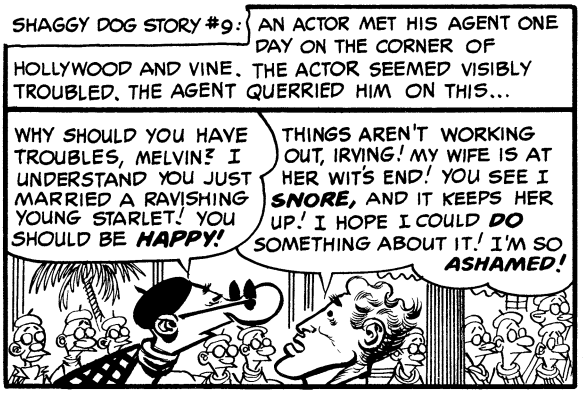
4

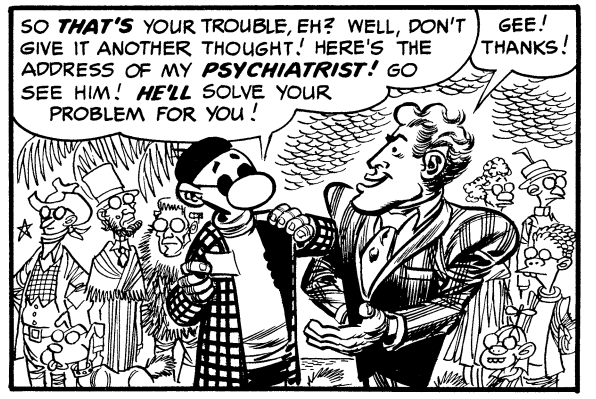

SHAGGY DOG STORY #8:
SAM BDURNDURN WAS A SLAVE-DRIVER OF A BOSS. HE COULDN'T STAND TO SEE ANY OF HIS EMPLOYEES WASTING A SINGLE MINUTE OF COMPANY TIME...

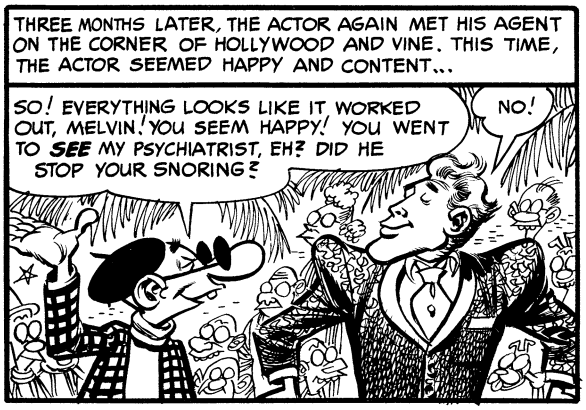

THAT'S WHY, WHEN HIS HEAD BOOKKEEPER SHOWED UP AN HOUR LATE FOR WORK, SAM WAS IN SUCH A RAGE HE HARDLY NOTICED THAT THE MAN WAS BADLY BATTERED AND BRUISED... THAT HIS CLOTHES WERE RIPPED, AND HE WAS ALL BANDAGED UP...
SO! BANKER'S HOURS!

IT'S NOW TEN O'CLOCK! YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE AT YOUR DESK AT NINE!
YES! I FELL OUT OF AN ELEVEN-STORY WINDOW!
CAN YOU GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY YOU ARE ARRIVING SO LATE?

AND THIS TOOK A WHOLE HOUR?!

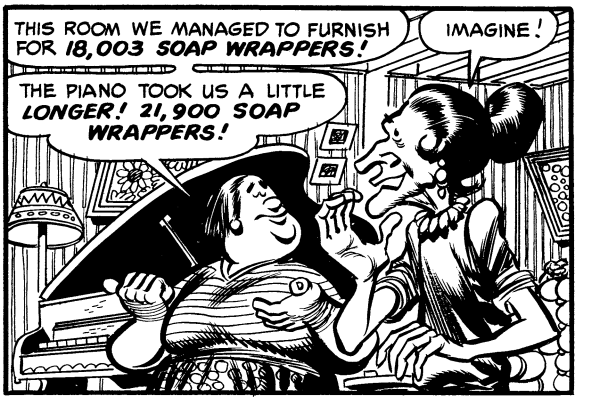

SHAGGY DOG STORY #9:
AN ACTOR MET HIS AGENT ONE DAY ON THE CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD AND VINE. THE ACTOR SEEMED VISIBLY TROUBLED. THE AGENT QUERRIED HIM ON THIS...
WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE TROUBLES, MELVIN? I UNDERSTAND YOU JUST MARRIED A RAVISHING YOUNG STARLET! YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY!
THINGS AREN'T WORKING OUT, IRVING! MY WIFE IS AT HER WIT'S END! YOU SEE I SNORE, AND IT KEEPS HER UP! I HOPE I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! I'M SO ASHAMED!


SO THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, EH? WELL, DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT! HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF MY PSYCHIATRIST! GO SEE HIM! HE'LL SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM FOR YOU!
GEE! THANKS!


THREE MONTHS LATER, THE ACTOR AGAIN MET HIS AGENT ON THE CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD AND VINE. THIS TIME, THE ACTOR SEEMED HAPPY AND CONTENT...
SO! EVERYTHING LOOKS LIKE IT WORKED OUT, MELVIN! YOU SEEM HAPPY! YOU WENT TO SEE MY PSYCHIATRIST, EH? DID HE STOP YOUR SNORING?
NO!

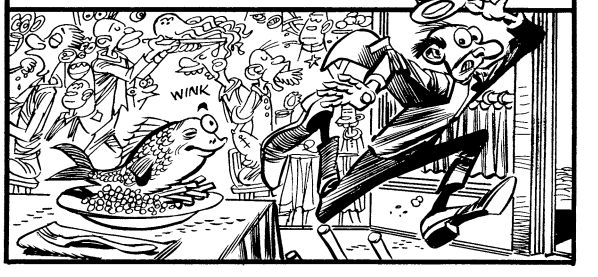
NOW I'M PROUD I SNORE!
HOLLYWOOD
VINE
5

SHAGGY DOG STORY #10: A WOMAN WHO PRIDED HERSELF ON NEVER HAVING SPENT ONE CENT FOR FURNITURE WAS SHOWING HER NEIGHBOR — WHAT COULD BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A LITTLE DILLIGENT SAVING OF SOAP WRAPPERS...

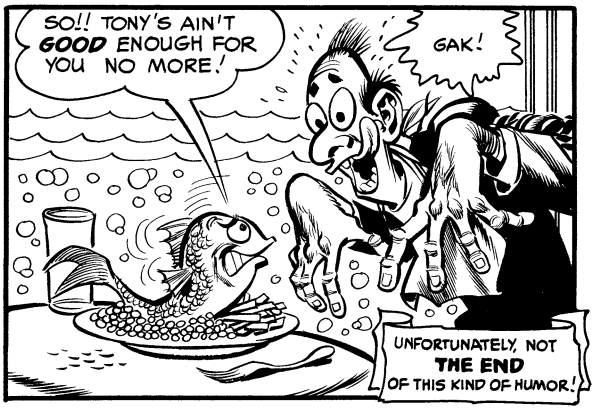


LAST SHAGGY DOG STORY: A STEADY PATRON AT TONY'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT ORDERED HIS FAVORITE DISH... BAKED MACKEREL. BUT WHEN IT WAS PUT BEFORE HIM, HE WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THE FISH LOOK UP AT HIM AND WINK...

HE PAID HIS CHECK AND HURRIEDLY LEFT. THREE DAYS LATER, HE DECIDED TO GIVE TONY'S ANOTHER CHANCE. AGAIN HE ORDERED BAKED MACKEREL. AGAIN THE SAME FISH WAS PLACED BEFORE HIM. AND AGAIN IT WINKED SLYLY AT HIM...



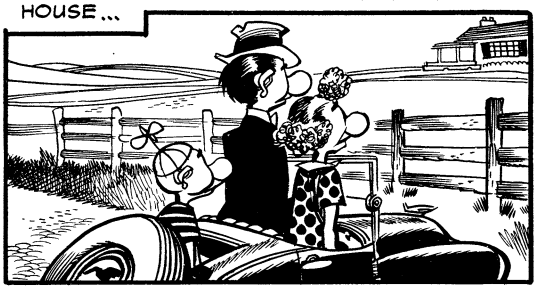
AGAIN HE LEFT, CONVINCED THAT TONY'S WAS A MENACE TO PUBLIC HEALTH. IT WAS A FULL SIX WEEKS BEFORE OUR HERO REGAINED HIS TASTE FOR SEAFOOD. BUT THIS TIME, HE WENT TO THE MOST EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT IN TOWN...



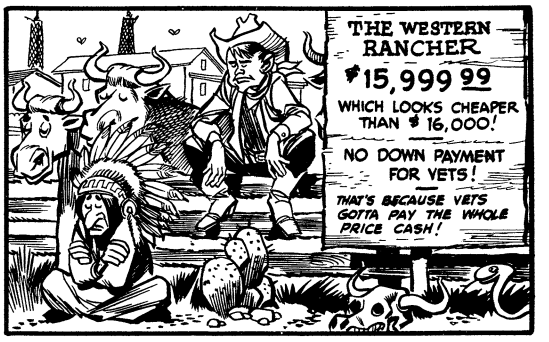
THE AMERICAN SCENE DEPT.: EVERY SUNDAY, A HUGE SEGMENT OF THE AMERICAN POPULATION TAKES A DISSATISFIED, DISGUSTED LOOK AROUND ITS HUMBLE ABODE, PACKS INTO THE FAMILY CAR, AND NOSES OUT ONTO HIGHWAYS JAMMED WITH NEVER-ENDING LINES OF TRAFFIC. SO LET'S FOLLOW A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THIS SEGMENT OF THE POPULATION, MR. AND MRS. JOHN Q. PUBLIC AND FAMILY, AS THEY JOIN IN ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF FREE WEEK-END PASTIMES...

HOUSE HUNTING!

THERE ARE MANY VARIED TYPES AND STYLES OF HOUSES BEING ERECTED BY IMAGINATIVE BUILDERS ALL OVER AMERICA TODAY. FOR EXAMPLE, THERE'S THE "RANCH STYLE" HOUSE... INSPIRED BY THE "ALL ON ONE FLOOR" EDIFICES THAT DOT OUR WESTERN RANGES. HERE WE SEE THE JOHN Q. PUBLIC'S ABOUT TO INSPECT A "RANCH STYLE" HOUSE...

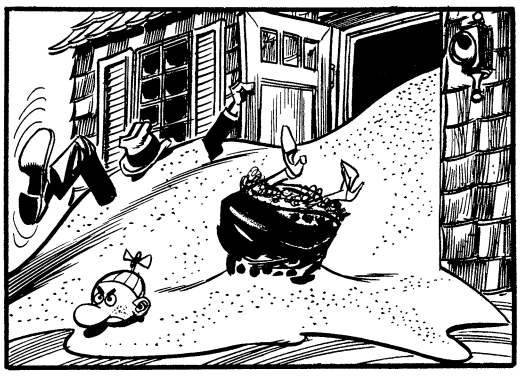


YOU CAN TELL A "RANCH STYLE" HOUSE BY ITS SHAPE ... AND THE CORRAL FENCE SURROUNDING IT. BUT MAINLY, YOU CAN TELL IT BY THE TEXAS CATTLE GRAZING ON THE FRONT LAWN...

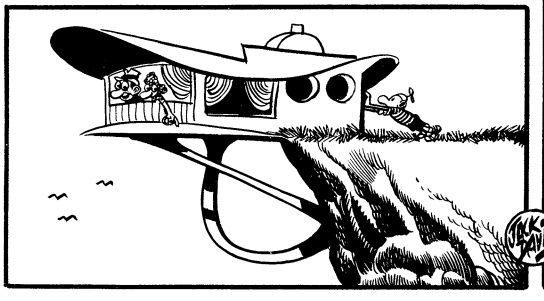

THE WESTERN RANCHER
$15,999.99
WHICH LOOKS CHEAPER THAN $16,000!
NO DOWN PAYMENT FOR VETS!
THAT'S BECAUSE VETS GOTTA PAY THE WHOLE PRICE CASH!

NEXT, WE HAVE THE "NEW ENGLAND SALT BOX". THIS TYPE HOUSE IS REMINISCENT OF THE SIMPLE-SHAPED COLONIAL STRUCTURES THAT ARE PREVALENT HERE IN NEW ENGLAND. HERE WE SEE THE JOHN Q. PUBLIC'S ABOUT TO DISCOVER WHY IT'S CALLED "NEW ENGLAND SALT BOX"...

IT'S CALLED A "NEW ENGLAND SALT BOX" MAINLY BECAUSE IT'S FILLED WITH SALT...



THE "AMERICAN MODERN" IS FAST BECOMING A COMMON SIGHT IN SUBURBAN AREAS. ITS SWEEPING, SEVERE LINES USUALLY EXTEND OUT OVER A HILLSIDE, RESTING UPON MODERN PYLONS. THIS IS AN ENGINEERING MARVEL TO THE JOHN Q. PUBLICS. THEY EXAMINE THE SUPPORTING PYLONS CLOSELY...

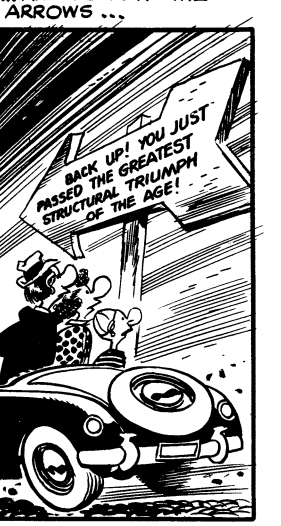


IN FACT, TOO CLOSELY! ONE GIVES WAY AND THE WHOLE MESS COLLAPSES...

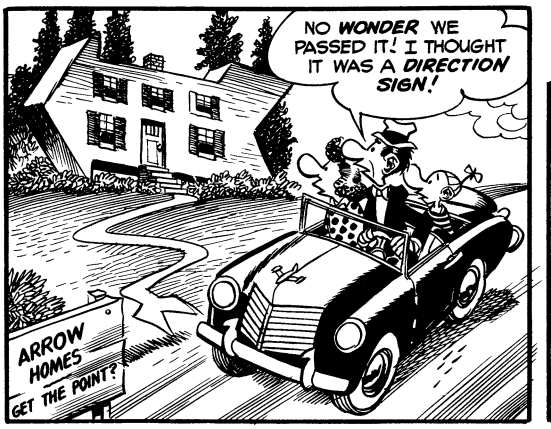
WHEN HOUSE HUNTING, THE FIRST PROBLEM ENCOUNTERED IS FINDING NEW HOUSES. THIS IS MADE SIMPLE FOR MR. AND MRS. JOHN Q. PUBLIC. SIGNS ARE ERECTED ALL OVER WHICH GIVE DIRECTIONS TO WHERE THEY'RE BUILDING. THE SIGN IS USUALLY IN THE FORM OF AN ARROW... LIKE THIS ONE...

HERE WE SEE MR. AND MRS. JOHN Q. PUBLIC AS THEY FOLLOW THE ARROWS...

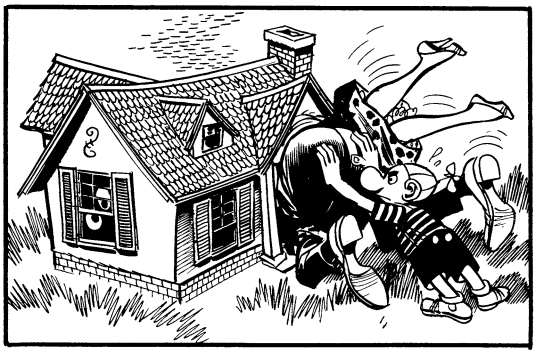
...AND FOLLOW THE ARROWS...



...TO A NEW TYPE HOUSE... SHAPED LIKE AN ARROW...

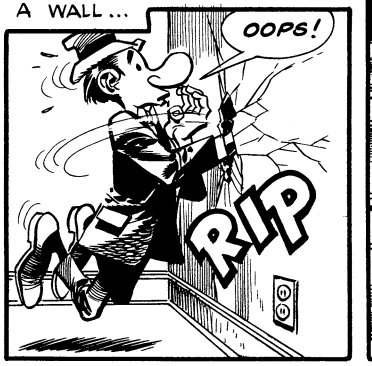


IT IS IMPORTANT, WHEN HOUSE HUNTING, THAT YOU KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR WHEN YOU INSPECT THE MODEL HOUSE. HERE WE SEE MR. AND MRS. JOHN Q. PUBLIC ENTERING A MODEL HOUSE. THEY'RE HAVING A TOUGH TIME MAINLY BECAUSE IT'S A SCALE MODEL...



CONSTRUCTION IS AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION. STUDS (THE UPRIGHT TIMBERS WITHIN THE WALLS) SHOULD BE NO MORE THAN 16 INCHES APART. HERE WE SEE MR. PUBLIC FINDING OUT IF THE STUDS ARE 10 INCHES APART. TO DO THIS, HE SIMPLY BREAKS OPEN A WALL...

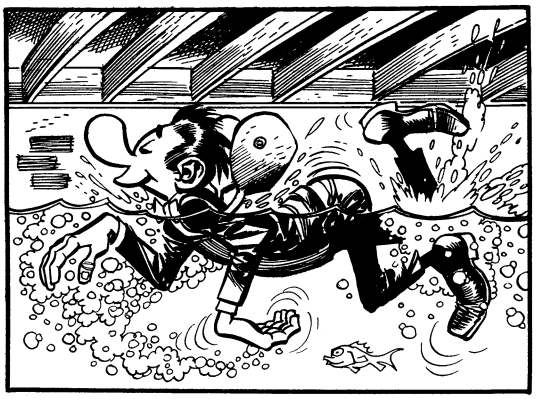
WALL CONSTRUCTION IS IMPORTANT. PLASTER WALLS ARE PREFERRED. LATELY, COMPOSITION BOARD HAS COME INTO WIDE USE. PAINT OR WALLPAPER IS THEN APPLIED OVER THESE. YOU CAN TELL WHETHER A WALL IS MADE OF PLASTER OR COMPOSITION BOARD BY RAPPING ON IT. HERE WE SEE MR. PUBLIC RAPPING ON A WALL...



SEEMS THIS BUILDER USED NEITHER ONE! HE JUST PUT WALLPAPER OVER THE STUDS! OH, WELL, MR. PUBLIC WANTED TO EXAMINE THE CELLAR ANYWAY...

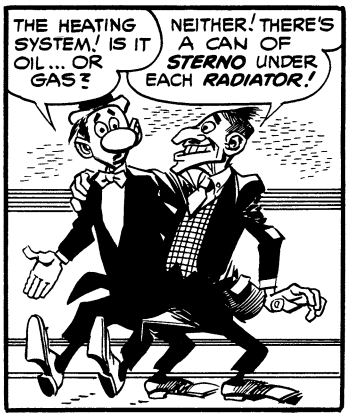
A DRY CELLAR IS A MUST FOR ANY WELL-CONSTRUCTED HOUSE. IF THE WATER TABLE IN THE AREA IS HIGH, THE CELLAR COULD FILL UP WITH WATER UNLESS THE FOUNDATION WALLS ARE WATERTIGHT. HERE WE SEE MR. PUBLIC EXAMINING THE CRACKS HE'S MADE IN THE CEMENT FLOOR...

AND HERE WE SEE HIM SWIMMING AROUND IN THE WATER THAT'S GUSHED IN THROUGH THE CRACKS HE'S MADE IN THE CEMENT FLOOR. LUCKY THING HE BROUGHT HIS WATER WINGS!



CLOSET SPACE IS ESSENTIAL CONSIDERING A NEW HOUSE. HERE WE SEE MRS. PUBLIC MARVELING AT THE LARGE STEP-IN CLOSET. BUT THE SELLING AGENT PUTS HER STRAIGHT...

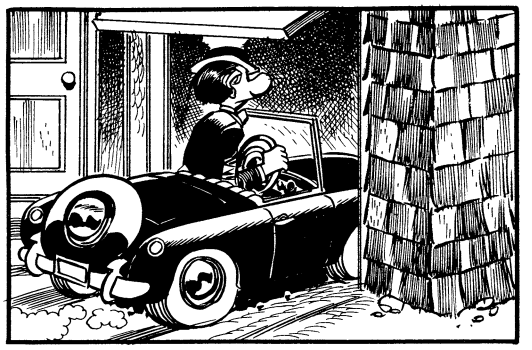
YOU'LL FIND A SELLING AGENT PRESENT AT EACH MODEL HOME YOU INSPECT. HE'S THERE TO ANSWER ANY TECHNICAL QUESTIONS YOU MIGHT HAVE. MR. PUBLIC ALWAYS TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THIS...



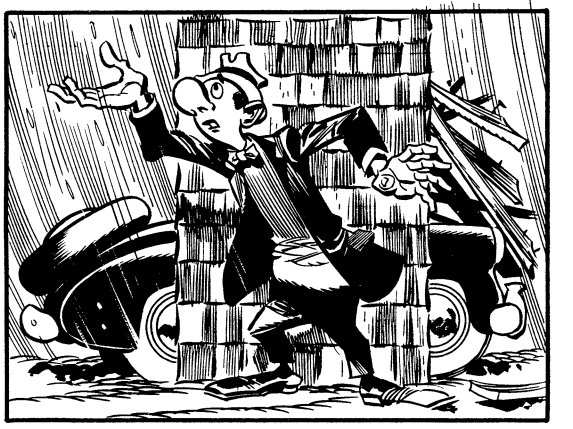
MOST HOUSES TODAY FEATURE MORE THAN ONE BATH. MRS. PUBLIC NOTICED THAT THIS HOUSE ADVERTISED ONE-AND-A-HALF BATHS! SHE ASKS TO SEE THEM...

YOU MUST ALWAYS EXAMINE THE ADVERTISED APPLIANCES. DISHWASHERS, CLOTHES WASHERS, CLOTHES DRYERS, ETC., ARE ALL DESIRABLE, BUT MAKE SURE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING... AS MRS. PUBLIC IS DOING HERE...

ALTHOUGH MANY HOUSES TODAY INCLUDE A SIMPLE CARPORT, THERE IS A DISADVANTAGE TO THIS. THE FAMILY CAR IS EXPOSED TO THE ELEMENTS. AN ENCLOSED GARAGE IS THEREFORE PREFERRED. HERE WE SEE MR. JOHN Q. PUBLIC TRYING OUT THE MODEL GARAGE BY DRIVING HIS CAR RIGHT IN...

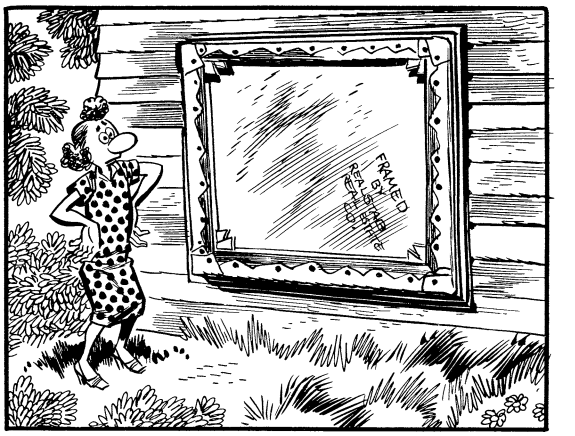


...AND DISCOVERING THAT THIS GARAGE IS NO BETTER THAN A CARPORT, MAINLY BECAUSE IT'S TOO SHORT FOR THE CAR...



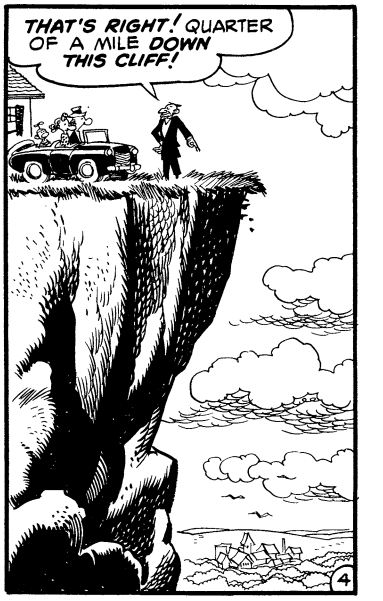
ALWAYS EXAMINE THE MODEL HOUSE CAREFULLY, BOTH INSIDE AND OUT. HERE WE SEE MRS. JOHN. Q. PUBLIC EXAMINING THE PICTURE WINDOW FROM THE INSIDE...

...AND DISCOVERING, FROM THE OUTSIDE, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS... A PICTURE!

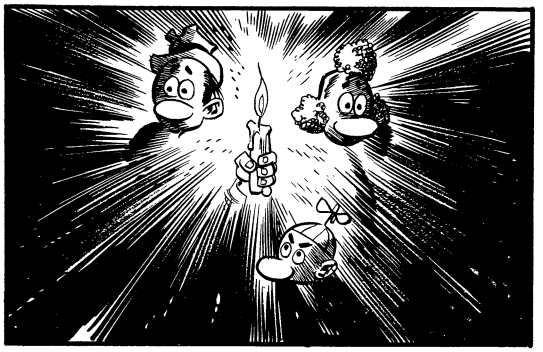


A PROXIMITY TO SHOPPING, THE STATION, AND SCHOOLS IS ESSENTIAL FOR THE NEW HOME. THE SELLING AGENT WILL GIVE YOU THIS INFORMATION. ALWAYS CHECK!

ALWAYS CHECK THE SELLING AGENT'S STORY, THAT IS... AS THE PUBLICS HAVE JUST DONE...

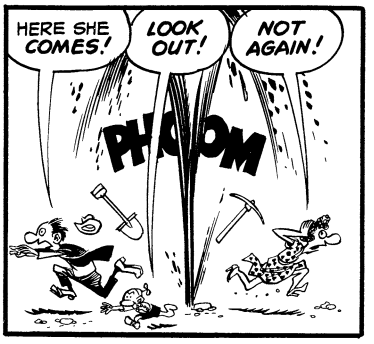


HOW THE UTILITIES OF A HOUSE ARE TO BE RUN IS IMPORTANT IN CONSIDERING ITS PURCHASE. FOR EXAMPLE, THE PUBLICS HAVE FRIENDS WHO BOUGHT AN ALL-ELECTRIC HOUSE. THE **REFRIGERATOR** WAS ELECTRIC. YEP, YOU GUESSED IT! WHEN THEY MOVED IN, THEY HAD QUITE A TIME OF IT. SEEMS THE ELECTRIC COMPANY HADN'T COME INTO THAT NECK OF THE WOODS YET...



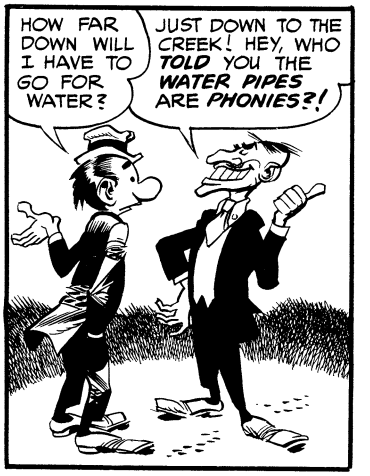
A WOOD-BURNING FIREPLACE IS A POPULAR FEATURE OF MANY NEW HOMES TODAY. THE PUBLICS ALWAYS CHECK WOOD-BURNING FIREPLACES. SEEMS THESE SAME FRIENDS OF THEIRS HAD ONE. WHEN THEY LIT IT TO KEEP WARM, THEY ALMOST SUFFOCATED FROM THE SMOKE! NO CHIMNEY!

WATER TAXES ARE A BIG ITEM IN BUDGETING FOR A NEW HOUSE. SOMETIMES, TO CUT EXPENSES, DRILLING A WELL FOR LAWN-WATERING IS ADVISABLE. THE PUBLICS FRIENDS RAN INTO TROUBLE HERE, TOO. THEIR HOUSE WAS IN TEXAS, AND EVERY TIME THEY DRILLED FOR WATER, THEY WERE FRUSTRATED!

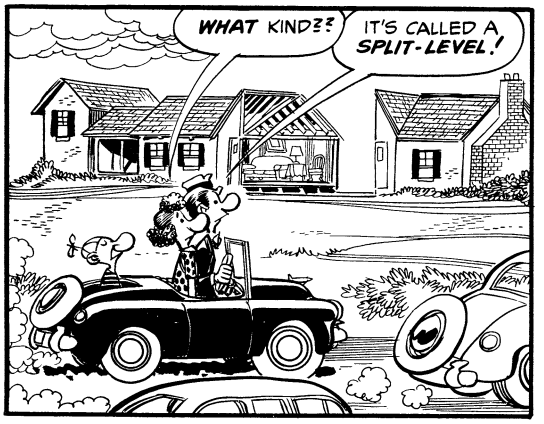


SEEMS, INSTEAD OF WATER, THEY JUST KEPT HITTING COMMON OLD ***OIL!***

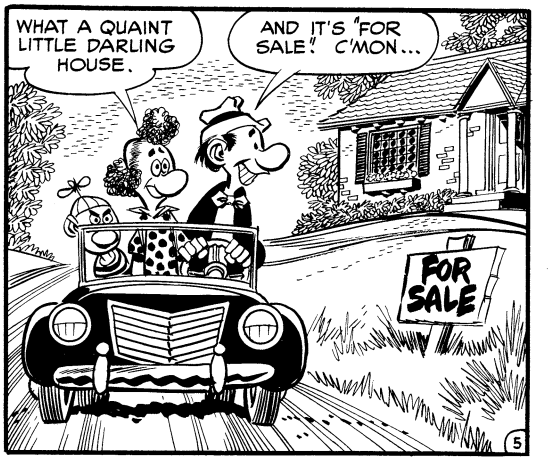
SO MR. PUBLIC ALWAYS CHECKS THE WATER SITUATION WITH THE SELLING AGENT...



AND SO, AS THE SUN CREEPS SLOWLY, LIKE THE TRAFFIC BELOW, ACROSS THE SUNDAY SKY, MR. AND MRS. JOHN Q. PUBLIC MOVE FROM MODEL TO MODEL... HOUSE HUNTING...'



FINALLY, WORKING HOMEWARD, A "FOR SALE" SIGN CATCHES THEIR TIRED DISILLUSIONED EYES...



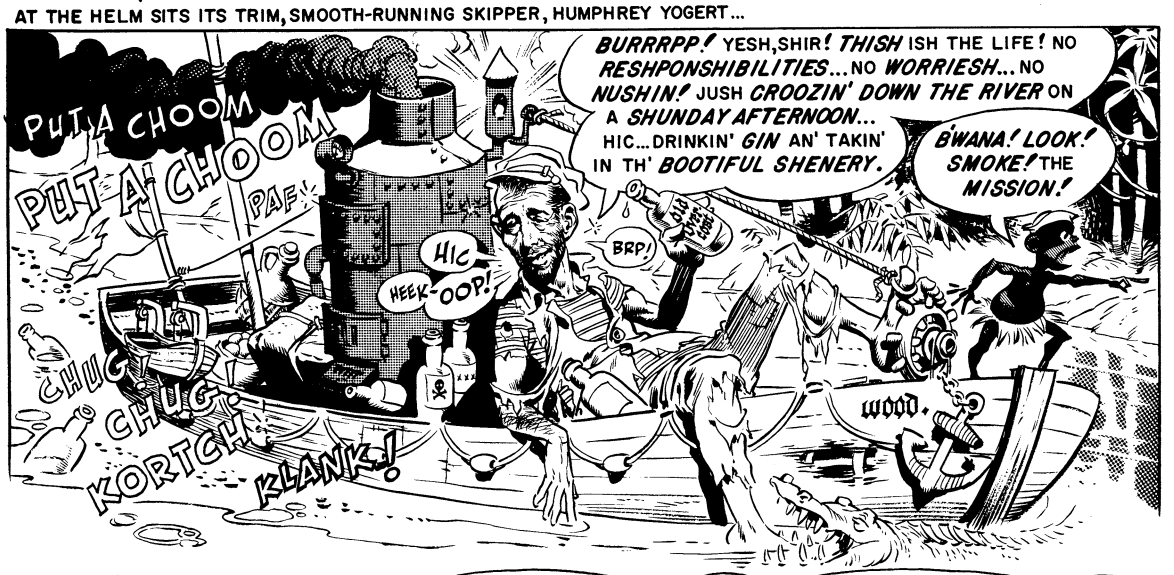
WILDLY, THE PUBLIC FAMILY RUSH INTO THE HOUSE, SCARCELY BELIEVING THEIR EYES...

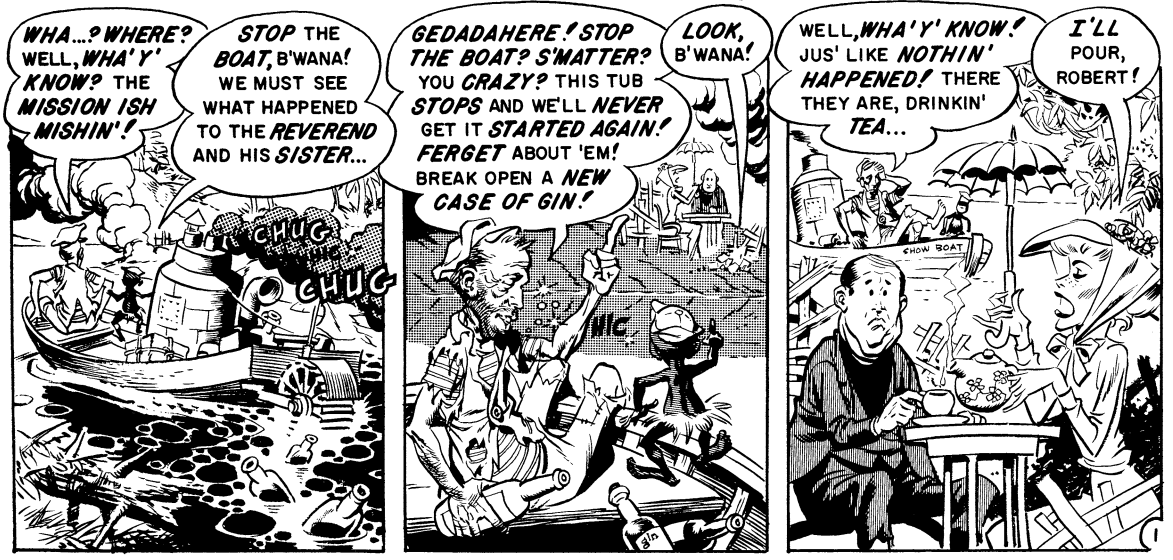
SOLID PLASTER WALLS!
REAL DISHWASHER!
WATER-TIGHT FOUNDATION! REAL STEEL BEAM SUPPORTS!
OIL HEAT! A REAL WASHING MACHINE! A REAL CLOTHES DRIER!
A REAL PICTURE WINDOW!
LOOKIT THAT LARGE GARAGE!
A REAL WOOD-BURNING FIRE-PLACE... WITH A CHIMNEY!
HUGE CLOSETS!
THIS PLACE IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
WHERE'S THE AGENT?
YOU CAN'T BUY THIS PLACE, POP!
WHY CAN'T I? FOR EIGHTEEN SUN-DAYS NOW, I BEEN KNOCKING MYSELF OUT HOUSE HUNTING! NOW, WHEN I FINALLY FIND A PLACE, YOU SAY I CAN'T BUY IT! WHY CAN'T I BUY IT? WHY!
YOU CAN'T BUY IT, POP... BECAUSE YOU ALREADY OWN IT!
THIS IS OUR HOUSE, POP!
WELL, I'LL BE FARBLUNJITTA!
THE END
6

HIGH-ADVENTURE MOVIES DEPT. (ACADAMY AWARD DIVISION): THEY'VE GOT A *NEW SUCCESS FORMULA* IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS. IF THEY WANT TO MAKE A PICTURE ABOUT THE *ARCTIC*, THEY DON'T CLUTTER UP SOME CALIFORNIA LOT WITH *PLASTER ICEBERGS*. THEY GO *DIRECTLY* TO THE *NORTH POLE* AND *FREEZE* THEIR ASSISTANT DIRECTORS. IF THEY WANT TO MAKE A PICTURE ABOUT A LOST PATROL DYING OF THIRST IN THE *DESERT*, THEY DON'T SPREAD SEVENTEEN TONS OF *SAND* FROM MALIBU BEACH OVER THE SOUNDSTAGE. THEY PACK OFF TO THE *SAHARA* AND *BAKE* THEIR HAMS. IT WORKS *EVERY TIME*. THIS AUTHENTIC REALISM *STARTED* A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK WHEN SOMEBODY FOUND AN OLD *STANLEY STEAMER BOILER*, BUILT A *BOAT* AROUND IT, SENT *HUMPHREY YOGERT* AND *KATHERINE HEARTBURN* TO THE *DARK CONTINENT* AND MADE THE OSCAR-WINNING...

African Scream!

1914. A TRIM, SMOOTH-RUNNING PACKET MOVES SWIFTLY UP A PLACID PICTURESQUE RIVER, DEEP IN DARKEST AFRICA. AT THE HELM SITS ITS TRIM, SMOOTH-RUNNING SKIPPER, HUMPHREY YOGERT...




WHA...? WHERE? WELL, WHA' Y' KNOW? THE MISSION ISH MISHIN'!
STOP THE BOAT, B'WANA! WE MUST SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REVEREND AND HIS SISTER...
CHUG
CHUG
GEDADAHERE! STOP THE BOAT? S'MATTER? YOU CRAZY? THIS TUB STOPS AND WE'LL NEVER GET IT STARTED AGAIN! FERGET ABOUT 'EM! BREAK OPEN A NEW CASE OF GIN!
LOOK, B'WANA!
HIC
WELL, WHA' Y' KNOW! JUS' LIKE NOTHIN' HAPPENED! THERE THEY ARE, DRINKIN' TEA...
I'LL POUR, ROBERT!
SHOW BOAT

AH, GOOD AFTER-NOON, MR. YOGERT. SIT DOWN. HAVE SOME TEA AND CRUMPETS!
DON' MIND IF I DO, MA'AM! ER... WHAT HAPPENED AROUND HERE, ANYHOO?
THE GERMANS, MR. YOGERT! THEY CAME AND BURNED OUR VILLAGE AND TORE UP OUR VEGETABLE GARDENS AND DRAHGGED AWFF OUR WOMEN AND KILLED AWFF OUR MEN! ONE LUMP OR TWO?
ER...ONE! BURRRPP! 'SCUSE ME, MA'AM. I MUST BE HUNGRY...
GRUP
GRRAWWR
MEEOOP
GROWL
THEY BURNED THE CHURCH AND RAWN-SACKED THE HOUSE AND TOOK EVERYTHING OF VALUE! THEY TRIED TO ASSAWLT ME, BUT ROBERT, DEAR, DROVE THEM AWFF. HAVE A CRUMPET, MR. YOGERT?
THANKS, MA'AM! BURRRPP! THAT WAS PRETTY BRAVE OF YOU, ROBERT! ROBERT? HEY, YOUR BROTHER'S AWFULLY QUIET!
OUGHT TO BE! DEAD, YOU KNOW!
PHTOOEY!!
KOF! KOF!
BURP
IT IS WAHR, MR. YOGURT... WAHR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY. I AM NEEDED BACK HOME. THERE ARE BAWNDAGES TO ROLL. I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME DOWN THE RIVAW... TO MOGAMBO...
YIPE! LOOK, MA'AM! IT'S ZAMBAGO! NOT MOGAMBO! STOP PLUGGIN' OTHER PICTURES, HUH!
AWFULLY SORRY! I LOST MY HEAD! IT'S THIS BLAWSTED HEAT. SHAWL WE GO ON? I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME DOWN THE RIVAW... TO LUMBAGO.
LUMBAGO! FMMPH! THIS BROAD IS A PAIN! BUT IF I DON'T AGREE TO TAKE HER... THERE AIN'T NO PITCHER... SO...
CUT!
ALL RIGHT, MA'AM! I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN THE RIVER TO ZAMBAGO. BUT FIRST, DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO BURY POOR ROBERT?
EXCELLENT THAWT! YOU DO THAT, MR. YOGERT, WHILE I WHASH AWAY THE DISHES!
CRAZY BROAD! NOW LOOK WHAT I GOT MYSELF INTO! WHY DON'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT? A PRUDE LIKE HER... ON MY L'IL OL' TUG! BURRRPP! WHAT A SITUATION!
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND... TUM-TUM-TA-TUM TUM-TUM...
STAR BOARD
2

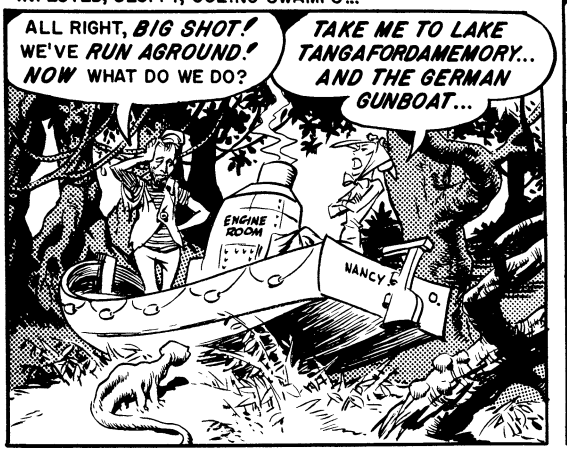
WELL, MR. YOGERT! I AM WAITING!
HEH, HEH! BURPP! SOMETIMES SHE GETS A LITTLE TEMPERAMENTAL, MA'AM, AND DON' WANT TO START!
BUT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TWIST THIS GADGET HERE...
UHH!
...AND BANG THIS DOODAD HERE...
KLUNK!
... AND SLAM THIS THINGAMAJIG HERE...
BASH!
...AND KICK IT...
KA WOMP!
...AND STAMP ON IT...
OOF
GRUNCH!
...AND SMASH IT...
KRUMF!
... AN'... HEH, HEH... SOMETIMES... SHE STARTS!
WELL, MR. YOGERT! I AM WAITING!
TSSS
LOOK, BABY! DON'T GET SARCASTIC WITH ME. IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS TUB, YOU CAN WALK. THERE AIN'T ANOTHER BOAT IN THIS AREA... EXCEPT THE GERMAN GUNBOAT DOWN ON LAKE TOOKARUMBALESSON...
A GERMAN GUNBOAT, MR. YOGERT! HOW VEDDY INTERESTING!
ISN'T THIS DYNAMITE YOU'RE CARRYING, MR. YOGERT? WOULDN'T IT BE POSSIBLE TO SINK THE GERMAN GUNBOAT ON LAKE TANGORUMBASAMBA WITH AWL THIS DAWLING DYNAMITE?
NOW LOOK WHAT I GOT MYSELF INTO! WHY DON'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT!
GRRR
STAR BOARD
PORT
3

ARE YOU CRAZY, MA'AM? LOOK AT THIS MAP! LAKE LEARNADOODAMAMBO IS SIX HUNDRED MILES DOWN-STREAM THROUGH RAPIDS AND SWAMPS AND PAST A GERMAN FORT. WE'D NEVER MAKE IT. ARE YOU CRAZY?
ARE YOU AFRAID, MR. YOGERT?
OSCAR? OSCAR!
WHO? ME? ME, AFRAID? HUMPHREY YOGERT... AFRAID OF RAPIDS AND SWAMPS AND GERMAN FORTS?
YOU'RE DARN RIGHT!
WHERE'S MY GIN?
I HAVE HIDDEN YOUR GIN, MR. YOGERT. I WILL LET YOU HAVE YOUR GIN IF YOU HELP ME SINK THAT GERMAN GUNBOAT!
THIS BROAD IS SOME PAIN! BUT IF I DON'T AGREE TO HELP HER ...THERE AIN'T NO PITCHER... SO...
WELL, MA'AM. WE'RE ON OUR WAY... TO SINK THE GERMAN GUNBOAT!
CAWL ME KATE, MR. YOGERT! AND I WILL CAWL YOU HUMPHREY!
DANGER
STOP
YOU FOOL, YOU!
RAPID RAPIDS
OSCAR II
CHEESE... WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO TO WIN AN ACADAMY AWARD! NOW WE'RE CALLIN' EACH OTHER BY OUR FIRST NAMES. THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, I'LL BE MAKIN' LOVE T'THIS STIFF!
HUMPHREY! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR ARE WE NOT APPROACHING SEETHING BOILING TREACHEROUS RAPIDS?
LAST CHANCE
SO LONG SUCKER!
YOU AIN'T SEEIN' THINGS, KATE! HOLD ON TO YOUR BONNET... WE'RE IN FOR A TOSSIN' AROUND!
I HAVE A STRANGE SENSATION... HERE... A BUBBLING FLUTTER... A TINGLING GLOW... A PAINFUL THROBBING IN ANTICIPATION OF A NEW AND UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE...
NUTS! YOU'RE... SEASICK... BABY!
I SAY! THIS IS JOLLY!
GLUG!
PTAF
LAUREN B. CALM
4

GASP... GASP... WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! WHEW!
WHAT A DELIGHTFULLY EXHILARATING EXPERIENCE, HUMPHREY! WEREN'T YOU THRILLED? WEREN'T YOU STIMULATED? WEREN'T YOU...
STIMULATED? BURRPP! I WAS SCARED STIFF! C'MON, KATE! LE'ME HAVE A SWIG O' GIN!
THE GUNBOAT, HUMPHREY! AFTER WE SINK THE GUNBOAT!
TOTE THAT BARL
LIFT THAT BALE
AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH UP ON THE TOWERING CLIFFS OVERLOOKING THE RIVER...
OBERLEUTNANT! KIM TERR HINE!
VAS ES LOS?
DIG DAS GESHTUNKINDER CHRIS-CRAFT...
KRAUT
DON'T LOOK NOW, KATE! THERE'S THE GERMAN FORT!
I SAY! AGAIN I FEEL THAT STRANGE SENSATION... THAT BUBBLING FLUTTER... THAT TINGLING GLOW... THAT PAINFUL THROBBING IN ANTICIPATION OF A NEW AND UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE...
GROANN
GRAWRR
GROWL!
WHAT YOU GOT IS INDIGESTION FROM THEM CRUMMY CRUMPETS, BABY!
ACHTUNG! VE MUST GESHTOPPIN DAS GESHTUNKINDER CHRIS-CRAFT! FIRE AT VILL!
BROMO SELTZER
BROMO SELTZER
HOLLY WOOD
GET DOWN, KATE! THE BOCHES ARE SHOOTIN'...
I BEG YOUR PAWDON!
ZIP
ZOINGG
I SAID BOCHES!
OH!
SPAT!
ZANG!
GET DOWN!
WHAT!? AND MISS THIS EXHILERATING EXPERIENCE? OH, NO! NOT... Y!!!!!!
SCREEE
P-TEENG
I SAY! THAT WAS CLOSE!
BURRPP!
ZIP
WEEEE
5

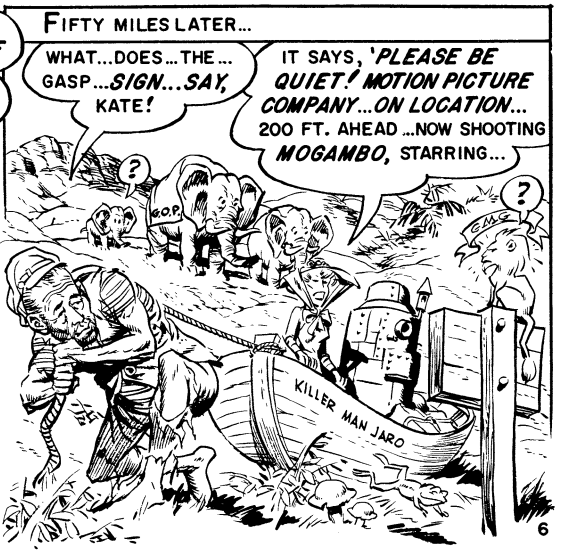
DUMBKOFFS! SHTUPID SKVARES! DAS GESHTUNK-INDER PUTTPUTT ESHCAPEN GAGONGIN!
DAG FURSCHTUNKIN SHMOKING
MOTHER COME HOME. WE FOUND YOUR OSCAR.
DEUTSCH-LAND UBER ALLES
BUT, HERR OBER-LEUTNANT! YOU GERSHAID, "FIRE AT VILL..."
UND LOOKIE GERHERE! VILL IS KAPUT! ISS DAS NOT GUTT GASHOOTEN?

AND THEN...THE SWAMPS...THE STINKING, MOSQUITO-INFESTED, SLOPPY, OOZING SWAMPS...


ALL RIGHT, BIG SHOT! WE'VE RUN AGROUND! NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
TAKE ME TO LAKE TANGAFORDAMEMORY... AND THE GERMAN GUNBOAT...
ENGINE ROOM
NANCY L.

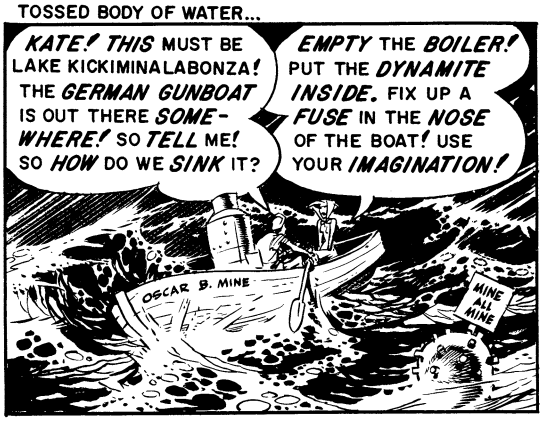
HOW? TELL ME HOW! IT'S THAT WAY...OVERLAND...TWO... MAYBE THREE HUNDRED MILES. HOW DO I TAKE YOU THERE...GET OUT AND PULL?
AN EXCELLENT THAWT! WELL, MR. YOGERT! I AM WAITING...

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND... TA-TUM-TUM-TA-TA-TA...
CRAZY BROAD! NOW LOOK WHAT I GOT MYSELF INTO! WHY DON'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...
23 SKIDOO


FIFTY MILES LATER...
WHAT...DOES...THE... GASP...SIGN...SAY, KATE!
IT SAYS, 'PLEASE BE QUIET! MOTION PICTURE COMPANY...ON LOCATION... 200 FT. AHEAD ...NOW SHOOTING MOGAMBO, STARRING...
G.O.P.
KILLER MAN JARO
6

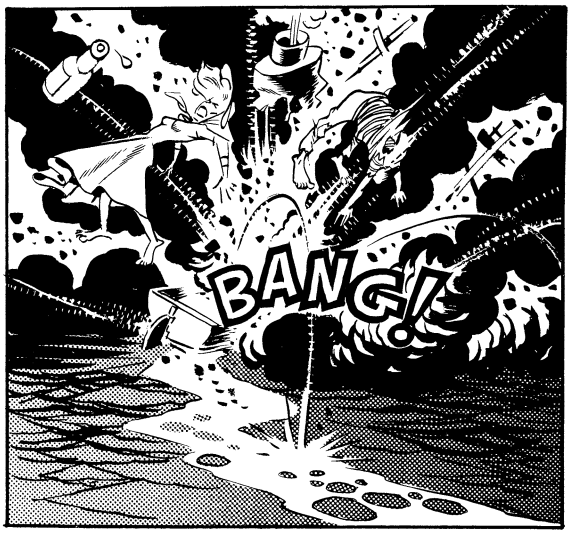
CRAZY DAME! ALWAYS PLUGGIN' THE COMPETITION'S PICTURES...
I SAY, MR. YOGERT! WHAT ARE THOSE LITTLE ROUND THINGS ALL OVER YOU?
?
FULTONE FOLLY
LITTLE ROUND THINGS? WHERE? I DON'T... OOOOOOHH!
WHAT ARE THEY, MR. YOGERT?
OOOOOOHH! HOW HORRIBLE!
WHAT ARE THEY?
OOOOHHHH! E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB PINS!
ONE HUNDRED MILES LATER...
WONDER...GASP...CHOKE... WHERE WE...GASP... ARE?
WHY NOT ASK THAT SAVAGE-LOOKING CANNIBAL WITH THE SHIELD AND SPEAR WHO IS COMING THIS WAY...
BWANA EVIL
HEY, BUB! CAN YOU TELL ME... GASP...HOW FAR WE ARE FROM...GASP... LAKE KWITCHERBELLIAKIN?
SEARCH ME, PAL. I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF. MY AGENT SAID THEY WERE LOOKING FOR CANNIBALS! ANY IDEA WHERE THEY'RE SHOOTIN' MOGAMBO?
NOAH ZARK
TWO HUNDRED MILES LATER...
IT'S NO USE, KATE! I'M...GASP... DONE FOR...GASP. I'M THROUGH! I CAN'T GO ONE STEP...GASP... FURTHER! I'M...GASP... DYIN'!
COME INSIDE AND HAVE SOME TEA, BEFORE YOU DO, HUMPHREY!
HMS PECULIAR
AND THEN...
KATE! IT'S RAININ'! IT'S RAININ'! THE OL' TUB IS FLOATIN'! WE'RE ON OUR WAY AGAIN...
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND... DA-DA-DEE-DUM-DUM-DUM...
7

THE MONSOON SWEPT DOWN UPON THEM, LASHING OUT IN ALL ITS FURY, CREATING SWIRLING EDDIES THAT POURED INTO LARGER STREAMS THAT SWEPT THEIR FRAGILE BOAT DOWNWARD INTO A STORM-TOSSED BODY OF WATER...


KATE! THIS MUST BE LAKE KICKIMINALABONZA! THE GERMAN GUNBOAT IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE! SO TELL ME! SO HOW DO WE SINK IT?
EMPTY THE BOILER! PUT THE DYNAMITE INSIDE. FIX UP A FUSE IN THE NOSE OF THE BOAT! USE YOUR IMAGINATION!
OSCAR B. MINE
MINE ALL MINE

WHAT!? BLOW UP MY L'IL OL' TUB? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I LOVE THIS L'IL 'OL TUB! I BEEN THROUGH THICK AN' THIN WITH IT! NO,SIR! YOU AIN'T GONNA MAKE ME BLOW... UP...THE... SLURRP...
I SAVED ONE BOTTLE OF GIN FOR YOU, HUMPHREY! HERE IT IS... WAITING... WAITING FOR YOU...
BOING!
BOSUN BIRD
Old Arm-Pit
PRESSURE COOKER

WE'RE BEARIN' DOWN ON IT, KATIE! WE'RE GONNA HIT IT!
OH, THAT STRANGE SENSATION... THAT BUBBLING FLUTTER... THAT TINGLING GLOW! AM I GLAD I DRANK ALL THE REST OF THAT... HIC... GIN...

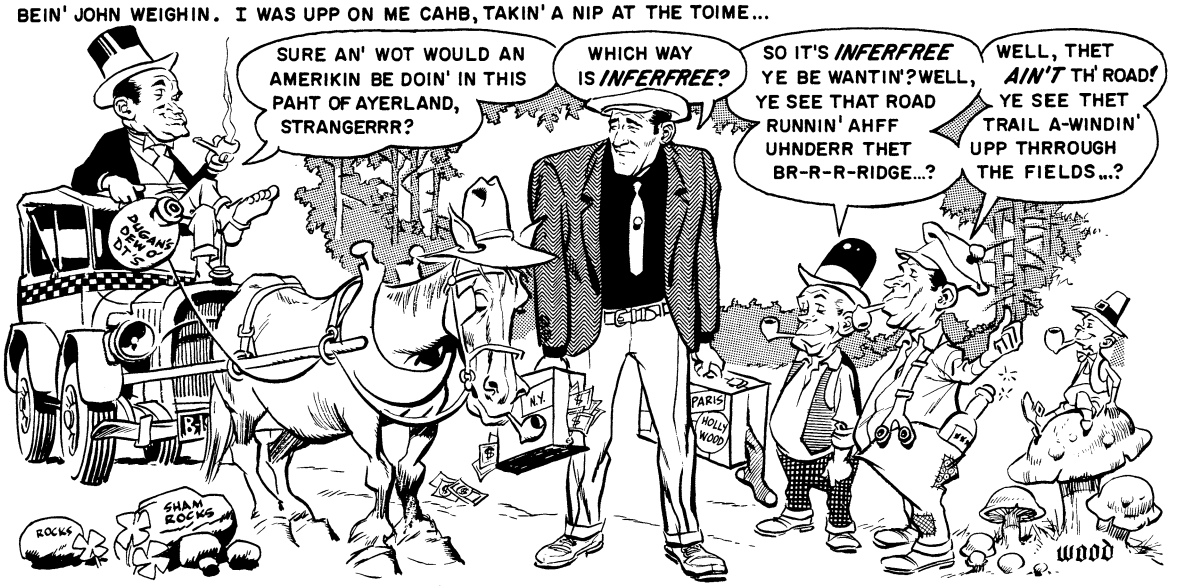


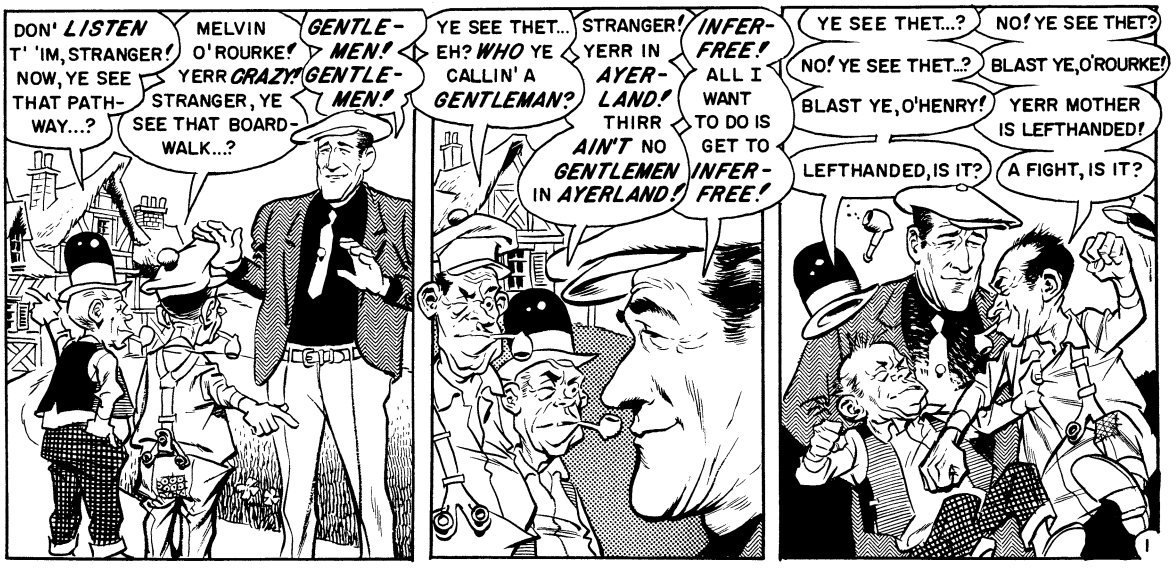
WE DID IT, BABY! WE DID IT! WE SUNK THE GERMAN GUNBOAT...
LOOK, HUMPHREY! HERE'S THE CAPTAIN! TOO BAD, CAPTAIN! TOO BAD WE SUNK YOUR GUNBOAT...
WHAT GUNBOAT? THAT WAS A STATEN ISLAND FERRY!
THE END

REALISTIC, PHOTOGRAPHED-ON-THE-SPOT, DIALECT-AND-ALL MOVIES DEPT. (TECHNICOLOR, MOSTLY GREEN, 'CAUSE IT'S ABOUT THE IRISH! DIVISION): REMEMBER "AFRICAN SCREAM"? THEY WENT TO AFRICA TO MAKE THAT ONE. REMEMBER "QUO VITALIS"? THEY TRAVELLED RIGHT TO ROME TO SHOOT THAT MESS. AND THEN THERE WAS "DESTINATION MOON"! WELL, COUPLE YEARS AGO, SOME BRIGHT PRODUCER ROUNDED UP ALL THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN HOLLYWOOD THAT SPOKE WITH A BROGUE AND SHIPPED 'EM OFF TO IRELAND ... FED 'EM MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER, GARNISHED WITH OVERALLS... PAID THEM OFF WITH POTATO JOY-JUICE... AND CAME UP WITH THIS BRAWL. SO, SURE AN' GIT READY TO STICK OUT YERR CHIN, STRETCH YERR LIPS INTO A LEERING SMILE, AND READ THE HEART-WAR-R-R-MIN, SHILLELAGH-SLINGIN' FOIN BROTH OF A FILM CAHLED...

THE QUITE-A-MAN!

TOP O' TH' MARNIN' T' YE! ME NOIME IS BERRY FITSGERRY. OI'M THE CAHB DRIVER BOOKIE, AND *SHAUGRAUN*... WHICH IS THE MATCH-MAKER ORR MARRIAGE BROKERRR... CUMINLY KNOWN AS THE *SHADCHEN* FERR THE LITTLE AYRISH TOWN OF *INFERFREE*. IT TALL STAHRTED WHEN THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN FRUM DUBLIN FOINALLY PULLED INTA CASTLEROOK STAYSHUN NOIN HOURS LAYTE (WHICH IS GOOD TOIME FOR THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN) AND HIMSELF GOT AHFF... HIMSELF BEIN' JOHN WEIGHIN. I WAS UPP ON ME CAHB, TAKIN' A NIP AT THE TOIME...


SURE AN' WOT WOULD AN AMERIKIN BE DOIN' IN THIS PAHT OF AYERLAND, STRANGERRR?
WHICH WAY IS *INFERFREE*?
SO IT'S *INFERFREE* YE BE WANTIN'? WELL, YE SEE THAT ROAD RUNNIN' AHFF UHNDERR THET BR-R-R-RIDGE...?
WELL, THET *AIN'T* TH' ROAD! YE SEE THET TRAIL A-WINDIN' UPP THRROUGH THE FIELDS...?
PUGANS DEW DIT-SO
N.Y.
PARIS
HOLLY WOOD
ROCKS
SHAM ROCKS
WOOD

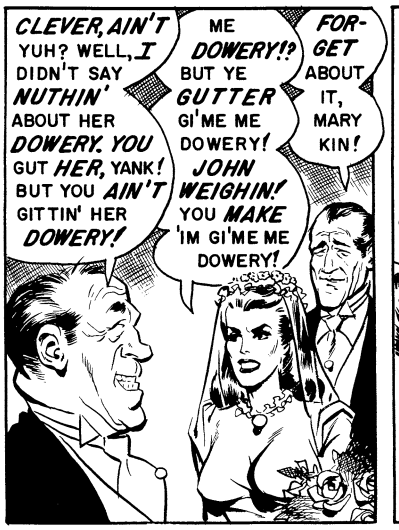

DON' *LISTEN* T' 'IM, STRANGER! NOW, YE SEE THAT PATH-WAY...?
MELVIN O'ROURKE! YERR *CRAZY!* STRANGER, YE SEE THAT BOARD-WALK...?
GENTLE-MEN! *GENTLE-MEN!*
YE SEE THET... EH? *WHO* YE CALLIN' A *GENTLEMAN?*
STRANGER! YERR IN *AYER-LAND!* THIRR *AIN'T* NO *GENTLEMEN* IN *AYERLAND!*
INFER-FREE! ALL I WANT TO DO IS GET TO *INFER-FREE!*
YE SEE THET...? NO! YE SEE THET?
NO! YE SEE THET...? BLAST YE, O'ROURKE!
BLAST YE, O'HENRY! YERR MOTHER IS LEFTHANDED!
LEFTHANDED, IS IT? A FIGHT, IS IT?

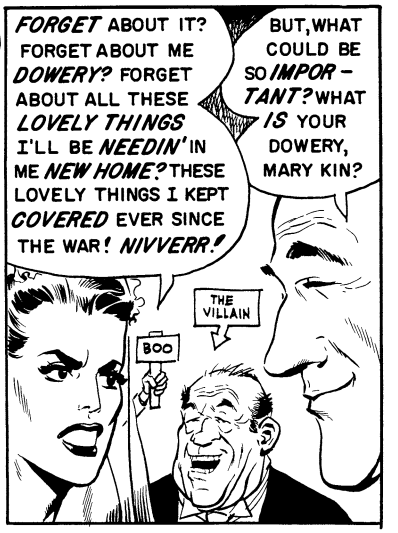
LOOK! ALL I WANT IS INFERFREE!
THIS IS OURR FIGHT, STRANGER!
IF YE WANT IN, YE'LL HAVE TO PAY! NOBODY GITS INTA A GOOD AYRISH BRAWL FER FREE!
ERIN GO BRAW
THE AULD SOD
SO, SEEIN' ME OPPORTUNITY, OI CLIMBS AAFF ME CAHB AN' TAHKES THE STRANGER'S BAHGS...
HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE WITH THOSE...
SHURR AN' OI'M ASKIN' YE NICELY NOW. IF'N YE BE WANTIN' T' GIT TO INFER-FREE...
...KINDLY BE TAHKIN' YERR FERSHLIGGINERRR HANDS AHFFA ME AN' CLOIMB UP IN ME CAHB WHICH IS FER HIRE...
NYC
ERIN OR BUST
ON TH' WAY T' INFERFREE, THE STRANGER SPIES TH' LOVELY COL-LEEN, MARY KIN O'HURA, TENDIN' HER BRITHER'S HERD...
WOW! WEE! VA-VA-VA-VOOM! STOP THE CAB, FITZGERRY!
IF YE BE TAHKIN' AN' OL' MAN'S ADVICE, MR. WEIGHIN, YE'LL BE MIGHTY CAREFUL.
?
Irish
POTATOES
LOOK AT HER SOFT BROWN EYES, FITZGERRY... HER SHAPELY LEGS... HER FULL BODY. DID YOU EVER, IN ALL YOUR LIFE, SEE SUCH A HUNK OF MEAT LIKE HER?
HER BRITHER'S GOT HIMSELF AN AWFUL TIMPER, MR. WEIGHIN... AN' IF HE SEES YE AS MICH AS LOOKIN' AT MARY KIN...
WHAT MARY KIN!? I'M LOOKIN' AT THAT BROWN AND WHITE COW! MAN! WHAT STEAKS SHE'D MAKE!
SHURR AN' YERR AYRISH, AIN'T YE, MR. WEIGHIN?
AN' THIN WE CUM T' HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN', THE COTTAGE WHAT'S BEEN STANDIN' IMPTY FER NEARLY THIRRTY YEERRRS...
SO THAT'S IT, EH, FITZ-GERRY? THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN? THAT'S THE PLACE I TRAVELLED FIVE THOUSAND MILES TO BUY AND SETTLE DOWN IN?
SHURR IS A FERSH-LIGGINERRR DUMP, EH? WELL, NOBODY AHSKED YUH T' COME! NOBODY TWISTED YERR ARM. NOBODY...
COME BACK TO ERIN, SHANE!
LOOK, CRUMB. IF I DON'T COME... IF I DON'T WANT TO BUY THE PLACE... IF I DON'T WANT TO SETTLE DOWN... THERE AIN'T NO PICTURE! SO LET'S GET ON WITH IT! WHO OWNS THE HOVEL NOW?
THE WIDDER NITWIT! MIL-DRED NITWIT! AN' RED WILL KIN O'HURA, MARY'S BRITHER, 'AS BEEN AFTER THET PLACE FOR THIRTY YEARS NOW. SO, IF YE GIT HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN', HE GITS MAD, AND... WELL, LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS THE FERSH-LIGGINERRR PLOT!
2

SO THETS HOW JOHN WEIGHIN CUM T' INFERFREE. AN' IT WUZ TH' VERRY NIXT DAY THET HE PAID THE WIDDER NITWIT A CALL ...
WHAT? SELL HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'? NIVERR, MR. WEIGHIN! NIVERR! ER... SO, HOW MUCH YOU WILLIN' T' PAY?
SIX HUNDRED, MRS. NITWIT!
OI'LL MAKE IT SIX FIFTY...
ENTER THE VILLAIN
IT WUZ BIG RED WILL KIN O'HURA...
ONE THOUSAND, MRS. NITWIT!
ONE THOUSAND! WHY IT AIN'T WORTH ONE THOUSAND! IT AIN'T WORTH SIX FIFTY!
SORE LOSER! SOLD TO MR. WEIGHIN FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
RED WILL WUS SHURR MAD AT LOSIN' HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'. HE GUT SO MAD, HE STAHRTED LOOKIN' LIKE VICTOR McGLAGGLEN...
HOKAY, YANK! YE WIN THIS TOIME! BIT, STAY AWAY FROM ME SISTER, KATE, OR OI'LL WIPE UPP THE FLOOR WI' YE!
WHY? THIS FLOOR DON'T LOOK DIRTY!
BYZE! BYZE! WHY DON' YE SHAHKE HANDS...?
SHAHKE HANDS, IS IT? HEH, HEH! HOKAY! OI'M WILLIN'!
ME, TOO! PUT 'ER THERE, RED WILL!
NNNNGGG!
NNNNGG...
CRUNCH
UHHHHH!
MMMMM!
CREAK
SNAP CRACKLE POP
YIPE!
BZZZZ
ORDER YOUR HANDY-DANDY PALM BUZZER TODAY! SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS!
LE'ME HAVE IT, YANK! LE'ME HAVE IT!
UH-UH! NOT UNLESS YOU GIVE ME SOMETHIN' IN RETURN!
WHAT I COULDN'T DO WITH A HANDY-DANDY PALM BUZZER! HOKAY, YANK! HIT'S A DEAL!
YOU KIN MARRY MARY KIN. NOW, HAND IT OVER!
SEE? THIS ELIMINATES AT LEAST THREE PAGES OF HORSE RACING AND WE CAN GET ON WITH THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT!
3

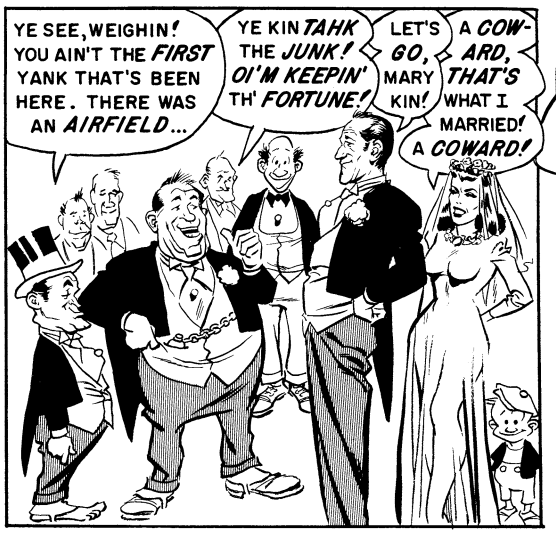
THE WIDDIN' WUZ HILD AND EVVY-BODDY IN *INFERFREE* GOT IN FER FREE. AHFTA THE CEREMONY, BIG RED WILL CUM IN LOOKIN' REAL MAD...

THE *SPRING BROHKE!* I WUZ SHAHKIN' HANDS WITH AHLL THE GISTS AN' THE *SPRING BROHKE!*
TOO BAD, RED WILL. CAN'T GO BACK ON YOUR *WORD* NOW! ME AND MARY KIN IS *ALREADY MARRIED!*


CLEVER, AIN'T YUH? WELL, *I* DIDN'T SAY *NUTHIN'* ABOUT HER *DOWERY. YOU* GUT *HER,* YANK! BUT YOU *AIN'T* GITTIN' HER *DOWERY!*
ME *DOWERY!?* BUT YE *GUTTER* GI'ME ME DOWERY! *JOHN WEIGHIN!* YOU *MAKE* 'IM GI'ME ME DOWERY!
FOR-GET ABOUT IT, MARY KIN!


FORGET ABOUT IT? FORGET ABOUT ME *DOWERY?* FORGET ABOUT ALL THESE *LOVELY THINGS* I'LL BE *NEEDIN'* IN ME *NEW HOME?* THESE LOVELY THINGS I KEPT *COVERED* EVER SINCE THE WAR! *NIVVERR!*
BUT, WHAT COULD BE SO *IMPOR-TANT?* WHAT *IS* YOUR DOWERY, MARY KIN?
THE VILLAIN
BOO

THIS VARIABLE PITCH PROPELLER I GOT OFF AN AMERICAN PILOT...
...THIS M-1 FIELD KITCHEN COMPLETE WITH MESS KITS I STOLE FROM A BIVOUAC AREA...
...THIS SLIGHTLY BENT BAZZOOKA... THIS MANUAL ON HOW TO DIG A SLIT TRENCH...
...THIS GOOD – CONDUCT MEDAL... THIS HALF-EATEN HERSHEY WITH ALMONDS...
...AN' ME FORTUNE! SEVENTY-SIX DOLLARS I WON PLAYIN' CRAPS WITH THE BOYS!
SPAM
RATION "C"


YE SEE, WEIGHIN! YOU AIN'T THE *FIRST* YANK THAT'S BEEN HERE. THERE WAS AN *AIRFIELD...*
YE KIN *TAHK* THE *JUNK!* *OI'M KEEPIN'* TH' *FORTUNE!*
LET'S *GO,* MARY KIN!
A *COW-ARD, THAT'S* WHAT I MARRIED! A *COWARD!*

WHIN MARY KIN AN' JOHN WEIGHIN GUT T' *HANGOVER-IN-THE MORNIN',* MARY RUN INTA THE BIDROOM AN' LOCKED TH' DOOR...

MARY KIN YOU *OPEN THIS DOOR.* THIS IS OUR *WEDDIN' NIGHT.* I *CAN'T* SLEEP IN THE LIVIN' ROOM ON OUR *WEDDIN' NIGHT. OPEN THIS DOOR OR I'LL BUST IT DOWN!*
MASH
GIN
4

JOHN WEIGHIN GUT AWFUL MAD. HE BACKED HIMSELF UP AN'...
LISTEN T' HERCULES!
I WARNED YOU, MARY KIN!
BOOM
YOU...YOU BROKE DOWN THE DOOR!
YOU...YERR...YERR QUITE-A-MAN!
SEE? THIS IS WHERE THEY GOT THE TITLE FOR THE PICTURE!
I TOL' YUH I CAN'T SLEEP IN THE LIVIN' ROOM ON OUR WEDDIN' NIGHT, MARY KIN...
PUT ME DOWN!
Bless our Irish home
YOU CAN'T EXPECT A MAN T'SLEEP IN THE LIVIN' ROOM ON HIS WEDDIN' NIGHT!
OOOOFFF!
THUD!
...WHEN THERE AIN'T NO BED IN THE LIVIN' ROOM...
COME BACK HERE WITH THAT!
TH' NEXT MORNIN', OI WUZ WAITIN' OUTSIDE HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN', WHEN JOHN WEIGHIN FOINALLY...WOKE UP...
WHERE'S MY WIFE? WHERE'S MARY KIN?
SHE'S GONE T' CASTLEROOK STAYSHUN T' KITCH TH' MIDNIGHT TRAIN FER DUBLIN WHICH IS JUS' ABOUT LEAVIN'!
SADDLE UP MY HORSE, FITZGERRY! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!
'SADDLE UPP ME HARSE', HE SAYS. 'SADDLE UP ME HARSE!' LIKE OI DIDN'T READ THE SCRIPT! LIKE OI DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS GONNA GO AHFTER HER! LIKE I DIDN'T SADDLE UPP HIS FERSHLIGGINERRR HARSE TWO HOURS AGO...
5

SO JOHN WEIGHIN RODE HIS HARSE DUNE T' CASTLEROOK STAYSHUN AND DRAGGED HIS BRIDE BACK THROUGH INFERFREE ...
OH-OH! SHURR AN' THIS MEANS TROOBLE!
TAPE UP THE WIN-DOWS!
SHURR AN' THERE'S GONNA BE A FIGHT!
OWWW! HEY, JOHN, TAKE IT EASY! THESE'RE COBBLE-STONES!
HE DRAGGED MARY KIN RIGHT UPP TO HER BROTHER'S PLACE AND THREW HER AT HIS FEET...
YOU OWE ME SEVENTY-SIX DOLLARS, RED WILL!
NOW, ISN'T THET A FERSHLIGG-INERRR SHAME, YANK? WELL, I AIN'T PAYIN'!
THUD!
THEN TAKE BACK YOUR FERSHLUGGINER SISTER! NO DOWERY! NO MARRIAGE!
NO! WAIT! HERE'S YOUR MONEY! HERE! DON'T GIVE HER BACK TO ME! I COULDN'T STAND IT! HERE! TAKE YOUR DOUGH!
DOUGH?! AIN'T YOU FERGETTIN' YER AYRISH BROGUE, RED WILL?
OI LOST ME HEAD! HERE, YANK! TAHKE YERR MUNEE!
ALL RIGHT? NOW YOU SATISFIED, MARY KIN?
I'LL BE HOME WARMIN' UPP YERR SUPPER, JOHN...
GNNGGGGG...
...WHEN YERR THROUGH GETTIN' BEAT TO A BLUDDY PULP BY ME BRITHER!
CRUNCH!
SHURR AN' IT LOOKS LIHK IT'S GONNA BE AN OL' FASHIONED MORTON DONNYBROOK!
THIN IT STAHRTED...THE WURST FIGHT INFERFREE, OR THE WHOLE OF AYERLAND FER THET MATTERR, EVER SEEN...
BOF!
THEY USED ANYTHIN' THEY COULD LAY THEIRR HANDS ON...
BLARNEY STONE
KROMP!
THEY FOUGHT UPP AND DUNE THE WHOLE COUNTY...
FORE
6

...WITH CLOOBS...
GETCHA RRRRRED HOTS!
...AN' SPEARS...
SLANTE GAEL!
ONE WAY
FIGHTIN' IRISH
VROOM
LEVANDOWSKI
DOMBROVITCH
CZNEVICHEK
...AN' SURPLUS TANKS...
KRUMF!
POW
POW!
THEY WUZ KILLIN' EACH OTHER...
OW
TILIVISION
MITHER MACHREE'S SOCIAL CLUB
BASH!
CHOP
KLOWP!
KA-POW!
SHMEK!
SMASH!
SLASH!
KLOP
WHEN...
SEE SHMONDS
DON'T SPIT ON FLOOR
TRY OUR WARM DARK STOUT BREW-AN' YE'LL NIVER DRINK ANY-THIN' ELSE!
LESS N.F.S. IN OUR DEV BREW
...THE WEE ANIMALS CUM BY...
?
?
ALL RIGHT, HOLD IT! HOLD IT! HOLD EVERYTHING!
LOOK! THIS AIN'T NO FUNNY LITTLE ANIMAL CARTOON! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?
BACK T' TH' OKEEFENO-KEE!
WE ALL IZ THROUGH LOOKIN'!
LOOKIN' FOR WHAT? THIS IS IRELAND!
WE KNOW! KIN YUH TELL US A BETTER PLACE T' LOOK FER A GUY BY NAME O' WALT KELLY!
THE END
7

WESTERN EPIC MOVIE DEPT. (FOLLOW THE FORMULA AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG! DIVISION): THEY HAVE A PROVEN FORMULA IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS FOR PRODUCING SUCCESSFUL WESTERN MOVIES THAT MAKE MONEY. AND WHEN THEY THROW IN *3-D* TO BOOT, WELL, HOW CAN THEY MISS? THIS LATEST "STRANGER THAT COMES IN OUT OF NOWHERE TO CHOP WOOD AND TEACH THE RANCHER'S SON TO BE A MAN WHILE MAKING LOVE TO THE RANCHER'S WIFE ON THE Q.T." SAGEBRUSH SAGA IS CALLED...

HINDU

AFTER THE TITLE IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, THE CREDITS FOLLOW. BUT NOBODY READS THEM BECAUSE THE BORING STUFF IS SUPERIMPOSED ON A SHOT OF A STRANGER TRIPPING AND STUMBLING ACROSS THE RUGGED ROCKY DESERT! YEP! HERE HE COMES, FOLKS. AND THERE'S THE RANCH. AND THERE'S THE WIFE. AND THERE'S THE KID. AND THERE'S THE USUAL SICKENING BEGINNING FOR THIS KIND OF PRAIRIE HEROIC-TYPE DRIVEL...

MAW! MAW! TWO MEN ARE COMIN', MAW!
CUSTARD'S LAST STAND
TWO?! WHERE? OH, WHAT A DUMB FERSHLUGGINER KID! PUT ON YOUR POLAROID GLASSES, IDIOT! THIS IS 3-D!
HOWDY, MA'AM! LOST MY HORSE FIGHTIN' INDIANS, MA'AM. MADE CAMP LAST NIGHT, BUT MELVIN HERE SMELLED APACHES...SO...
MELVIN SMELLED APACHES?! AW, GO ON!
IT'S TRUE, MA'AM! MATTER OF FACT, INDIANS CAN SMELL WHITE PEOPLE. I'M PART INDIAN!
SANE! IT'S YOU, SANE! YOU CAME BACK, SANE! OH, SANE... YOU LOOK DIFFERENT! YOU'VE CHANGED!
GRRR
WHAT'S EATIN' THE KID? I'M NOT SANE! MY NAME IS HINDU! GOOD NAME FOR SOMEBODY PART INDIAN, EH?
SANE! YOU CHANGED YOUR NAME, TOO!
LOOK, DOOMCUFF! THIS IS A DIFFERENT PICTURE! GO PET MELVIN AND LEAVE US ALONE! HINDU'S GOTTA MAKE LOVE TO ME. NOW, WHAT WERE WE SAYING, SANE? ER... HINDU?
A VAIN-FELLERS PRODUCTION

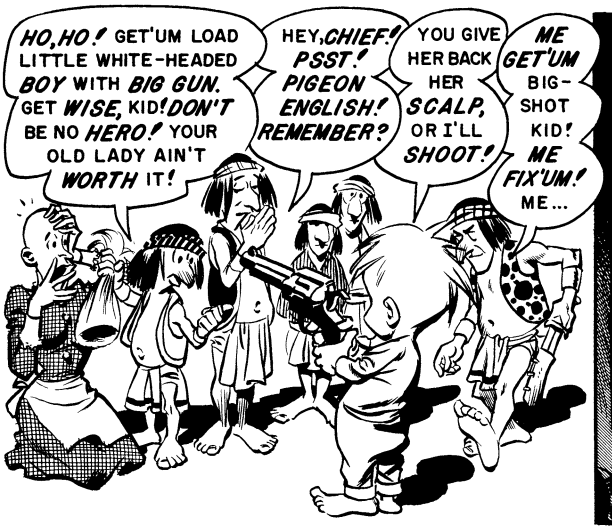
I WAS SAYIN' INDIANS CAN SMELL WHITE PEOPLE, MA'AM. MATTER OF FACT, I CAN SMELL YOU!
YOU'RE NO BED OF ROSES YOURSELF, BUSTER!
GRRR
SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF! I CAN SMELL THE CHLOROPHYLL TOOTH-PASTE ON YOUR GUMS. I CAN SMELL THE HALO SHAMPOO IN YOUR HAIR. I CAN SMELL THE ARID UNDER YOUR ARMS. I CAN SMELL... ER... LASAGNA!? YOU COOKIN' LASAGNA? I LOVE LASAGNA! LET'S EAT! I'M HONGRY!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE HINDU.
NICE DOG! NICE...
YEOWWWW!
WHY, YOU LET HIM PET THAT DOG AND YOU KNEW IT WOULD BITE HIM! HOW COULD YOU!?
CRUNCH!
PEOPLE LEARN BY BEIN' BIT, MA'AM! YOUR KID JUS' LEARNED! BESIDES! MELVIN WAS HONGRY TOO!
OOOOOH! YOU... YOU...
PSYCHO SCHIZOPHONIC
COLOR BY SOUND
TAKE IT EASY, MAW! DON'T GET MAD AT HIM. YOU GOTTA FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM. LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT! IN 3-D, NO LESS!
NOT SINEMARAMA... NOT SINEMARAMASCOPE... JUST A REGULAR SIZE SQUARE FILM ON A GIANT WIDE SCREEN THAT CUTS OFF HEADS AND FEET- UNNATURAL VISION
YOU GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO SWIM, HINDU? HUH? YOU GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO SWIM?
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM? YOU! A SIX-YEAR-OLD! DON'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM! WELL, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED!
FLOUR
SET #2
PROP WASH
THIS IS THE WAY I LEARNED. SOMEBODY PICKED ME UP... JUS' LIKE THIS...
TRADING POST
AND THREW ME... JUS' LIKE THIS...
THAT'S THE WAY I LEARNED!
IT'S A GOOD WAY T'LEARN, HINDU! BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA HAVE WATER?
2

LATER...
HMMMM! THIS AX AIN'T BEEN SHARPENED IN SIX MONTHS!
I GOTA HUSBAND, HINDU. HE'S UP IN THE HILLS. HE'LL BE HOME SOON! SO...
HMMMM! THESE PLOW HORSES AIN'T BEEN SHOD IN SIX MONTHS!
HE'LL BE HOME SHORTLY, MY HUSBAND! HE'S CHASIN' STRAY CALVES! HE'LL BE HOME ANY MINUTE! SO...
?
HMMMM!
SO, DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, HINDU! I GOT A HUSBAND, AND HE'LL BE HOME...
HOW COME A WOMAN ALWAYS THINKS EVERY MAN THAT COMES ALONG WANTS SOMETHIN'! HUH? HOW COME?
SO!? YOU ANY DIFFERENT?
GUESS NOT! HEH, HEH...
HALP!
AW, C'MON, MAW! LET'S GET THE MUSH OVER WITH SO HINDU CAN GO KILL PAW AN' GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD! GIVE 'IM WHAT HE WANTS!
ALL RIGHT, HINDU! I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT! COME INSIDE!
WHAT I WANT AIN'T INSIDE, MA'AM. WHAT I WANT IS THIS HORSE, HERE. GOOD-LOOKIN' HORSE!
THE NEXT MORNING...
WELL, S'LONG, MRS. LOWLIFE. THANKS FOR THE LASAGNA AND THE HORSE. IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL COME WITH ME TO THE CAVALRY POST. THE APACHES ARE ON THE WARPATH. THEY'LL HAVE YOUR SCALP!
I GOTTA STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR MY HUSBAND, HINDU! BESIDES...
... IF I STAY, YOU GOTTA COME BACK AND SAVE ME FROM THE INDIANS... AND LET'S FACE IT, THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT!
OKAY! BUT BEFORE I GO, I'M GONNA KISS YOU! BECAUSE I SURE AIN'T GONNA WANT TO KISS YOU WHEN YOU GOT NO HAIR! SO, C'MERE...
NAY!
3

THE SAME AFTERNOON, AFTER HINDU'D RIDDEN OFF, MRS. LOWLIFE DISCOVERS THAT APACHES HAVE SURROUNDED THE RANCH...

H-H-HI, FELLOWS! ER... TOUGH BREAK, THE JEFFERSON NICKEL PUTTIN' YOU OUT OF BUSINESS!
WELL, WE STILL GOT THE PONTIAC DEAL! BUT ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT! WE'VE COME TO SCALP YOU!

PSST... HEY, CHIEF! PIGEON ENGLISH! REMEMBER?
UGH! ME FORGET'UM MYSELF! LOSE'UM HEAD!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
ALL RIGHT, LOOEY! DROP THAT TOMAHAWK!


HO, HO! GET'UM LOAD LITTLE WHITE-HEADED BOY WITH BIG GUN. GET WISE, KID! DON'T BE NO HERO! YOUR OLD LADY AIN'T WORTH IT!
HEY, CHIEF! PSST! PIGEON ENGLISH! REMEMBER?
YOU GIVE HER BACK HER SCALP, OR I'LL SHOOT!
ME GET'UM BIG-SHOT KID! ME FIX'UM! ME...

THE APACHE CHIEF PULLS HIS KNIFE...

HE SLICES THE BOY'S THUMB, DRAWING BLOOD...

THE APACHE CHIEF PUTS THE BLADE TO HIS OWN THUMB AND HESITATES...

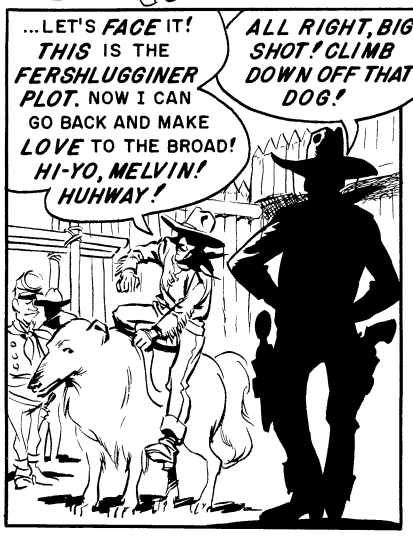
WELL, IT NOT OKAY WITH ME! I SCARED STIFF OF KNIFE AND BLOOD! 'BYE...

WEEKS LATER, A WEARY HINDU RIDES INTO THE CAVALRY CAMP ON HIS FAITHFUL DOG, MELVIN, DRAGGING MRS. LOWLIFE'S HORSE BEHIND...

WHAT'S WITH THE APACHES, HINDU?
AW, THEY'RE MAD OVER THAT JEFFERSON NICKEL DEAL! WHERE'S THE MAJOR?
HE'S IN HIS TENT TRYING A NEW HAIR RESTORER! GOT SCALPED LAST WEEK, Y'KNOW!

SUDDENLY, A YELLOW-LIVERED DIRTY-LOOKIN' EVIL-EYED COYOTE OF A STRANGER RUSHES UP...

THAT'S MY HORSE! HE STOLE MY HORSE! HE'S A HORSE THIEF!
STRANGER! YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKIN' TO? THAT'S HINDU! HE'S PART INDIAN! HE'S GOT A TEMPER!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUFFLE HEAD! LET 'IM TALK! WHAT'D YOU SAY, STRANGER?


...LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT. NOW I CAN GO BACK AND MAKE LOVE TO THE BROAD! HI-YO, MELVIN! HUHWAY!
ALL RIGHT, BIG SHOT! CLIMB DOWN OFF THAT DOG!

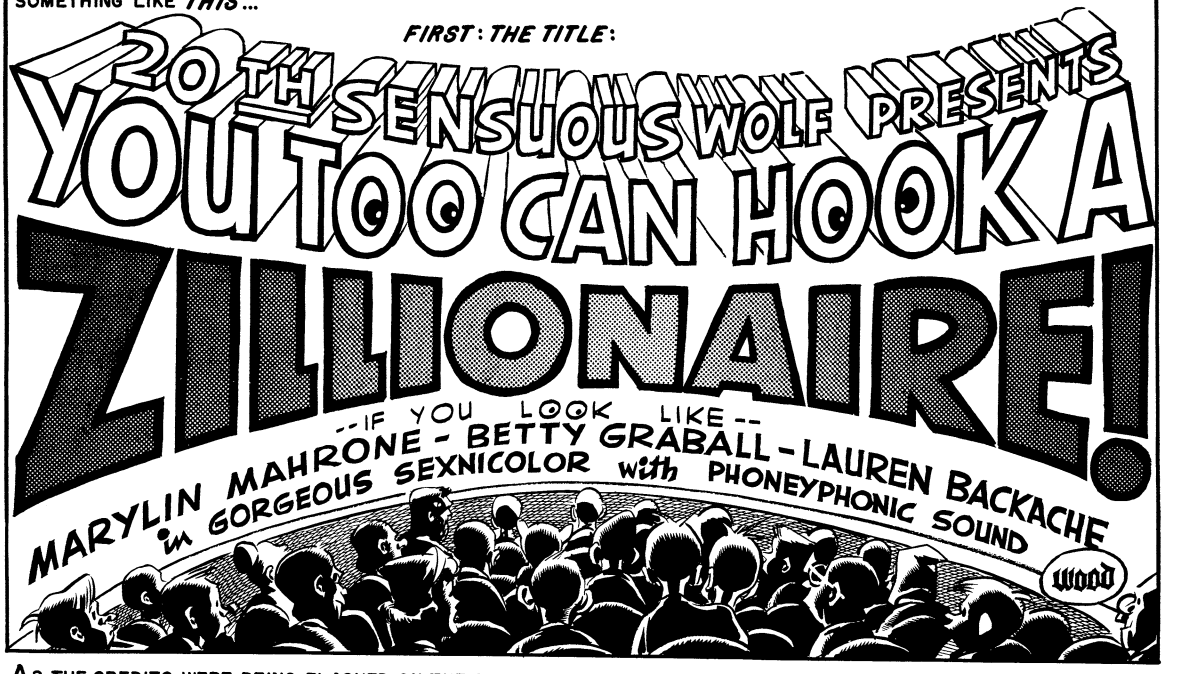
HEY, HINDU! BEFORE YOU GO! LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE GUY YOU JUST KILLED! A TINTYPE... OF A KID!
I'LL TAKE IT, BUFFLE HEAD, BECAUSE I READ THE SCENARIO, AND IT'S GONNA SAVE MY LIFE!
PRPT
AND SO, ARMED WITH THE FADED PICTURE OF LITTLE IRVING LOWLIFE, HINDU RIDES BACK INTO INDIAN COUNTRY... BACK TO THE LITTLE RANCH WHERE HE'D TASTED HAPPINESS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS MISERABLE LIFE...
UGH! LOOK'UM! WHITE MAN... ON DOG!
UGH! HIM SCALP LOOK'UM GOOD ON SPEAR!
WHO? WHITE MAN'S?
NO! DOG'S!
LET'S GO GET'UM!
INDIANS, MELVIN! WE'RE BEING CHASED BY INDIANS! GO, BOY! GO!
I'D LOVE TO GO!
I'D LOVE TO GO BACK HOME! WHY I EVER GAVE UP THAT LASSIE PART FOR THIS, I'LL NEVER KNOW!
AW, C'MON, MELVIN! GO!
OH, NEVER MIND!
STAKE'UM OUT ON GROUND!
LIGHT'UM UP FIRE!
COYOTE DIE SCREAMING! PUMA DIE SILENT! WE SEE HOW YOU DIE, WHITE MAN!
I AIN'T NO COYOTE, CHIEF!
PUT 'IM HOT COALS ON'M EYES!
AND I AIN'T NO PUMA!
I'M JUST A PLAIN COWARD! LOOK IN MY POCKET! THERE'S A TINTYPE THERE! QUICK, BEFORE I SEE RED!
SOUVENIR
SALE
HAND WORK
BY NOW, THE WHOLE AUDIENCE IS SEEING RED, SO AT THIS POINT THERE'S A 3-D INTERMISSION IN ORDER FOR YOU TO SCREW YOUR EYEBALLS BACK INTO THEIR SOCKETS!
6

HOURS LATER...
LOOK, MAW! LOOK! FIFTY STRANGERS ARE COMING!
YOU GOT THOSE 3-D GLASSES OFF AGAIN? WHAT A CRAZY FERSHLUG-...
OH OH
CLOP CLOP
?
STRANGERS, NOTHIN'! THEM'S INDIANS! AND THEY'VE GOT HINDU WITH 'EM!
SANE! YOU'VE COME BACK, SANE! GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO PLAY SCRABBLE, SANE?
WILL YUH SHUT THAT KID UP WITH THE SANE BIT?
IS THIS YOUR MAN?
NO, HE AIN'T MY MAN! HOW DARE YOU CALL HIM MY MAN...
ANGEL, HONEY! USE YOUR HEAD! ED, YOUR HUSBAND, IS DEAD! AND THESE CREEPS WANT TO KILL ME, TOO!
HOW DARE YOU CALL HIM MY MAN... WHEN HE'S MY HUSBAND! DARLING? DID THEY HURT YOU? DID THEY?
ONLY WHEN I LAUGHED!
OKAY! WE GO! WE SPARE'UM YOUR LIFE! NOT BECAUSE YOU BRAVE LIKE PUMA! NOT BECAUSE YOU COWARDLY LIKE COYOTE! BECAUSE YOU PRODUCE THIS PICTURE AND WE WANT'UM GET'UM PAID! 'BYE...
AND SO, HINDU IS SAFE AT THE LOWLIFE RANCH. AND HAPPY WEEKS GO BY...
WHAT'CHA DOIN', IRVING? FISHING? YOU DIDN'T CATCH ANYTHING, DID YOU?
HOW'D YOU GUESS?
SIMPLE! SEE WHERE THE SUN IS? YOU'RE CASTING A SHADOW! IF YOU CAN SEE IT, THE FISH CAN! NEVER LET YOUR SHADOW FALL WHERE YOU'RE FISHIN'!
TURN AROUND! FACE THE SUN! ALWAYS FISH INTO THE SUN! LIKE THIS... SEE?
THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO FISH, HINDU, BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA FISH IN THE WATER?
7

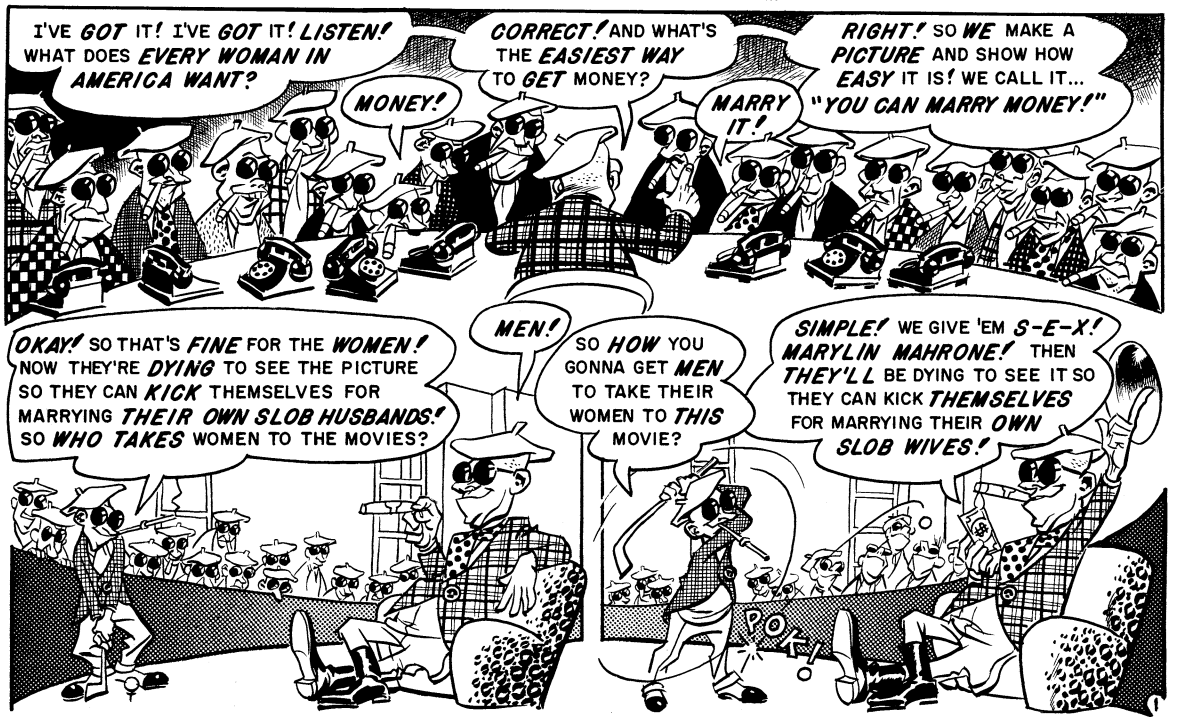
IN ALL GOOD WESTERN THRILLERS, THE CAVALRY ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE THE RANCHERS FROM THE ATTACKING INDIANS. HOWEVER, IN THIS HORSE-OPERA HORROR, THE CAVALRY COMES TOO SOON.
THE INDIANS HAVEN'T EVEN ATTACKED YET! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LOOK, BUDDY! FIVE THOUSAND THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY GOT 3-D GLASSES BEIN' SHIPPED ON A CERTAIN DAY.
THEY GOT CHAIN-DRIVEN 3-D PROJECTORS RENTED FOR THE SAME DAY!
SO INDIANS OR NO INDIANS, WE'RE WINDING UP THIS PICTURE! KISS THE BROAD, AND LET'S GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD!
OH, HINDU! WE'LL BE SO HAPPY ON YOUR LITTLE SEVENTY-THOUSAND ACRE RANCH IN CALIFORNIA!
YEAH!
ZZZ
MAYBE WE'LL FIND GOLD ON IT... OR OIL!
OR MAYBE HOLLY-WOOD WILL USE IT FOR LOCATION SHOTS FOR LEMONS LIKE THIS ONE!
JUST ONE THING BOTHERS ME, ANGEL!
GRR
WHEN THE APACHES BROUGHT ME HERE AND ASKED YOU IF I WAS YOUR MAN, WHY DID YOU TELL 'EM I WAS?
SIMPLE, HINDU!
CRUNCH!
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO THE WORK AROUND THIS MISERABLE RANCH! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?!
SANE'S COMIN' BACK SOMEDAY, MA! HE PROM-ISED! HE COULD DO IT!
OH, SHUT UP!
THE END
8

HOLLYWOOD MOVIES DEPT. (BEAT THOSE BOX-OFFICE BLUES WITH A CINEMERAMASCOPE VA-VA-VA-VOOM SPECTACLE! DIVISION): BECAUSE YOUR EDITORS ARE INTENSELY INTERESTED IN ALL ENTERTAINMENT FORMS ('SPECIALLY FEMALE'), WE FORCED OURSELVES TO VISIT A LOCAL THEATER EXHIBITING ONE OF THOSE WIDE WIDE SCREEN, THIN THIN PLOT PRODUCTIONS NOW PROMISING TO REVITALIZE THE DYING FILM INDUSTRY. THIS LATEST "WE'RE DESPERATE, AND WE'LL TRY ANYTHING TO MAKE MONEY!" EPIC WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

FIRST: THE TITLE:


20TH SENSUOUS WOLF PRESENTS
YOU TOO CAN HOOK A
ZILLIONAIRE!
--IF YOU LOOK LIKE--
MARYLIN MAHRONE - BETTY GRABALL - LAUREN BACKACHE
in GORGEOUS SEXNICOLOR with PHONEYPHONIC SOUND
WOOD

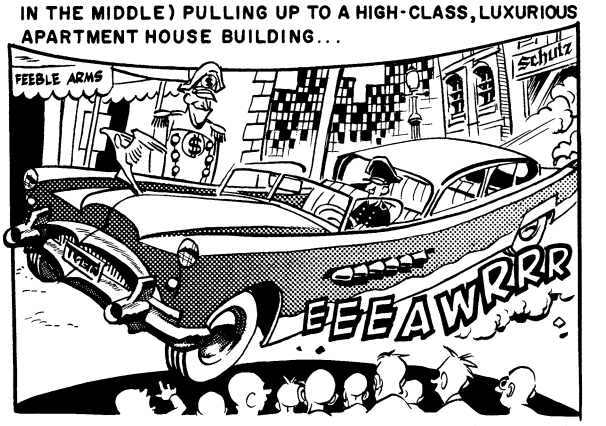
AS THE CREDITS WERE BEING FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, WE COULD PICTURE WHAT WENT ON IN HOLLYWOOD WHEN THIS MASTERPIECE WAS FIRST CONCEIVED! CAN'T YOU JUST SEE THOSE MOVIE MAGNATES...SITTING AROUND A CINEMER-AMASCOPE-SHAPED TABLE IN A LUSH PRIVATE CONFERENCE SCREENING ROOM...


I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! LISTEN! WHAT DOES EVERY WOMAN IN AMERICA WANT?
MONEY!
CORRECT! AND WHAT'S THE EASIEST WAY TO GET MONEY?
MARRY IT!
RIGHT! SO WE MAKE A PICTURE AND SHOW HOW EASY IT IS! WE CALL IT... "YOU CAN MARRY MONEY!"
OKAY! SO THAT'S FINE FOR THE WOMEN! NOW THEY'RE DYING TO SEE THE PICTURE SO THEY CAN KICK THEMSELVES FOR MARRYING THEIR OWN SLOB HUSBANDS! SO WHO TAKES WOMEN TO THE MOVIES?
MEN!
SO HOW YOU GONNA GET MEN TO TAKE THEIR WOMEN TO THIS MOVIE?
SIMPLE! WE GIVE 'EM S-E-X! MARYLIN MAHRONE! THEN THEY'LL BE DYING TO SEE IT SO THEY CAN KICK THEMSELVES FOR MARRYING THEIR OWN SLOB WIVES!
POW!

JUST FLASH A CINEMERAMASCOPE SHOT OF "THE MAHRONE" LIKE THIS ON THE WIDE WIDE SCREEN, AND EVERY MAN IN THE AUDIENCE WILL REACT LIKE HE'S WATCHING A TENNIS MATCH!
I'M SOLD!
ME, TOO!
WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE MARYLIN MAHRONE DON'T APPEAL TO EVERY MAN IN THE AUDIENCE!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! PUT AWAY THE TRUMPET! WE'LL PUT YOUR WIFE IN THE PICTURE, TOO!
OKAY! FOR THE MEN WHO DON'T LIKE MARYLIN MAHRONE, WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE LAST BIG SEXSATION... EVERY G.I.'S PIN-UP GIRL FROM WORLD WAR II WHEN THEY WERE STILL SINGLE... BETTY GRABALL!
I'M SOLD!
ME, TOO!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
HOLD IT! SO YOU GOT TWO OF HOLLYWOOD'S BEST MAN-TRAPS! SO IT'S EASY FOR THEM TO CHASE MONEY WITH THEIR FIGURES! WHAT ABOUT THE POOR ORDINARY FEMALE MOVIEGOER? WHAT CHANCE DOES SHE HAVE?
ALL RIGHT, LOOEY! DROP THE GUN! WE'LL PUT YOUR WIFE IN THE PICTURE, TOO!
OKAY! THIS IS THE DEAL! SINCE MOST AMERICAN WOMEN DON'T LOOK LIKE MAHRONE OR GRABALL, WE'LL STICK IN LAUREN BACKACHE! AND SHE... SHE'S THE ONE THAT DOES MARRY THE MONEY! GET IT? SHE REPRESENTS THE TYPICAL AMERICAN WOMAN...
TYPICAL DAME MAKES GOOD!
WATCH IT, BUB! THAT'S MY WIFE YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!
AND NOW TO FIND A NON-COMMUNIST SCREENWRITER, SO WE CAN GET TO WORK ON THE SCRIPT!
2

THE CREDITS WERE OVER, AND THE PICTURE BEGAN, SHOCKING US OUT OF OUR "CONFERENCE ROOM" REVERIE. FIRST, THEY SHOWED US A BRIEF VIEW OF THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE SHOT FROM ACROSS THE HUDSON WITH A BIG LINER "STEAMING" UPRIVER. SINCE THE SCREEN WAS CURVED, THE HORIZON LOOKED LIKE IT WAS SAGGING IN THE MIDDLE...

NEXT, THEY SHOWED US A BLOCK-LONG, SNAZZY-LOOKING, CHAUFFER-DRIVEN ROLLS ROYCE (ALSO SAGGING IN THE MIDDLE) PULLING UP TO A HIGH-CLASS, LUXURIOUS APARTMENT HOUSE BUILDING...



AND LAUREN BACKACHE GOT OUT, SHIMMIED INSIDE, AND ASKED FOR THE RENTING AGENT...

I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A MODEST LITTLE TWELVE-ROOM TERRACED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT FOR RENT!
THAT'S RIGHT, HONEY. THE LAST GUY HAD TO MOVE! HE WAS A COMIC BOOK PUBLISHER, AND THERE'S A P.T.A. GROUP IN THE BUILDING!

THE APARTMENT WAS A SCRUMPTIOUS CINEMERAMASCOPE AFFAIR WITH A SEVENTY-FIVE-FOOT LIVING ROOM SO IT WOULD FILL THE SCREEN. MISS BACKACHE TOOK OUT HER CHECKBOOK...

HOW MUCH?
ONE THOUSAND A MONTH!
HERE YOU ARE! HEY! MY VOICE IS COMING FROM HERE AND I'M OVER THERE!
IT'S THIS NEW STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND! IT KEEPS GOING ON THE BLINK.
NOW I'M IN THE BATH-ROOM!
GEE, I'M A FERSHLUG-GINER VEN-TRILOQUIST!

AFTER THE RENTING AGENT LEFT, MISS BACKACHE PICKED UP THE PHONE, DIALED A NUMBER, AND SAID..

HALF A SECOND LATER, MARYLIN MAHRONE TRIPPED INTO THE APARTMENT...

WOW-EE!
WELL, ANYWAY, IT'S A NICE RUG!
LOOK! I KNOW MEN DON'T MAKE PASSES AT GIRLS THAT WEAR GLASSES, BUT WITH YOU, THEY'RE NOT LOOKING THAT HIGH! PUT 'EM ON!
PLOF!

OH, THIS IS VERY LOVELY! I'LL CALL BETTY GRABALL! SHE WANTS TO MARRY FOR MONEY, TOO!
S'MATTER? SHE DIDN'T LIKE MARRY-ING FOR MUSIC? ASK HER HOW MUCH MONEY SHE HAS! I'M HUNGRY!
3.

HELLO, BETTY? THIS IS MARYLIN! COME ON UP AND BRING A LUNCH! HOW MUCH? WELL, DO YOUR BEST!
HOW MUCH SHE GOT?
A DIME!
HOW MUCH!?
A DIME! BUT DON'T WORRY! SHE'S VERY CLEVER! SAY, HOW COME MY VOICE IS COMING FROM THE PIANO?
OH, FORGET IT!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, BETTY GRABALL ENTERED THE APARTMENT...
HI, BETTY!
DID YOU BRING THE LUNCH?
YEP! OKAY, FELLERS... IN HERE...
...ALTHOUGH, FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D WANT WITH IT UP HERE! DON'T YOU GOTTA HAVE WATER?
IDIOT! SHE SAID "LUNCH"! NOT "LAUNCH"!
I TOLD YOU SHE WAS CLEVER!
SORRY, BOYS! LITTLE MISTAKE! TAKE IT BACK TO THE MOTOR-BOAT SHOW!
LAUREN! WHO'S PAYING THE RENT ON THIS JOINT?
IT'S PAID! TWO GRAND! I JUST WROTE A CHECK!
A CHECK? BUT...
DON'T WORRY! IT'S SATURDAY! BY MONDAY, I'LL COVER IT! SOMETHING WILL TURN UP!
MISS BACK-ACHE? I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL!
OH, YES! HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR THAT?
HMMM! NICE LINES! GOOD CONDITION! DOES SHE PLAY?
VERY WELL!
I'LL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS... CASH!
SOLD! TAKE 'ER AWAY BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND!
4

EEEEEEEEK!
NOT HER, IDIOT! THE PIANO!
WHO'S AN IDIOT!? IT COULD-A BEEN A GOOD DEAL!
GEE! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY PICKED ME UP WHEN I WAS WEARING MY GLASSES!
THE PIANO, EH? LET'S SEE! HMMM! QUITE AN ODD PIANO! WHEN I STRIKE A NOTE, MUSIC COMES OUT OF THE SAMOVAR THERE!
AGAIN WITH THE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND BIT! CAN IT AND TELL US HOW MUCH!
PLOP!
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE THOUSAND FOR IT!
GEE, TAKE IT! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY FOR A PIANO!
PIANO, NOTHING! I'M BUYIN' THAT SAMOVAR! WHO EVER HEARD OF A MUSICAL SAMOVAR!?
YEAH! YOU CAN HAVE BEE-THOVEN WITH YOUR HOT BLINTZES!
IT TALKS, TOO!
AND SO, LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE FURNITURE WAS SOLD AS MARYLIN AND BETTY AND LAUREN TRIED VAINLY TO FIND ZILLIONAIRES TO MARRY...
GEE, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK, TODAY!
ME, NEITHER! I WALKED AROUND THE BOWERY ALL DAY, AND NOT ONE DRUNK GAVE ME A TUMBLE!
THE BOWERY? DRUNKS? WHAT WERE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?
WELL, YOU SAID I SHOULD MAKE SURE THE GUY I MARRY IS LOADED!
AND I HUNG AROUND A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP BECAUSE I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND SOMEBODY WELL-HEELED!
IF YOU WILL NOTICE, THE TWO EXOTIC SEX PACKAGES IN THIS PICTURE PLAY REAL DUMB BLONDES, WHILE I'M THE BRAINS! THIS IS SO ALL YOU SMART BUT TYPICAL BROADS SHOULD FEEL REAL SMUG!
SPAM
ORANGES
CROOKS! THIEVES! GI'ME BACK MY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
BAM!
WHAT'S WITH YOU?
THIS SAMOVAR HASN'T PLAYED A NOTE SINCE I BOUGHT IT! CROOKS! THIEVES!
5

BETTY, WHAT'LL WE DO? HE WANTS HIS THREE GRAND!
MAYBE HE'LL TAKE SOMETHING ELSE THAT WILL PLAY!
MEAN-ING...?
MEANING YOU, MARYLIN!
GEE, A TALKING ORANGE CRATE! ALL RIGHT! WE'LL SWAP!
CHICKEN FAT
ORANGES
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
GOD BLESS THIS FAULTY STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!
WELL, HERE I AM, BETTY! AND I'VE GOT THE RING!
SOAP
RING!? WHO'S THIS CREEP, BETTY?
WE'RE GONNA BE MARRIED, AIN'T WE, BETTY?
OH, BETTY, HONEY! HOW WONDERFUL!
I COULDN'T HELP IT, GIRLS! I FELL FOR HIM! LOVE TRIUMPHED OVER MONEY! HE'S A GARBAGE MAN... BUT I DON'T CARE!
WHO'S A GARBAGE MAN!?
WOW! LOOKA THE SIZE OF THAT ROCK!
LOTKA, HONEY! YOU'RE NOT A GARBAGE MAN!?
ALL I SAID WAS, "I'M CLEANING UP ON WALL STREET!" I'M A ZILLIONAIRE!
LOTKA! DARLING!
GEE!
WELL, HERE I AM, MARYLIN! AND I'VE GOT THE LICENSE!
LICENSE!? WHO'S THIS CREEP, MARYLIN?
WE'RE GONNA GET MARRIED, AIN'T WE, MARYLIN?
I COULDN'T HELP IT, GIRLS! I FELL FOR HIM... EVEN IF HE IS A SHORT-ORDER COOK FROM DALLAS!
WHO'S A SHORT-ORDER COOK?!
WOW! LOOKA THAT ROCK!
6

ALL I SAID WAS "I OWN A BIG TEXAS RANGE!" ABOUT THIRTY MILLION ACRES! I'M A CATTLE-BARON-ZILLIONAIRE!
SHISH-KABOB! DARLING!
GEE!
WELL, HERE I AM, LAUREN, HONEY! AND I GOT A PREACHER WAITING!
PUT ON YOUR GLASSES DOPE!
LAUREN! YOU TOO!?
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN MARRY ZILLIONAIRES? I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU, BUT... WELL... I MAKE SURE BEFORE I ACCEPT PROPOSALS! SHOW 'EM MY ROCK, HONEY!
ROCK? WHAT ROCK?
MY DIAMOND!
WHO CAN AFFORD A DIAMOND?
YOU MEAN YOU AREN'T A ZILLIONAIRE!?
ME?! I'M UNEMPLOYED!
I KNEW YOU WEREN'T WORKING... BUT I FIGURED... WELL... GEE... YOU SAID YOUR PARENTS WERE IN THE IRON AND STEEL BUSINESS!
THAT'S RIGHT! MY MOTHER IRONS... AND MY FATHER STEALS!
THIEVES! CROOKS! GI'ME BACK MY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! THIS ORANGE CRATE DON'T TALK AT ALL... GNNNNGGG...
OH, SHUDDUP!
SEE, GIRLS! LEARN A MORAL FROM THIS HOLLYWOOD EPIC. IF YOU'RE A GORGEOUS, SEXY, DUMB BLONDE... YOU, TOO, CAN HOOK A ZILLIONAIRE!
BUT IF YOU'RE PLAIN-LOOKING AND SMART, YOU'LL GET STUCK WITH A CREEP LIKE YOU GOT NOW! SO BE HAPPY! NOT EVERYBODY CAN LOOK LIKE ME AND BETTY! KISS YOUR SLOB AND BE GLAD HE AIN'T RICH! OR ELSE HE'D'VE MARRIED STUFF LIKE US!
POW!
ORANGES
GOOSE GREASE
THE END

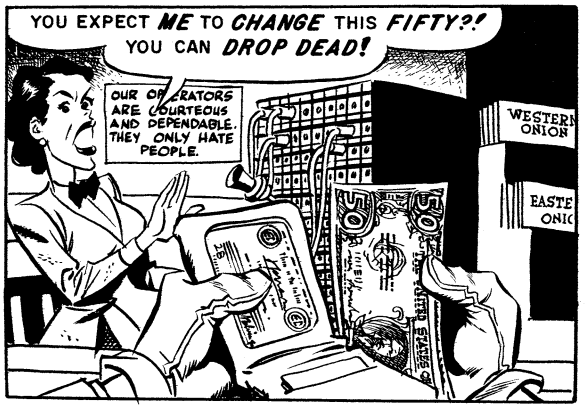
BEHIND-THE-SCENES-IN-BIG-BUSINESS HOLLYWOOD MOVIE DEPT. (FIVE V.P.S FOR A DEAD PREXY'S JOB... YO-HO-HO, AND A PROXY-VOTE FOR ME! DIVISION): THE OTHER DAY, WE TROTTED DOWN TO THE LOCAL BIJOU FOR A LOOK-SEE AT THIS LATEST OFFERING FROM THE MOVIE COLONY. A ***TENSE, DRAMATIC, INSPIRING*** ACCOUNT OF THE ***DIRTY DEALINGS,*** THE ***INSIDIOUS SCHEMINGS,*** THE ***JOCKEYING*** AND ***JUGGLING,*** AND THE ***FINAL, HONEST, IDEALISTIC PLEA*** FOR THE RIGHT OF ***ONE*** OF ***FIVE VICE-PRESIDENTS*** OF A ***BIG CORPORATION*** TO ***PARK HIS CARCASS*** ON THE:

EXECUTIVE SEAT

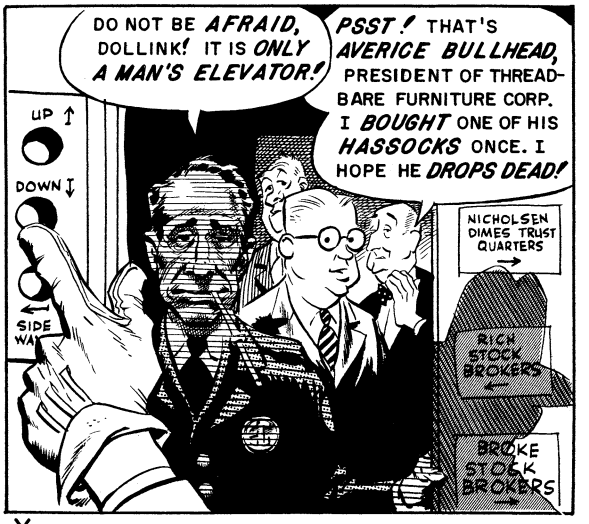
BORROWING AN ***OLD COMIC BOOK TECHNIQUE,*** THE ***OPENING SCENE*** OF THIS STIRRING SAGA OF THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY IS A ***CAMERA-EYE VIEW*** OF THE ***NEW YORK OFFICES*** OF ***THREAD-BARE FURNITURE CORPORATION, INC.*** THE THEATER AUDIENCE... THAT'S ***YOU...*** SEES IT AS ***AVERICE BULL-HEAD*** SEES IT. ***YOU ARE,*** IN FACT, ***AVERICE BULL-HEAD!...***

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. BULLHEAD! IT'S A PLEASURE, SIR!
GOOD-BYE, MR. BULLHEAD!
WELL, THE BIG CHEESE IS FINALLY LEAVING! HE SHOULD ONLY DROP DEAD!

YOU STEP INSIDE, TURN AROUND... GETTING DIZZY FROM THE QUICK PAN... AND THE ELEVATOR HUMS DOWN TO STREET LEVEL. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN, AND YOU ROCK THROUGH THE LOBBY TO A WESTERN UNION OFFICE. YOU SCRIBBLE A TELEGRAM TO THE HOME OFFICE CALLING AN EXECUTIVE MEETING FOR SIX TONIGHT AND HAND IT TO THE GIRL WITH A BILL...

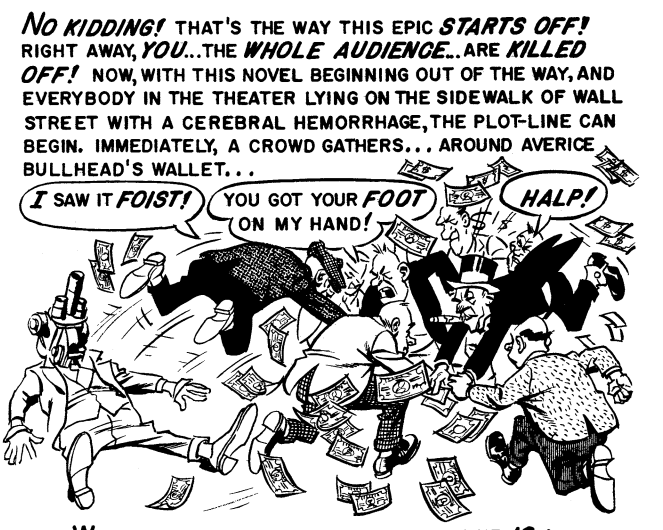

YOU EXPECT ME TO CHANGE THIS FIFTY?! YOU CAN DROP DEAD!
OUR OPERATORS ARE COURTEOUS AND DEPENDABLE. THEY ONLY HATE PEOPLE.
WESTERN UNION

YOUR CAMERA-EYE VIEW NOW BUMPS THROUGH THE BIG GLASS DOORS AND ON OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR OF THIS WALL-STREET BUILDING. YOU CAREEN DOWN THE HALL AND VIBRATE UP TO THE PEARL BUTTONS. YOUR HAND STICKS OUT. YOU PRESS. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN...

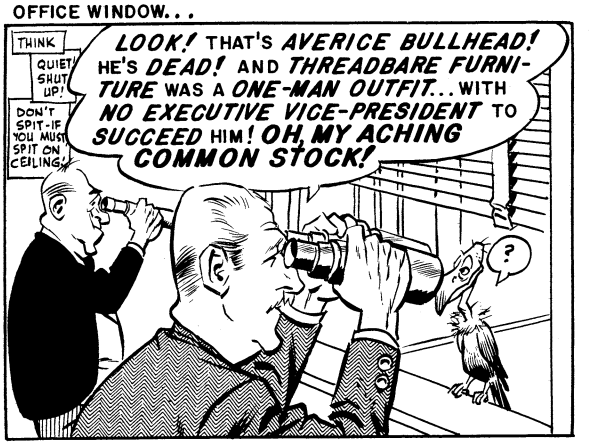

DO NOT BE AFRAID, DOLLINK! IT IS ONLY A MAN'S ELEVATOR!
PSST! THAT'S AVERICE BULLHEAD, PRESIDENT OF THREAD-BARE FURNITURE CORP. I BOUGHT ONE OF HIS HASSOCKS ONCE. I HOPE HE DROPS DEAD!
UP
DOWN
NICHOLSEN DIMES TRUST QUARTERS
RICH STOCK BROKERS
BROKE STOCK BROKERS

YOU SWITCH TO A FIVE, PUT YOUR CHANGE IN YOUR WALLET, HOLDING IT OUT IN FRONT OF YOU AND STEP OUT INTO THE STREET. YOU PAN UP AND DOWN SEARCHING FOR A TAXI... CALLING FOR IT. THEN YOU SEE THE ONE PARKED AT THE CURB. YOU BLOW YOUR TOP...

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO, A.B.? AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT. EVERYBODY IS WISHING IT ON YOU, ANYWAY! SO YOU OBLIGE! YOU DO DROP DEAD!
DEW DROP DEAD INN
DRUNK!

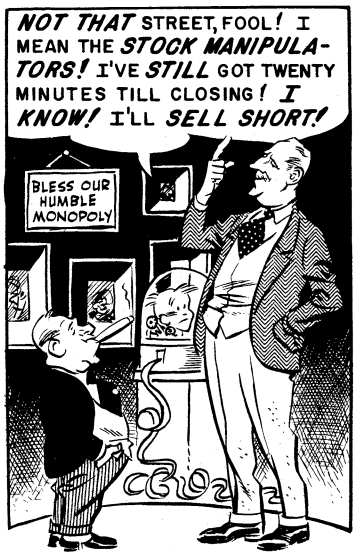

NO KIDDING! THAT'S THE WAY THIS EPIC STARTS OFF! RIGHT AWAY, YOU...THE WHOLE AUDIENCE...ARE KILLED OFF! NOW, WITH THIS NOVEL BEGINNING OUT OF THE WAY, AND EVERYBODY IN THE THEATER LYING ON THE SIDEWALK OF WALL STREET WITH A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE, THE PLOT-LINE CAN BEGIN. IMMEDIATELY, A CROWD GATHERS... AROUND AVERICE BULLHEAD'S WALLET...
I SAW IT FOIST!
YOU GOT YOUR FOOT ON MY HAND!
HALP!

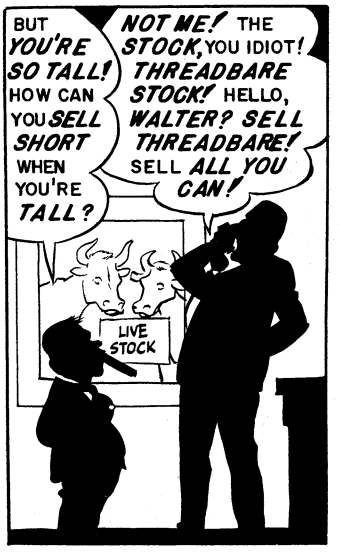
AND SO, WITHOUT ANY IDENTIFICATION, HIS BODY IS CARTED OFF TO THE MORGUE... BUT NOT BEFORE WALTER CASUAL CAN SPOT IT FROM HIS WALL-STREET OFFICE WINDOW...


THINK
QUIET! SHUT UP!
DON'T SPIT-IF YOU MUST SPIT ON CEILING
LOOK! THAT'S AVERICE BULLHEAD! HE'S DEAD! AND THREADBARE FURNITURE WAS A ONE-MAN OUTFIT... WITH NO EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT TO SUCCEED HIM! OH, MY ACHING COMMON STOCK!

WALTER CASUAL IS NO DOPE. EVEN IF HE IS A DIRECTOR OF THREADBARE... MONEY COMES FIRST...

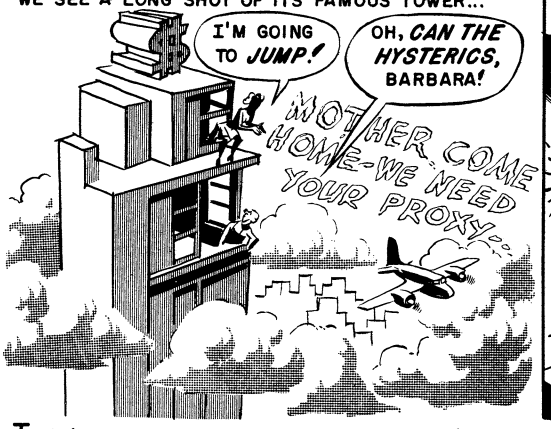
THAT STOCK WILL DROP TWENTY POINTS WHEN THE STREET LEARNS OF THIS!
BUT THE STREET KNOWS! HE'S LYING ON IT!
A PENNY SAVED IS INFLATION
FOR WATERING STOCK


NOT THAT STREET, FOOL! I MEAN THE STOCK MANIPULATORS! I'VE STILL GOT TWENTY MINUTES TILL CLOSING! I KNOW! I'LL SELL SHORT!
BLESS OUR HUMBLE MONOPOLY


BUT YOU'RE SO TALL! HOW CAN YOU SELL SHORT WHEN YOU'RE TALL?
NOT ME! THE STOCK, YOU IDIOT! THREADBARE STOCK! HELLO, WALTER? SELL THREADBARE! SELL ALL YOU CAN!
LIVE STOCK

HEH, HEH! NOW, WHEN THE MARKET OPENS ON MONDAY, I'LL BUY BACK AT TWENTY POINTS LOWER! AND COVER WHAT I'VE SOLD!
FROM THIS HE MAKES A LIVING?!
TENNIS ANYONE?
THE WATER COOLER IS NT FOR WASHING YOUR FEET!
I LIKE LANDON
2

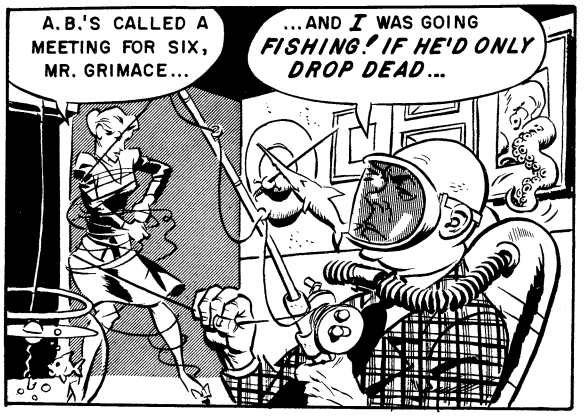
REMEMBER THE TELEGRAM A.B. SENT BEFORE HE DROPPED DEAD? THE SCENE SHIFTS FAR FROM NEW YORK TO MILLIONAIREBURG, PENNSYLVANIA ... HOME OFFICES OF THE THREADBARE FURNITURE COMPANY! WE SEE A LONG SHOT OF ITS FAMOUS TOWER...



THAT'S EROICA MARGIN, AVERICE BULLHEAD'S PRIVATE SECRETARY. NOW IT'S HER JOB TO GO AROUND AND NOTIFY ALL OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF A.B.'S ORDER. FIRST, SHE WIGGLES INTO WALTER PIDGEONSTOOL'S OFFICE. MR. PIDGEONSTOOL IS VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF MONEY...

MR. BULLHEAD IS RETURNING TONIGHT. HE'S CALLED A SPECIAL EXECUTIVE MEETING AT SIX...
HE ALWAYS DOES THAT! AND HERE, MY WIFE IS PLANNING A BIG DINNER PARTY. HE CAN DROP DEAD!

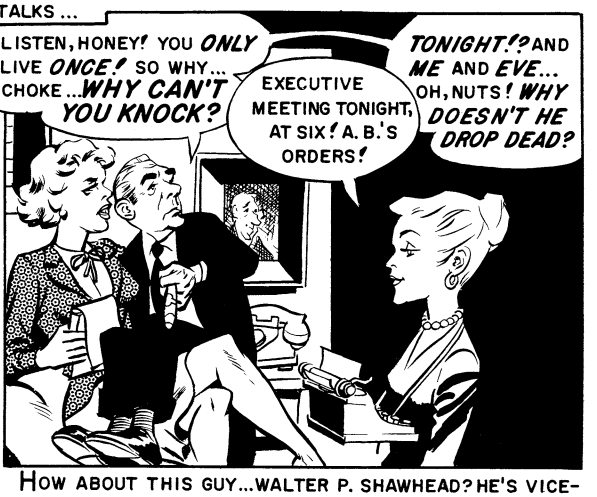
GET THE DRAMATIC PICTURE? ONE BY ONE, WE GET A LOOK AT EACH OF THREADBARE'S V.P.'S...ALL PROSPECTIVE PRESIDENTS. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GUESS WHO IT'LL BE! HOW ABOUT WALTER GRIMACE, HERE... VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION...?



THE THREADBARE TOWER, WHERE HIGH IN THE UPPERMOST STORIES IS A ROOM ... AND IN THAT ROOM, A TABLE... AND AT THE END OF THAT TABLE, THE EXECUTIVE SEAT!

IT'S-A BAD NEWS, MISS-A MARGIN?
YES, POTRZEBIE! MR. BULLHEAD IS RETURNING TONIGHT. HE'S CALLED AN EXECUTIVE MEETING FOR SIX. AND I HAD A BEAUTY PARLOR APPOINTMENT. OH, I WISH HE'D DROP DEAD!
KNEEL
14K
W.P. LOVES $

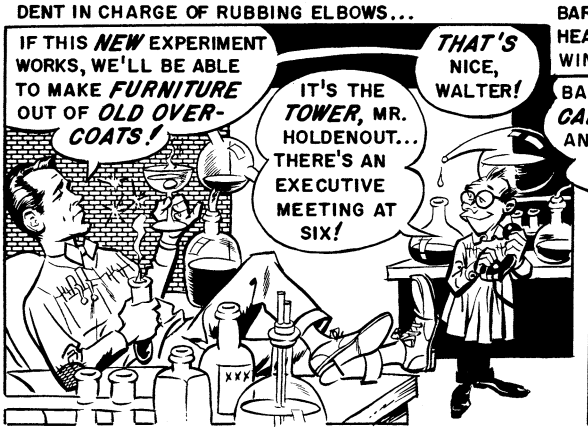
NEXT, EROICA HURRIES INTO BIG, GENIAL WALTER DUD'S OFFICE. MR. DUD IS VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES TALKS ...


LISTEN, HONEY! YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE! SO WHY... CHOKE ...WHY CAN'T YOU KNOCK?
EXECUTIVE MEETING TONIGHT, AT SIX! A.B.'S ORDERS!
TONIGHT!? AND ME AND EVE... OH, NUTS! WHY DOESN'T HE DROP DEAD?

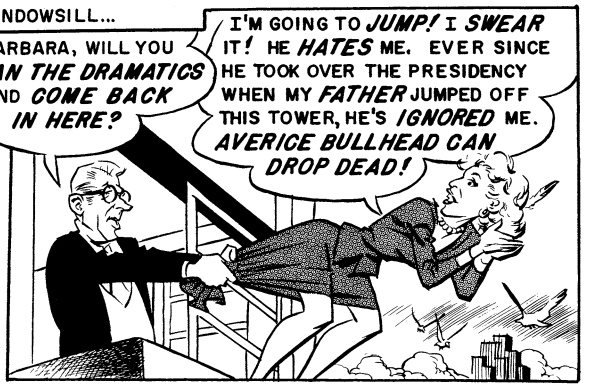
HOW ABOUT THIS GUY...WALTER P. SHAWHEAD? HE'S VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF VICE-PRESIDENTS...

MEETING TONIGHT? OH, GOODY! MAYBE HE'S GOING TO PICK THE NEW EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT? OH, MY PALMS ARE SWEATING! DID HE SAY WHAT IT'S ABOUT, MISS MARGIN... THE MEETING?
HE DIDN'T SAY!
HE NEVER DOES! SOMETIMES I PRAY HE'LL DROP DEAD!
BUY, STEAL, BUY STEEL -IT'S A STEAL! A REAL DEAL
COUPON CLIPPERS
3

YOU'VE JUST ABOUT DECIDED THAT WALTER PIDGEONSTOOL'S GOT THE PRESIDENCY WHEN THE PHONE RINGS IN THE PIKER STREET PLANT AND WALTER HOLDENOUT IS SEEN IN A GRIMY LAB COAT, RUBBING ELBOWS WITH THE HELP. HE'S VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF RUBBING ELBOWS...


IF THIS NEW EXPERIMENT WORKS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE FURNITURE OUT OF OLD OVERCOATS!
IT'S THE TOWER, MR. HOLDENOUT... THERE'S AN EXECUTIVE MEETING AT SIX!
THAT'S NICE, WALTER!

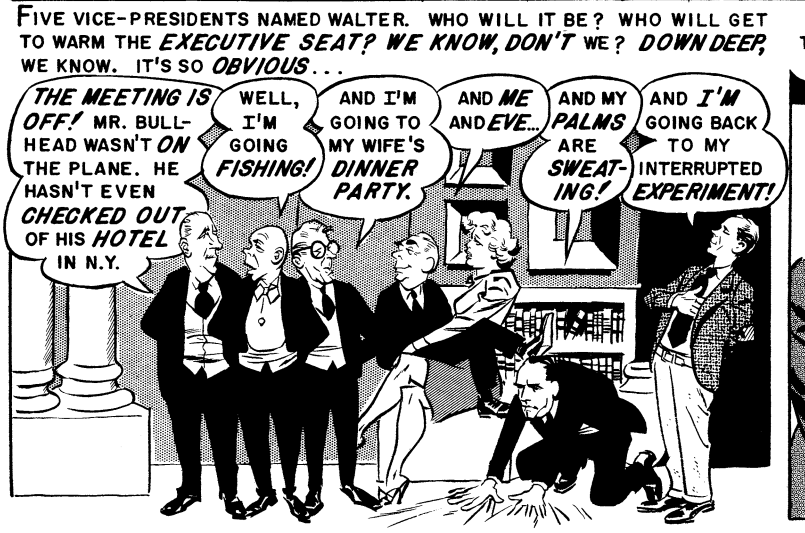
THERE'S OUR BOY! ANY IDIOT CAN TELL THAT! HE'S THE DREAMER...THE EXPERIMENTER...HE WORKS WITH THE WORKERS...HE'S ONE OF THEM! NOW, IT'S A CINCH WHO'S GOING TO GET AVERICE BULLHEAD'S JOB ONCE THEY LEARN HE'S DEAD. OH, THERE'S ONE MORE PERSON TO MEET. BARBARA THREADBARE. SHE'S WAITING IN AVERICE BULLHEAD'S OFFICE...OR RATHER OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE...ON THE WINDOWSILL...


BARBARA, WILL YOU CAN THE DRAMATICS AND COME BACK IN HERE?
I'M GOING TO JUMP! I SWEAR IT! HE HATES ME. EVER SINCE HE TOOK OVER THE PRESIDENCY WHEN MY FATHER JUMPED OFF THIS TOWER, HE'S IGNORED ME. AVERICE BULLHEAD CAN DROP DEAD!

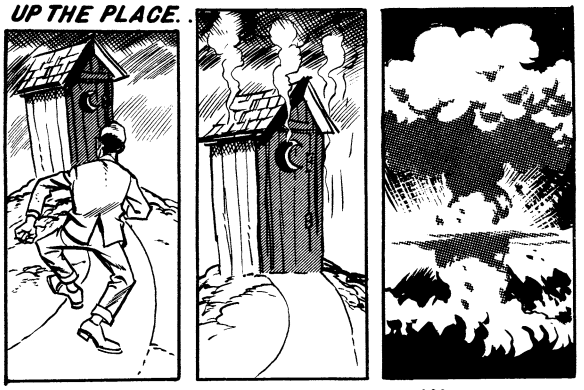
IT'S SIX O'CLOCK. THE FIVE VICE-PRESIDENTS FILE INTO THE BOARDROOM AND SQUAT AROUND THE BIG, LONG, SHINY TABLE. AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE IS THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR...TALL...LEATHER...COMFORTABLE-LOOKING... IMPOSING. NOW, WE KNOW WHY THEY ALL WISH AVERICE BULLHEAD WOULD DROP DEAD! NOW, WE SEE WHY THEY ALL WANT THAT EXECUTIVE SEAT! THE REST OF THEM HAVE TO SIT ON ORANGE CRATES...

WHAT'S THIS MEETING ALL ABOUT, WALTER?
BORED MEETING
PEASANTS!
I DON'T KNOW! WHAT TIME IS IT, WALTER?
SIX-TEN! A. B. IS LATE, HUH, WALTER?
YEAH! HE'S NEVER THIS LATE, IS HE, WALTER?
MR. SHAWHEAD, TO YOU! I HATE FIRST NAMES! OH, MY PALMS ARE SWEATING!
DONKIST
ORANGES

FIVE VICE-PRESIDENTS NAMED WALTER. WHO WILL IT BE? WHO WILL GET TO WARM THE EXECUTIVE SEAT? WE KNOW, DON'T WE? DOWN DEEP, WE KNOW. IT'S SO OBVIOUS...

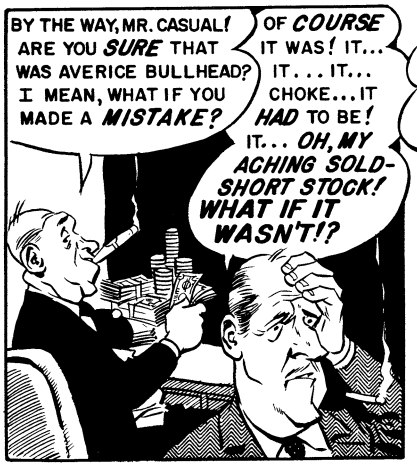

THE MEETING IS OFF! MR. BULLHEAD WASN'T ON THE PLANE. HE HASN'T EVEN CHECKED OUT OF HIS HOTEL IN N.Y.
WELL, I'M GOING FISHING!
AND I'M GOING TO MY WIFE'S DINNER PARTY.
AND ME AND EVE...
AND MY PALMS ARE SWEATING!
AND I'M GOING BACK TO MY INTERRUPTED EXPERIMENT!

THERE'S CORPORATION PRESIDENT MATERIAL. IT SURE IS OBVIOUS! WHILE EVERYBODY ELSE IS INTERESTED IN NONSENSE, WALTER HOLDENOUT GOES BACK TO THE LAB... TO DREAM... AND EXPERIMENT... AND BLOW UP THE PLACE...

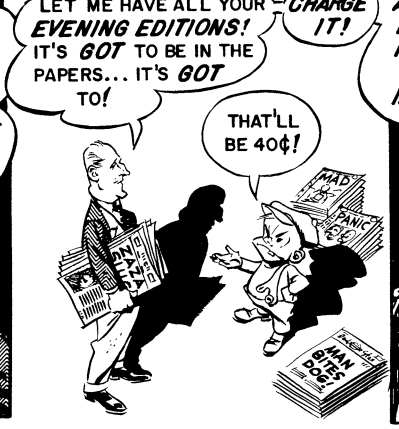


WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THE PIKER STREET PLANT! SOMETHING MUST'VE GONE WRONG, MR. HOLDENOUT!
WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN ON MONDAY, WALTER. ANY PLANTS LEFT WE HAVEN'T BLOWN UP?

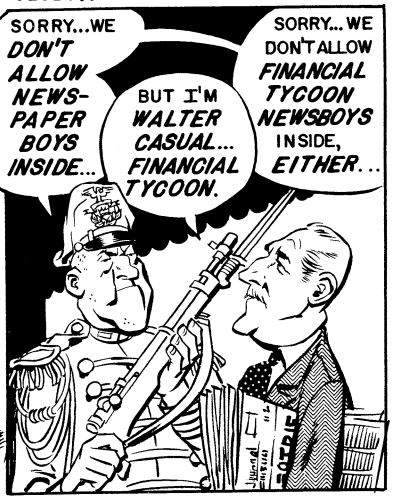
MEANWHILE, BACK IN N.Y., WALTER CASUAL IS LEAVING HIS OFFICE, PROUD OF HIS CLEVER STOCK MANEUVER...

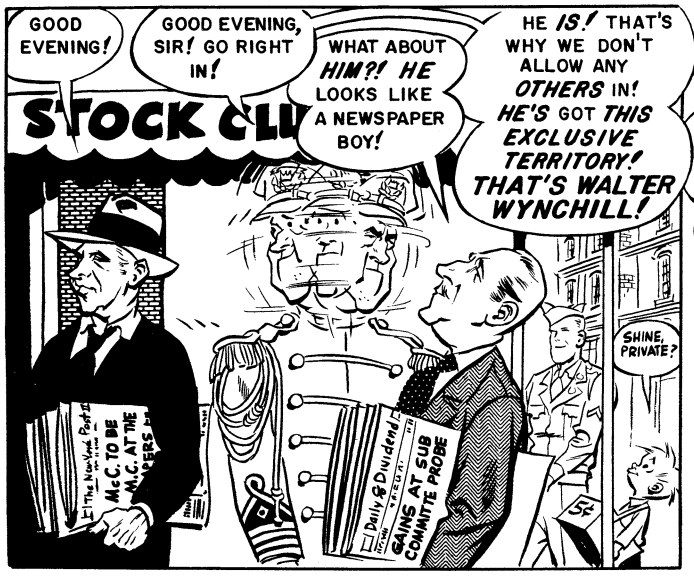

BY THE WAY, MR. CASUAL! ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS AVERICE BULLHEAD? I MEAN, WHAT IF YOU MADE A MISTAKE?
OF COURSE IT WAS! IT... IT... IT... IT... CHOKE... IT HAD TO BE! IT... OH, MY ACHING SOLD-SHORT STOCK! WHAT IF IT WASN'T!?

WITH THIS DOUBT INSTILLED IN HIS MERCENARY MIND, CASUAL HURRIES TO NEWSSTAND AFTER NEWSSTAND...



THEN HE HURRIES TO THE STOCK CLUB...

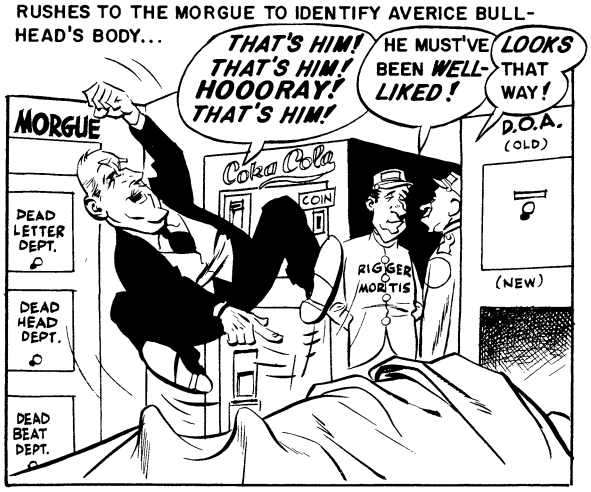

SORRY... WE DON'T ALLOW NEWSPAPER BOYS INSIDE...
BUT I'M WALTER CASUAL... FINANCIAL TYCOON.
SORRY... WE DON'T ALLOW FINANCIAL TYCOON NEWSBOYS INSIDE, EITHER...


GOOD EVENING!
GOOD EVENING, SIR! GO RIGHT IN!
WHAT ABOUT HIM?! HE LOOKS LIKE A NEWSPAPER BOY!
HE IS! THAT'S WHY WE DON'T ALLOW ANY OTHERS IN! HE'S GOT THIS EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY! THAT'S WALTER WYNCHILL!
STOCK CLU
SHINE, PRIVATE?
Daily Dividend
GAINS AT SUB COMMITTEE PROBE

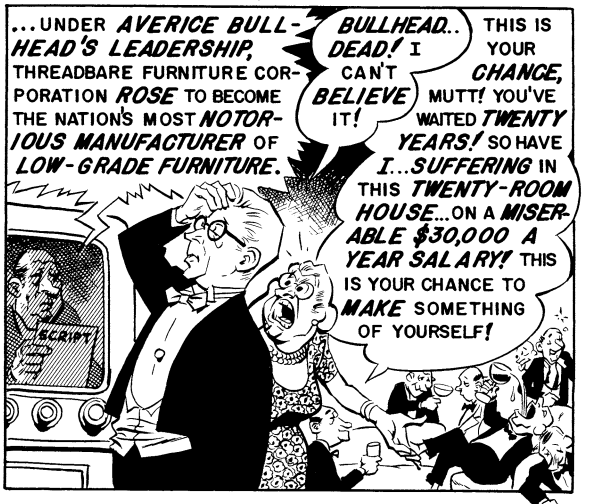
INSIDE THE STOCK CLUB, MR. CASUAL IS GREETED BY A GORGEOUS, SHAPELY, LUSCIOUS BLONDE...

HELLO, HONEY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR HOURS! GIMME A BIG HUG AND KISS! I'M HUNGRY FOR LOVE!
NO TIME FOR PLAY NOW! GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND! I MAY BE LOSING $30! NOW LET'S SEE...
EXPOSE EXPOSED
5

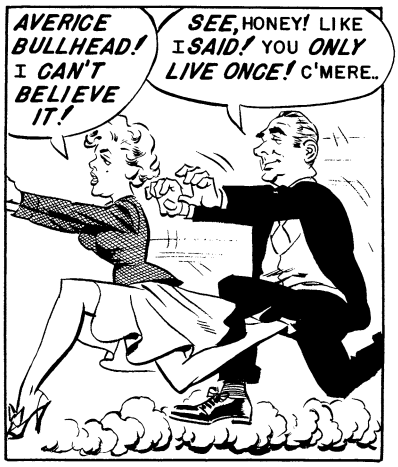
FINDING A SMALL ITEM ABOUT AN UNKNOWN MAN DROPPING DEAD ON WALL STREET, WALTER CASUAL RUSHES TO THE MORGUE TO IDENTIFY AVERICE BULLHEAD'S BODY...



AND THE SAD NEWS IS FINALLY FLASHED TO MILLIONAIREBURG. AT WALTER PIDGEONSTOOL'S DINNER PARTY...


...UNDER AVERICE BULLHEAD'S LEADERSHIP, THREADBARE FURNITURE CORPORATION ROSE TO BECOME THE NATION'S MOST NOTORIOUS MANUFACTURER OF LOW-GRADE FURNITURE.
BULLHEAD.. DEAD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, MUTT! YOU'VE WAITED TWENTY YEARS! SO HAVE I...SUFFERING IN THIS TWENTY-ROOM HOUSE...ON A MISERABLE $30,000 A YEAR SALARY! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF!
SCRIPT

AT WALTER DUD'S SECRETARY'S APARTMENT...



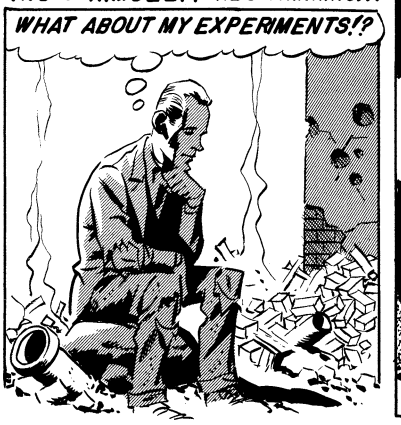
AT WALTER GRIMACE'S MOUNTAIN LODGE...

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO TOWN! THEY'VE CALLED A DIRECTORS' MEETING TO ELECT A NEW PRESIDENT!
HE WOULD HAVE TO GO AND DROP DEAD AND RUIN MY FISHING TRIP!

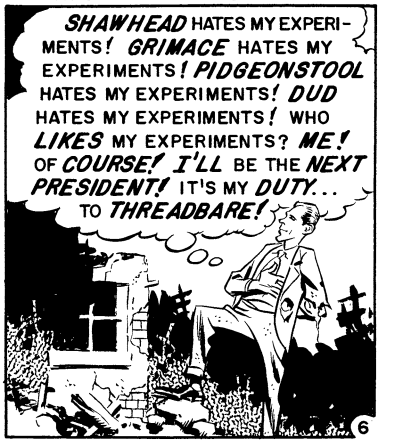
AT WALTER P. SHAWHEAD'S...

AT BARBARA THREADBARE'S...

NOTICE THE SELFISH REACTIONS? NOTICE THE HIDDEN GLEE? NOT SO WITH OUR BOY! HE'S NOT THINKING OF HIMSELF! HE'S THINKING...



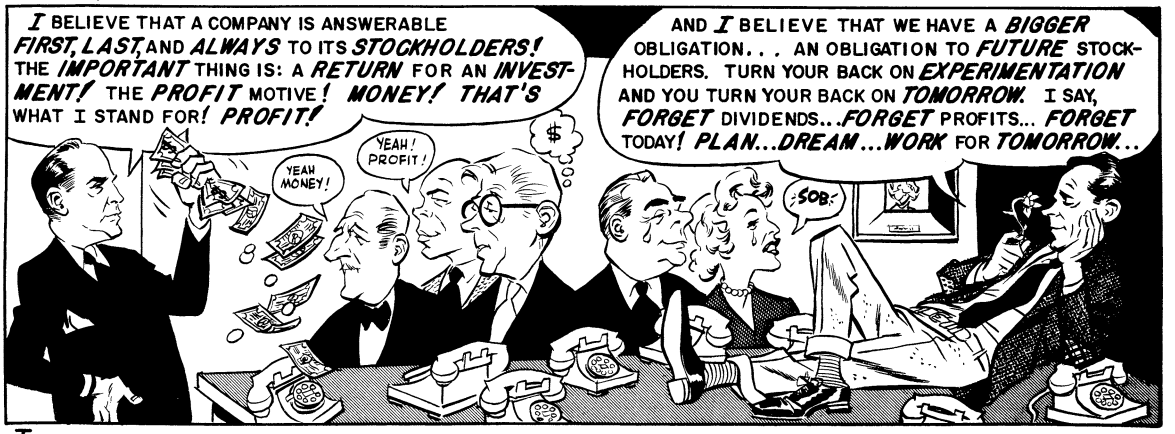
CAN'T YOU SEE IT? THIS IS PRESIDENTIAL TIMBRE...BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT...


SHAWHEAD HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! GRIMACE HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! PIDGEONSTOOL HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! DUD HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! WHO LIKES MY EXPERIMENTS? ME! OF COURSE! I'LL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT! IT'S MY DUTY... TO THREADBARE!
6

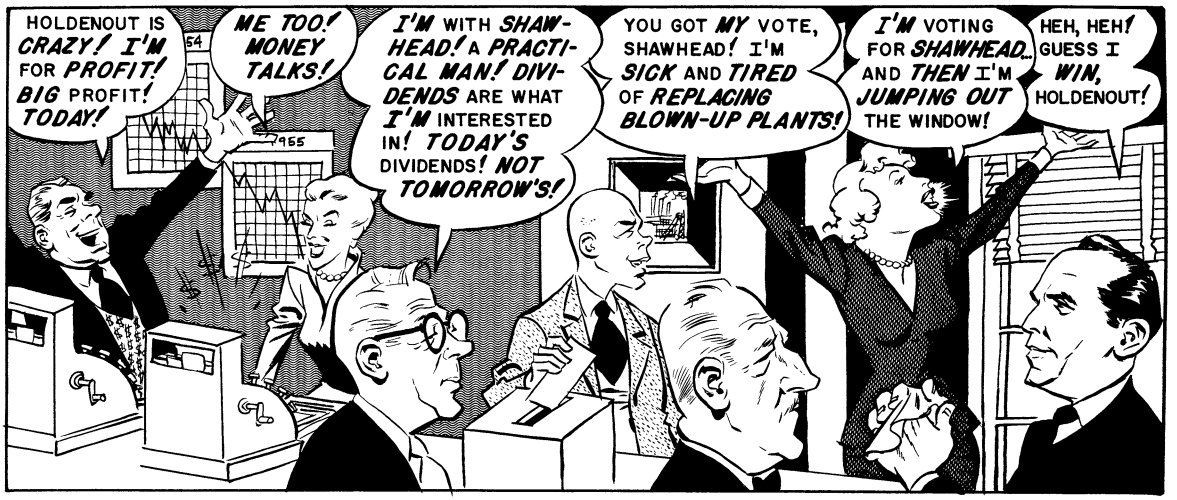
AND SO THE TENSE CLIMAX OF THE PICTURE IS REACHED...THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO ELECT A NEW PRESIDENT.

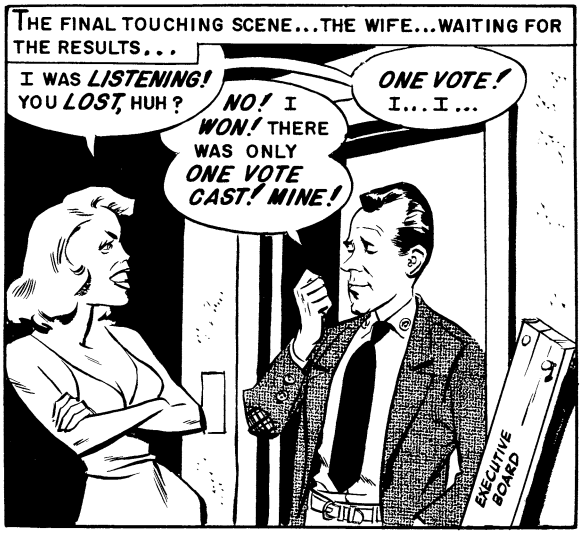
THE CANDIDATES: WALTER P. SHAWHEAD... AMBITIOUS, SELFISH, MERCENARY...

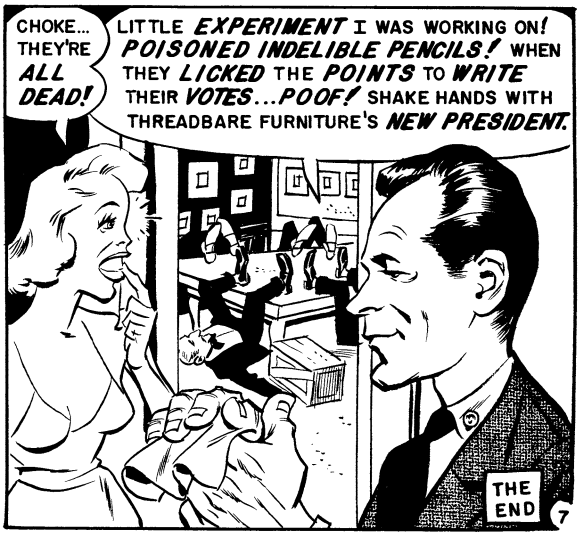
... AND WALTER HOLDENOUT...THE DREAMER... THE EXPERIMENTER...


I BELIEVE THAT A COMPANY IS ANSWERABLE FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS TO ITS STOCKHOLDERS! THE IMPORTANT THING IS: A RETURN FOR AN INVESTMENT! THE PROFIT MOTIVE! MONEY! THAT'S WHAT I STAND FOR! PROFIT!
YEAH MONEY!
YEAH! PROFIT!
$
AND I BELIEVE THAT WE HAVE A BIGGER OBLIGATION... AN OBLIGATION TO FUTURE STOCKHOLDERS. TURN YOUR BACK ON EXPERIMENTATION AND YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON TOMORROW. I SAY, FORGET DIVIDENDS...FORGET PROFITS... FORGET TODAY! PLAN...DREAM...WORK FOR TOMORROW...
SOB!

THEN... THE VOTE...


HOLDENOUT IS CRAZY! I'M FOR PROFIT! BIG PROFIT! TODAY!
ME TOO! MONEY TALKS!
1955
I'M WITH SHAWHEAD! A PRACTICAL MAN! DIVIDENDS ARE WHAT I'M INTERESTED IN! TODAY'S DIVIDENDS! NOT TOMORROW'S!
YOU GOT MY VOTE, SHAWHEAD! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF REPLACING BLOWN-UP PLANTS!
I'M VOTING FOR SHAWHEAD... AND THEN I'M JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW!
HEH, HEH! GUESS I WIN, HOLDENOUT!


THE FINAL TOUCHING SCENE...THE WIFE...WAITING FOR THE RESULTS...
I WAS LISTENING! YOU LOST, HUH?
NO! I WON! THERE WAS ONLY ONE VOTE CAST! MINE!
ONE VOTE! I... I...
EXECUTIVE BOARD

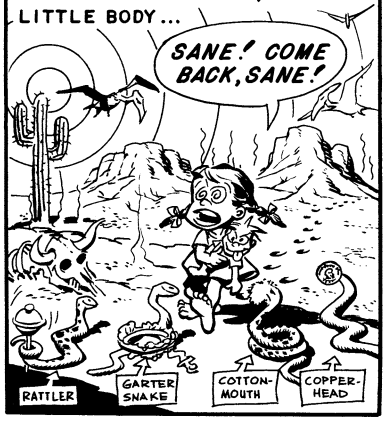

CHOKE... THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
LITTLE EXPERIMENT I WAS WORKING ON! POISONED INDELIBLE PENCILS! WHEN THEY LICKED THE POINTS TO WRITE THEIR VOTES...POOF! SHAKE HANDS WITH THREADBARE FURNITURE'S NEW PRESIDENT.
THE END
7

FANTASTIC DOOM-TYPE MOVIES DEPT. (THE KING KONG FORMULA WITH A SCIENCE-FICTION EXPLANATION DIVISION): EVER SINCE THE *FIRST ATOMIC BOMB* WAS EXPLODED IN 1945, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN *SPECULATING* AS TO *WHICH* NEW DEVELOPMENT WILL *BRING ABOUT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF ALL HUMANITY.* SOME SAY THE *H-BOMB.* SOME SAY *RADIATION.* OTHERS PUT THEIR MONEY ON *TIDAL WAVES.* STILL OTHERS BELIEVE THAT AN *INVASION FROM ANOTHER PLANET* WILL DO THE TRICK. WE OF *PANIC* THINK THAT *MANKIND WILL BE DESTROYED WITH A RASH OF MOVIES LIKE:*

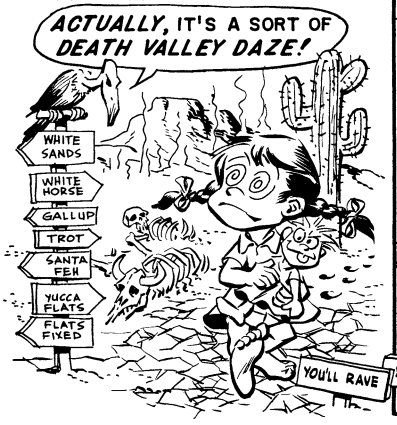
THEM THERE THOSE

HOW MANY MISTAKES CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?

IN THE BROILING HEAT OF THE NEW MEXICO SUN, A SMALL GIRL WANDERS AIMLESSLY ACROSS THE VAST DESERT TRACTS, CLUTCHING A DOLL TO HER FRAIL, TIRED LITTLE BODY...

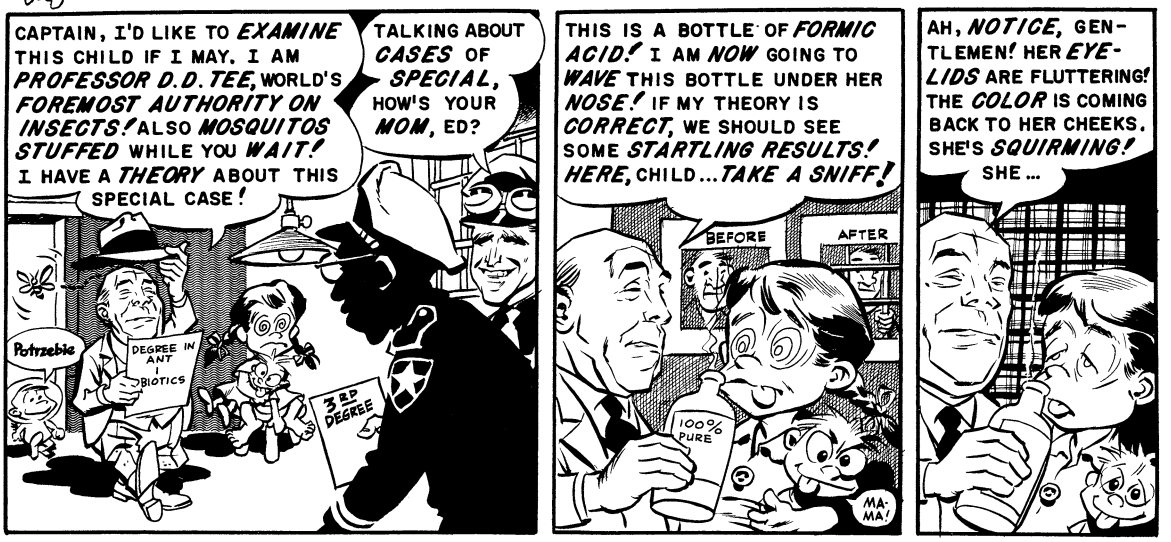


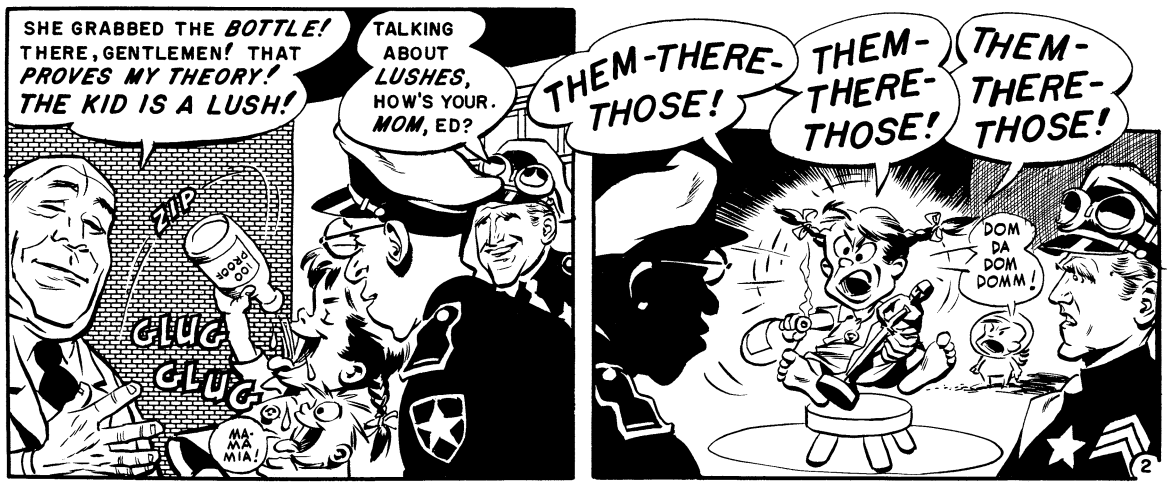
ON HER PALE PEAKED LITTLE FACE, SHE WEARS A *DAZED EXPRESSION,* AS THOUGH SHE HAS JUST COME FROM THE *VALLEY OF DEATH...*



WHILE NEARBY, SGT. JAMES WITLESS OF THE NEW MEXICO DESERT PATROL LURKS WITH HIS QUOTA OF SPEEDING TICKETS...

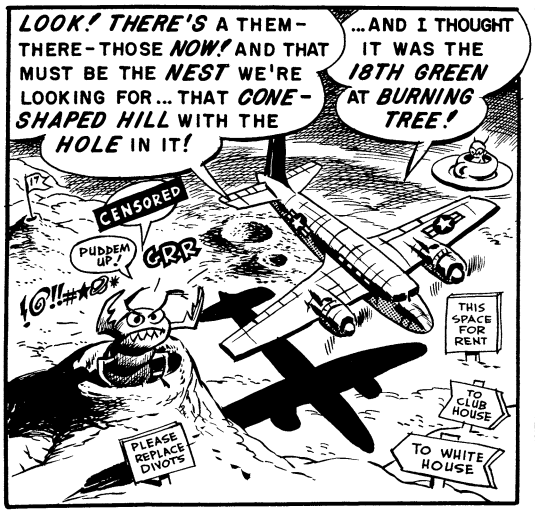
OKAY, GIRLIE! PULL OVER TO THE CURB!
WHERE'S THE FIRE?
LET'S SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
SO YOU WON'T TALK, EH?
CURB YOUR DOG
!MOO
VOO
SCREECH!
HMMM! THIS KID IS IN A COMPLETE STATE OF SHOCK. HER EYES ARE WIDE AND STARING! HER FACE IS PALE AND PERSPIRED! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S OUT OF MY MIND!
OH, THAT EXPLAINS IT! SHE'S WEARING AN E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BUTTON!*
CHIEF! I FOUND THIS LITTLE GIRL WANDERING AROUND IN THE DESERT... IN A QUANDRY!
WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND, WITLESS! DID YOU FIND HER IN A QUANDRY... OR IN A DESERT?
WANTED
DIRTY BILL
WANTED
SOMEONE WHO KISSED ME!
POST NO BILLS
P.D.Q.
*50¢ FOR MEMBERSHIP KIT! — ED.

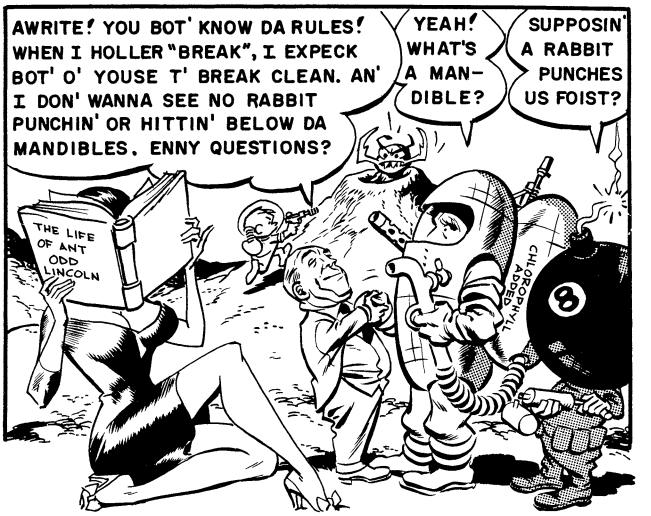

CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THIS CHILD IF I MAY. I AM PROFESSOR D.D. TEE, WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON INSECTS! ALSO MOSQUITOS STUFFED WHILE YOU WAIT! I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THIS SPECIAL CASE!
TALKING ABOUT CASES OF SPECIAL, HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?
Potrzebie
DEGREE IN ANT I BIOTICS
3RD DEGREE
THIS IS A BOTTLE OF FORMIC ACID! I AM NOW GOING TO WAVE THIS BOTTLE UNDER HER NOSE! IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, WE SHOULD SEE SOME STARTLING RESULTS! HERE, CHILD... TAKE A SNIFF!
BEFORE
AFTER
100% PURE
MA-MA!
AH, NOTICE, GENTLEMEN! HER EYELIDS ARE FLUTTERING! THE COLOR IS COMING BACK TO HER CHEEKS. SHE'S SQUIRMING! SHE...


SHE GRABBED THE BOTTLE! THERE, GENTLEMEN! THAT PROVES MY THEORY! THE KID IS A LUSH!
TALKING ABOUT LUSHES, HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?
ZIP
100 PROOF
GLUG GLUG
MA-MA MIA!
THEM-THERE-THOSE!
THEM-THERE-THOSE!
THEM-THERE-THOSE!
DOM DA DOM DOMM!
2

CAN'T STAND OVER-ACTING, CAN YOU, ED?
GENTLEMEN! WE ARE FACED WITH SOMETHING SO DEVASTATING, SO DESTRUCTIVE, SO AWFUL, THAT IT MIGHT EASILY SPELL THE END OF ALL HUMANITY...
POOF!
STOOL PIGEON
PROFESSOR! YOU MEAN...?
PRECISELY! A PLAGUE OF GIANT THEM-THERE-THOSES!
OH! I WAS THINKING OF POWER STEERING!
SEE? THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM SETTING OFF THOSE FURSHLUGGINER ATOM BOMBS! THE RADIOACTIVITY OF THE VEEBLEFETZER WAVES HAVE UPSET THE GENETIC CELLS OF NORMAL-SIZED ANTS, CAUSING A MOLECULAR MUTATION OF THE CHROMATIC GENES RESULTING IN A POTRZEBIE ALTERATION IN SIZE!
UNDERSTAND?
I UNDERSTAND, PROFESSOR!
SO EXPLAIN IT, HUH? TO ME, IT'S ALL GREEK!
PROFESSOR TEE! IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, I MUST ASK YOU NOT TO ALLOW ANY OF THIS INFORMATION TO LEAVE THIS ROOM!
WHA...? WHO SAID THAT?
OH, I'M SORRY, PROF! I GUESS I FORGOT TO INTRODUCE YOU! THIS IS SECRET AGENT K-9 OF THE LOCAL F.B.I. OFFICE!
BULLET-IN BOARD
LINE UP→
PLEASE DON'T PUT BUTTS IN THIS POT. WE DON'T PUT DIRT IN YOUR ASH TRAYS.
PARDON ME FOR NOT EXTENDING MY HAND, PROFESSOR. I'M ON DUTY!
SAY, YOU FELLOWS CERTAINLY ARE CLEVER WITH DISGUISES, AREN'T YOU?
OH, THIS'S NOTHING! I CAN DO A HAT-RACK, TOO! WATCH!
RADIO ACTIVE
GUM
POT R. ZEBIE
POP!
OH, BRAVO! BRAVO!
I SAW HOW HE DONE IT! HE HAD IT UP HIS LEAVES ALL THE TIME!
COOLER
GEE, MAN!
OH, HANG IT!
CLAP! CLAP!
I ALSO DO A STUDIO COUCH, A TYPEWRITER, A PINBALL MACHINE, FRANKY LAINE, JOHNNY RAY, JIMMY DURANTE, ERTHA KITT ...WANNA HEAR?
NOT NOW, K-9! DON'T YOU THINK WE HAVE MATTERS OF A MORE SERIOUS NATURE TO DISCUSS... LIKE WHO'S GOT THE DING-DONG?
HAT'S THE SPIRIT!
DOM DA DOM DOMM!
PANIC
MAD
WEIRD
ANT TROCLES ANT THE LION
KINSEY REPORT
3

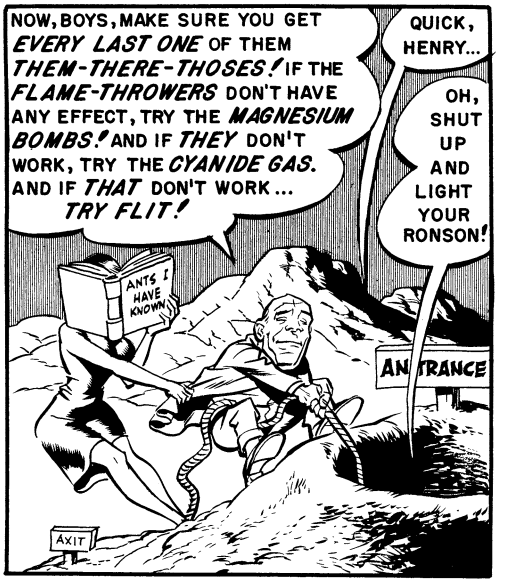
YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! I APOLOGIZE! JUST A SECOND WHILE I SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE!
GEE! WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO?
THERE! THAT'S BETTER!
POP
@?!*#! our home
F.B.I.
THE GOVERNMENT HAS KNOWN FOR SOME MONTHS ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF THESE THEM-THERE-THOSES, BUT WE DON'T DARE RELEASE THE NEWS TO THE NATION FOR FEAR OF PANIC!
YOU'RE AFRAID THEY'LL LAMPOON IT?
PANIC
F.B.YOU.
YOU, AS THE WORLD'S LEADING ENTOMOLOGIST AND MOSQUITO STUFFER, CAN AID US BY HELPING TO LOCATE THE NEST OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSES SO WE CAN WIPE OUT THEM THERE THOSE HORRIBLE CREATURES BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE WORLD!
LOOK, ED! AFRICA SPEAKS!
F.B.THEM.
YOU, PROFESSOR TEE, KNOW MORE ABOUT THE HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSE THAN ANY MAN LIVING!
HMMPH! YOU CALL THIS LIVING!?
WOW-WEE-WOO! DIG THE STACKED BROAD!
POP
GEE, MAN!
GIVE
CHARLIE'S ANT
GENTLEMEN! THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, T.N. TEE! SHE IS AN EXPERT IN THE FIELD OF ANT PSYCHOLOGY, AND I BELIEVE HER PRESENCE WILL BE OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO US ON THIS FURSHLUGGINER MISSION BECAUSE OF HER VAST KNOWLEDGE...
PROF! SHE COULD COME ALONG IF SHE WAS AN IDIOT! MAH-ROON!
ANTTROPOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS
SPRONG
NOW, NOW, LADS! LEAVE US NOT DAWDLE OVER BASER EMOTIONS! SECONDS ARE PRECIOUS! MOMENTS ARE FLEETING! SILENCE IS GOLDEN! TIME IS MONEY! PIGS IS PIGS!
...BOYS WILL BE BOYS!
ANT CHOVIES ANT TIPASTO
TILT
GEE, PROFESSOR! FROM UP HERE, THOSE PEOPLE LOOK LIKE LITTLE BUGS CRAWLING AROUND DOWN THERE!
THEY ARE BUGS, NITWIT... WE HAVEN'T TAKEN OFF YET!
PAIR O' SHOOTS
F. B.
ANTS IN YOUR PLANTS
4


LOOK! THERE'S A THEM-THERE-THOSE NOW! AND THAT MUST BE THE NEST WE'RE LOOKING FOR... THAT CONE-SHAPED HILL WITH THE HOLE IN IT!
...AND I THOUGHT IT WAS THE 18TH GREEN AT BURNING TREE!
CENSORED
PUDDEM UP!
GRR
!@!#★@*
THIS SPACE FOR RENT
TO CLUB HOUSE
TO WHITE HOUSE
PLEASE REPLACE DIVOTS


AWRITE! YOU BOT' KNOW DA RULES! WHEN I HOLLER "BREAK", I EXPECK BOT' O' YOUSE T' BREAK CLEAN. AN' I DON' WANNA SEE NO RABBIT PUNCHIN' OR HITTIN' BELOW DA MANDIBLES. ENNY QUESTIONS?
YEAH! WHAT'S A MAN-DIBLE?
SUPPOSIN' A RABBIT PUNCHES US FOIST?
THE LIFE OF ANT ODD LINCOLN
CHORDWAL ARDEN
8

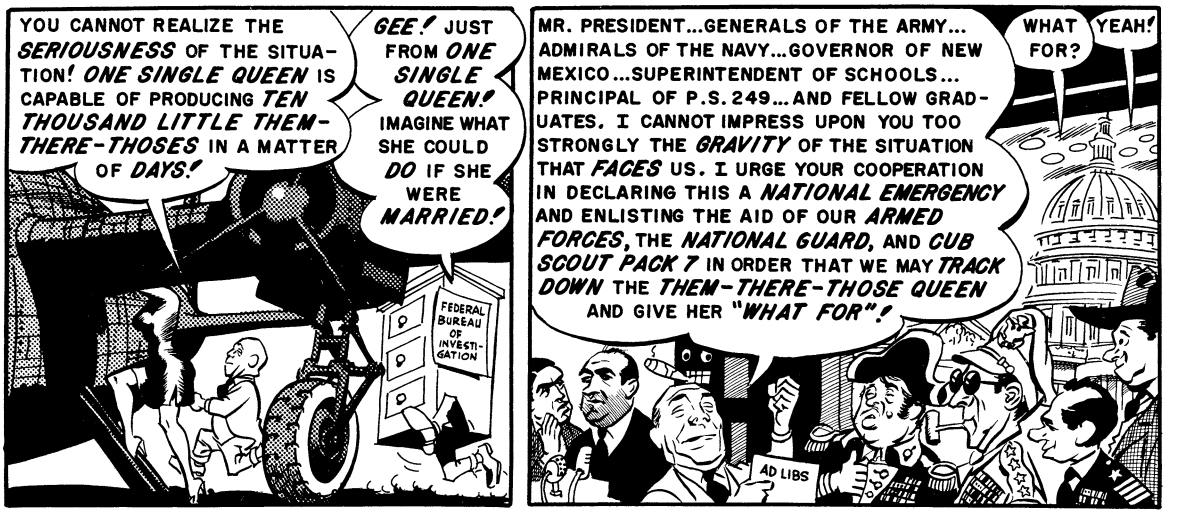
WHILE YOU BOYS ARE WIPING OUT THE THEM-THERE-THOSES, I'LL TRY TO CONTACT PRESIDENT MONROE ON THE WALKIE-TALKIE!
PRESIDENT MONROE?! HEY, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!
THAT'S A WALKY-TALKY?
SO WHAT? IT'S SCIENCE FICTION, AIN'T IT?
WALKIE TALKIE

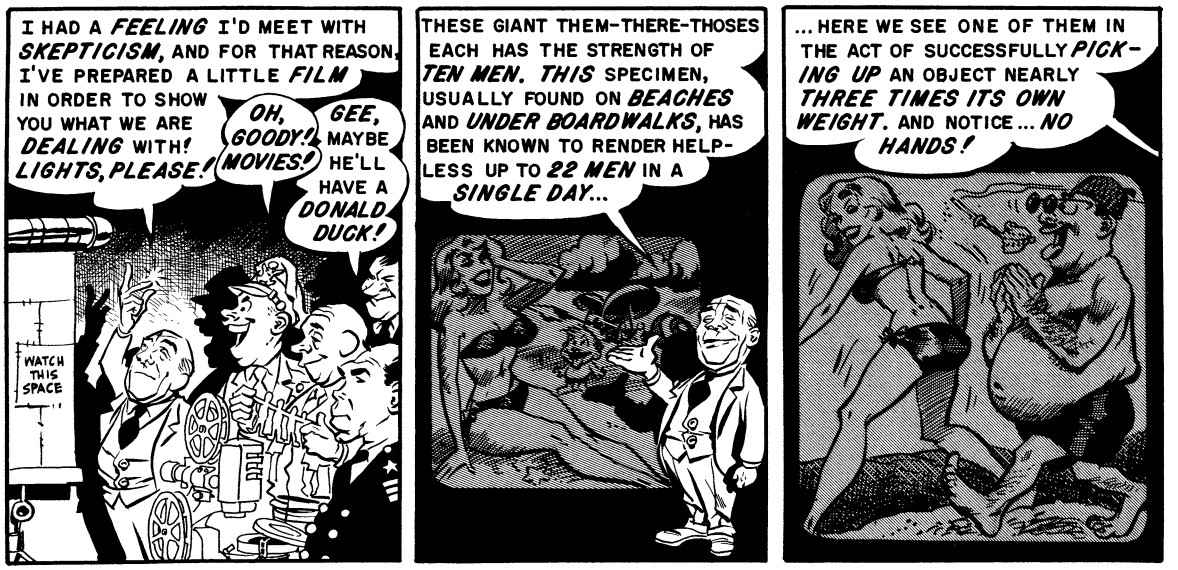
LISTEN, BUSTER! YOU BELONG TO YOUR FAN CLUB, AND I'LL BELONG TO MINE!
CHARTER MEMBER
MONROE FAN CLUB
JANUARY

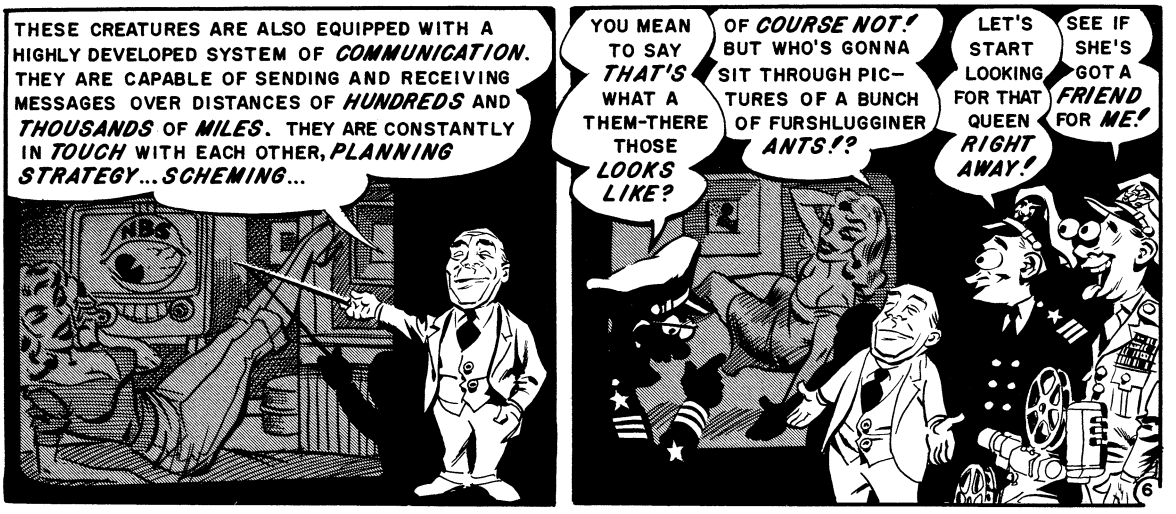

NOW, BOYS, MAKE SURE YOU GET EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM THEM-THERE-THOSES! IF THE FLAME-THROWERS DON'T HAVE ANY EFFECT, TRY THE MAGNESIUM BOMBS! AND IF THEY DON'T WORK, TRY THE CYANIDE GAS. AND IF THAT DON'T WORK... TRY FLIT!
QUICK, HENRY...
OH, SHUT UP AND LIGHT YOUR RONSON!
ANTS I HAVE KNOWN
AN TRANCE
AXIT

YEOW!
@#★?*!!
LISTEN, T.N! THERE GO THE FLAMETHROWERS! JUST HEAR THEM THERE THOSE CREATURES SCREAM IN AGONY!
SO'S YER ANT HILLY!
DANGER E.D. FAN CLUB MEETING TODAY.

WELL, WE WIPED OUT ALL OF THE THEM-THERE-THOSES, PROFESSOR... BUT WE COULDN'T FIND THE QUEEN! I... HATE TO BE A SNITCHER, BUT HER BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN ALL NIGHT!
JUST AS I FEARED! OH, THIS IS A HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE! QUICK! WE MUST FLY TO WASHINGTON!
IN-FLAM-MBLE
TELL BELLAFONE
5


YOU CANNOT REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION! ONE SINGLE QUEEN IS CAPABLE OF PRODUCING TEN THOUSAND LITTLE THEM-THERE-THOSES IN A MATTER OF DAYS!
GEE! JUST FROM ONE SINGLE QUEEN! IMAGINE WHAT SHE COULD DO IF SHE WERE MARRIED!
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
MR. PRESIDENT...GENERALS OF THE ARMY... ADMIRALS OF THE NAVY...GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO...SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS... PRINCIPAL OF P.S. 249...AND FELLOW GRADUATES. I CANNOT IMPRESS UPON YOU TOO STRONGLY THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION THAT FACES US. I URGE YOUR COOPERATION IN DECLARING THIS A NATIONAL EMERGENCY AND ENLISTING THE AID OF OUR ARMED FORCES, THE NATIONAL GUARD, AND CUB SCOUT PACK 7 IN ORDER THAT WE MAY TRACK DOWN THE THEM-THERE-THOSE QUEEN AND GIVE HER "WHAT FOR"!
WHAT FOR?
YEAH!
AD LIBS


I HAD A FEELING I'D MEET WITH SKEPTICISM, AND FOR THAT REASON, I'VE PREPARED A LITTLE FILM IN ORDER TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE ARE DEALING WITH! LIGHTS, PLEASE!
OH, GOODY! MOVIES!
GEE, MAYBE HE'LL HAVE A DONALD DUCK!
WATCH THIS SPACE
THESE GIANT THEM-THERE-THOSES EACH HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN. THIS SPECIMEN, USUALLY FOUND ON BEACHES AND UNDER BOARDWALKS, HAS BEEN KNOWN TO RENDER HELPLESS UP TO 22 MEN IN A SINGLE DAY...
...HERE WE SEE ONE OF THEM IN THE ACT OF SUCCESSFULLY PICKING UP AN OBJECT NEARLY THREE TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT. AND NOTICE... NO HANDS!


THESE CREATURES ARE ALSO EQUIPPED WITH A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SYSTEM OF COMMUNICATION. THEY ARE CAPABLE OF SENDING AND RECEIVING MESSAGES OVER DISTANCES OF HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER, PLANNING STRATEGY... SCHEMING...
NBS
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT'S WHAT A THEM-THERE THOSE LOOKS LIKE?
OF COURSE NOT! BUT WHO'S GONNA SIT THROUGH PICTURES OF A BUNCH OF FURSHLUGGINER ANTS!?
LET'S START LOOKING FOR THAT QUEEN RIGHT AWAY!
SEE IF SHE'S GOT A FRIEND FOR ME!
6

AH...ALONE AT LAST, T.N. THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO SPEAK TO YOU... TO TELL YOU HOW MADLY AND PASSIONATELY IN LOVE I AM WITH YOU!
IT'S NO USE, K-9. YOU'RE A NICE GUY AND ALL THAT, BUT... WELL, YOU'RE JUST NOT MY TYPE!
LIFE IN THE ANT ARCTIC
120 WHATS?
I CAN CHANGE, T.N! LOOK! I'VE ALREADY CHANGED! I CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT! JUST TELL ME WHICH TYPE YOU LIKE, MY BELOVED... SHORT AND FAT?
TALL AND THIN?
BIG AND MUSCULAR?
POP
AN ANT-THOLOGY OF ANT-ECEDENTS
IF YOU MUST KNOW, BUSTER... I LIKE 'EM PLUMP AND JUICY!
GOOD LORD! YOU! YOU'RE THE QUEEN OF THEM THERE THEM-THERE-THOSES!
MUNCH!
A.C. E.D.
ALTHOUGH I LOVE YOU, T.N., I MUST DESTROY YOU! IT IS MY DUTY! THIS IS GOING TO HURT ME MORE THAN IT WILL YOU!
OH, CAN THE MUSH, AND GET ON WITH THE FURSHLUGGINER WIND-UP GAG! CHANGE INTO A SHOE, ALREADY!
FREE HOME DEMON-STRATION
NO MONEY DOWN-NO PAY-MENTS
POP
BZZZZ
AS A NINE-FOOT SHOE, I WILL BE ABLE TO STEP ON YOU AND SQUASH YOU INTO AN OOOEY GOOOEY PULP...LIKE THIS...
YOU KNOW, THEY'RE NOT MAKING COMICS LIKE THEY USED TO...
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
NO! NO! STOP! WAIT! DON'T! YOU DON'T REALIZE THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCE OF WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DO!
SORRY, PROF... BUT EVEN IF SHE IS YOUR OWN DAUGHTER, THIS KID'S GOT TO GO!
SQUISH!
DAUGHTER! SHMAUGHTER! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU STEP ON AN ANT, IT'S GONNA RAIN?
...AN' I JUST HAD MY CAR WASHED!
DOM DA DOM DOMM!
MOTHER COME HOME-ANT AND UNCLE ARE HERE
THE ANT
7

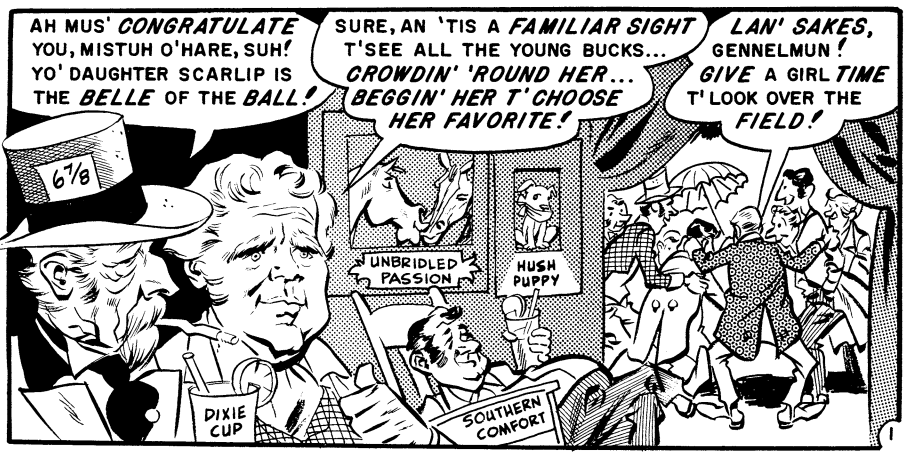
RE-ISSUED FILM CLASSIC DEPT: (IT MADE MONEY ONCE, IT CAN DO IT AGAIN... BECAUSE THIS TIME THEY NEED IT! DIVISION): BY *NOW*, THERE PROBABLY ISN'T A *PERSON* IN THE UNITED STATES OVER *SIX YEARS OLD* WHO HASN'T *SEEN* THIS *STIRRING EPIC OF THE DEEP SOUTH* AT LEAST *ONCE*... SO THERE'S *NO SENSE* GIVING YOU *OUR VERSION* OF THE *WHOLE STORY* FROM *BEGINNING* TO *END*. BESIDES... IT'S *FOUR HOURS LONG*, AND *WE* ONLY GOT *SEVEN PAGES!* INSTEAD, WE THOUGHT WE'D JUST REMIND YOU OF A FEW OF THE *OUTSTANDING HIGHLIGHTS* AND *MORE MEMORABLE DRAMATIC SCENES* FROM THE *GREATEST LI'L OL' LOVE YARN EVER FILMED*... THAT *STIRRING TALE* OF AN *ERA* OF *LUXURIOUS LIVING, CRINOLINE SKIRTS*, AND *HUSH PUPPIES*, WHICH CAME TO AN *END* WITH THE *BLOODY, GORY CIVIL WAR*. HONEY CHILE, WE'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT...

GONE WITH THE WIDOW

MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 1: THE *FIRST THRILLING MEETING* BETWEEN BEAUTIFUL, PROUD, WILLFUL, TREACHEROUS *SCARLIP O'HARE*... DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH'S RICHEST PLANTATION OWNER... AND HANDSOME, DASHING, MYSTERIOUS, SARDONIC *RHETT BUTTONS*... SON OF A GUN. WHO COULD EVER *FORGET* THIS THRILLING SCENE? *WHO? HUH? WHO?*...

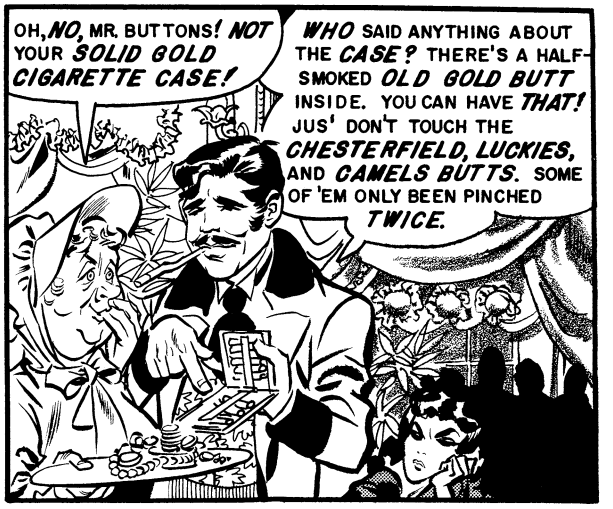
HUBBA, HUBBA!
GREAT BALLS O' FIRE, MAMMY! WHO DAT MAN LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE A CHEMISE ON?
WHY, SCARLIP CHILE, DAS DE NOTORIOUS MISTUH RHETT BUTTONS!
NOW, C'MON UPSTAIRS AN' LOOK FO' YO' CHEMISE, WHICH YOU FO'GOT T' PUT ON... AS USUAL!
WOOD.

REMEMBER? IT WAS AT THE PARTY WHEN *ASHCAN MILKS* ANNOUNCED HIS *ENGAGEMENT* TO SACCHARIN-SWEET *MALADIE* HAMINEGGS. REMEMBER HOW SCARLIP TRIED TO MAKE ASHCAN *JEALOUS*, BY *TEASING* ALL OF THE *ELIGIBLE BOYS* THERE? *HUH?*


AH MUS' CONGRATULATE YOU, MISTUH O'HARE, SUH! YO' DAUGHTER SCARLIP IS THE BELLE OF THE BALL!
SURE, AN 'TIS A FAMILIAR SIGHT T'SEE ALL THE YOUNG BUCKS... CROWDIN' 'ROUND HER... BEGGIN' HER T' CHOOSE HER FAVORITE!
LAN' SAKES, GENNELMUN! GIVE A GIRL TIME T' LOOK OVER THE FIELD!
6 7/8
UNBRIDLED PASSION
HUSH PUPPY
DIXIE CUP
SOUTHERN COMFORT

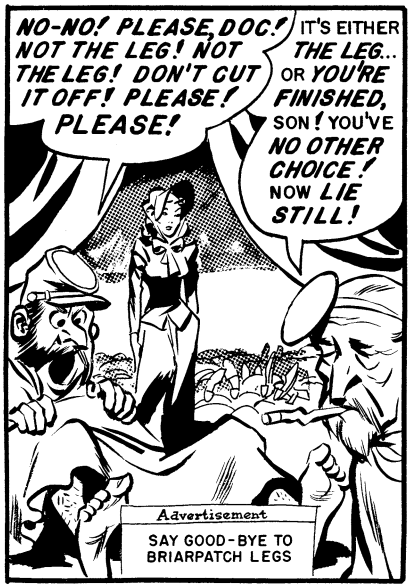
HAVE Y'ALL PICKED YO' FAVORITE YET, SCARLIP?
P-PLEASE TELL US YO' SELECTION, MISS O'HARE.
WHO DO YOU PICK, MISS SCARLIP?
TELL US WHO YOU LIKE BEST, SCARLIP?
AH THINK YOU GENNELMUN WILL BE HAPPY T'KNOW AH'VE FINALLY MADE MAH DECISION!
SOUTHERN BELL
AH LIKE "FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"... IN THE SIXTH... AT... BELMONT!
GOLLY, THANKS, MISS SCARLIP!
SHE'S NEVER BEEN WRONG YET!
BUT THEN," KIND MUDDER" LOOKS MIGHTY GOOD TOO! AH'LL PLAY 'EM BOTH.
RACING FORM
Official, Oliver, People's Postal, Rapid, Reliance, Rex, Royal, Schiessing, Visible, L. C. Smith, Stearns, Sterling, Sun, Tor, Type-Adder, Underwood, Visigraph, Walker, Woodstock, World, Yost among others.
IT'S WAH! WAH! MISTUH LINCOLN HAS DECLAYUD WAH!
YAHOO!
IT'S BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER!
I ALWAYS WANTED TO POKE YOU IN THE NOSE!
I'M GONNA ENLIST!
ME TOO!
GREAT BALLS O' FIRE!
AH JUS' HATE THAT MISTUH LINCOLN DECLAYRUN WAR RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE O' THE PARTY! NOW ASHCAN'S RUN OFF... AN' AH'LL NEVUH SEE HIM AGAIN. THAT IS...UNLESS I MARRY MALADIE HAMINEGG'S BROTHER! AN THERE THE SHMOE IS! HEY! SHMOE!
YO' CALLIN' LI'L OL' ME, MISS SCARLIP?
BOING!
WUF
WOOF
MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 2: REMEMBER THE ROLLICKING SCENE IN WHICH SCARLIP, A WIDOW OF ONLY TWO MONTHS, (SHE DID MARRY THE SHMOE BUT HE DIED OF ACUTE ATHLETE'S FEET)... ATTENDS A FUND-RAISING DANCE IN HONOR OF THE WEAKENED SOUTHERN LINE... AND RUNS INTO A STRONG NORTHERN LINE, HANDED OUT BY THE GUY FROM THE PARTY... THE LEERING ONE... NOTORIOUS RHETT BUTTONS HIMSELF! REMEMBER? HUH?
WELL! WIDOW HAMINEGG! WE MEET AGAIN!
SO WHAT'S NEW?
SO WHAT COULD BE NEW?
KISSES
3 FOR $1.00
NO RAIN CHECKS
O.P.A LIST PRICES
SHORT KISS-25¢
LONG KISS-50¢
PASSIONATE KISS- I'LL PAY YOU!
NO CREDIT
NO CONFEDERATE MONEY
PUCKER SUCKER
FALSE TEETH
That Loosen Need Not Embarrass
ALL RIGHT, BABY! NOW THAT THE SCHOOLBOYS ARE OUT OF THE WAY, LET A REAL HE-MAN SHOW YOU HOW TO KISS!
I KNOW HOW TO TREAT SOUTHERN FREUD CHICKENS!
OH! YOU'RE SO FORCEFUL!
C'MERE...
CRUNCH!
2

AH BEG YO' PAHDON, BUT AH'M COLLECTIN' GOLD FO' THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE! HAVE Y'ALL ANYTHIN' T' CONTRIBUTE?
PANT...PANT... HERE! AH'LL GIVE MY GOLD WEDDIN' RING!
CLOSED FOR REPAIRS
AN' I'LL GIVE THE OLD GOLD IN THIS CIGARETTE CASE!

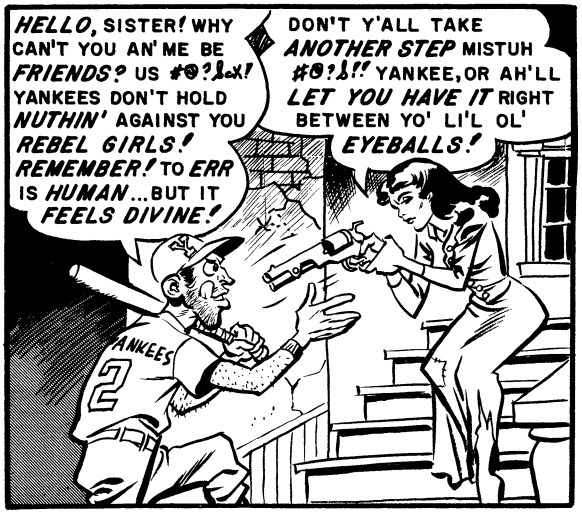

OH, NO, MR. BUTTONS! NOT YOUR SOLID GOLD CIGARETTE CASE!
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE CASE? THERE'S A HALF-SMOKED OLD GOLD BUTT INSIDE. YOU CAN HAVE THAT! JUS' DON'T TOUCH THE CHESTERFIELD, LUCKIES, AND CAMELS BUTTS. SOME OF 'EM ONLY BEEN PINCHED TWICE.

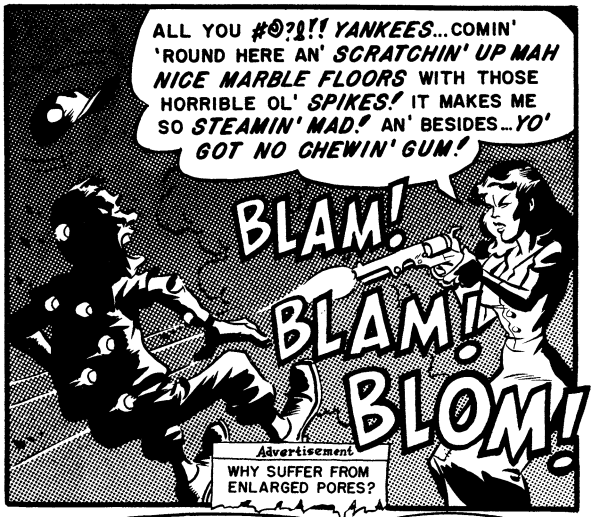
MEMORABLE SCENE NO.3: REMEMBER THE *POIGNANT SCENE* IN WHICH *SCARLIP*, TRAPPED IN ATLANTA BY SHERMAN'S ADVANCING ARMY, HAS HER FIRST LESSONS IN *SOUTHERN HOSPITAL*-ITY, BY CARING FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN THE *MAKESHIFT DISPENSARY* SET UP IN THE BESIEGED CITY'S *POST OFFICE?* REMEMBER THE *GORE?! UUUGCH!*

P-PLEASE, NURSE! GIVE ME SOME PENICILLIN!
AH CAIN'T, IDIOT! IT AIN'T BEEN DISCOVERED YET!
OOOOOHHH!
DOES IT HURT MUCH?
ONLY WHEN I LAUGH!
QUICK, SCARLIP! IN HERE! YOU MUST HELP ME WITH THIS AMPUTATION!
CRUNCH


NO-NO! PLEASE, DOC! NOT THE LEG! NOT THE LEG! DON'T CUT IT OFF! PLEASE! PLEASE!
IT'S EITHER THE LEG.. OR YOU'RE FINISHED, SON! YOU'VE NO OTHER CHOICE! NOW LIE STILL!
Advertisement
SAY GOOD-BYE TO BRIARPATCH LEGS

AND SAY... TALK ABOUT MEMORABLE SCENES! HOW ABOUT THE ONE IN WHICH SCARLIP AND RHETT ESCAPE THE BESIEGED AND BURNING CITY OF ATLANTA IN A STOLEN HORSE AND WAGON WITH MALADIE AND HER NEWBORN BABY IN THE BACK?
HOW ABOUT THAT?
DO TRY TO HURRY, RHETT! I WANT TO BE HOME IN TIME TO HEAR THE 10P.M. NEWS WITH FRANK EDWARDS!
I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, BABY... BUT IT'S TOUGH BUCKING THIS RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC! GIDDAP, ULYSSES!
HOLOCAUST OF THOUSANDS
WELL, BABY! I GOT YOU THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES, AND NOW I'M LEAVIN' YUH! FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
YOU'RE LEAVING!? BUT WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO?
SEE!
WHY, I'M GONNA JOIN THE ARMY, SCARLIP! THERE MAY STILL BE TIME TO GET IN ON THAT 52-20 DEAL!
BUT RHETT! YOU MIGHT BE KILLED IN THIS HORRIBLE OL' WAR! YOU MIGHT...
I'M NO FOOL, SCARLIP! THE WAR ENDED THREE DAYS AGO... AT APPAPOTOMIX... HIPPOPOTIMUS... APPOPITOMAX... THE SOUTH SURRENDERED!
...BESIDES! WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME!? I'M THE HERO... AND THE PICTURE ISN'T EVEN HALF OVER YET! NOW, C'MERE... AND GIVE ME A GREAT BIG HUG AND KISS FOR GETTING YOU HOME SAFELY...
I'M NOT THAT KIND OF A GIRL, RHETT BUTTONS. AND WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBORS THINK?
ONCE MORE RE-UNITED WITH HER FAMILY ON THE BELOVED RED EARTH OF TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY, SCARLIP VOWS TO RESTORE THE BURNED, SHELL-POCKED LAND TO THE BEAUTIFUL, THRIVING COTTON PLANTATION IT ONCE WAS... AT ALL COSTS. AND SO, DOGGEDLY, DETERMINED, SHE SETS TO WORK... SETS EVERYBODY TO WORK...
REMEMBER THIS SCENE?
LISTEN, DAUGHTER! YOU CAN'T DRIVE YOUR SISTERS THAT WAY! IT ISN'T FITTIN' T'DRIVE THEM THAT WAY! IT ISN'T HUMAN!
AW, GET YER COTTON-PICKIN' HANDS OFF ME, PA!
...AN' BESIDES! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A DRIVER'S LICENSE!
COTTON
ARE THE HORSES SHOD LIKE I TOL' YUH?
ULP! DID YOU SAY "SHOD"?
QUICK, SCARLIP! THERE'S A #@?&x! YANKEE MARAUDER IN THE HOUSE!
YOU JUST STAY HERE, MALADIE! AH'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT #@?&x!! YANKEE!
4


HELLO, SISTER! WHY CAN'T YOU AN' ME BE FRIENDS? US #@?!ex! YANKEES DON'T HOLD NUTHIN' AGAINST YOU REBEL GIRLS! REMEMBER! TO ERR IS HUMAN... BUT IT FEELS DIVINE!
DON'T Y'ALL TAKE ANOTHER STEP MISTUH #@?!! YANKEE, OR AH'LL LET YOU HAVE IT RIGHT BETWEEN YO' LI'L OL' EYEBALLS!
YANKEES
2


ALL YOU #@?!! YANKEES... COMIN' 'ROUND HERE AN' SCRATCHIN' UP MAH NICE MARBLE FLOORS WITH THOSE HORRIBLE OL' SPIKES! IT MAKES ME SO STEAMIN' MAD! AN' BESIDES... YO' GOT NO CHEWIN' GUM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLOM!
Advertisement
WHY SUFFER FROM ENLARGED PORES?

REMEMBER THAT HEARTRENDING *RENUNCIATION SCENE* WHEN *SCARLIP* DISCOVERS THAT THE *LOVE* SHE HAS GUARDED FOR *ASHCAN* *MILKS* ALL THESE YEARS HAS BEEN FOR *NAUGHT?*

REMEMBER THE SCENE IN THE *WOODSHED* WHEN *SCARLIP* GETS *SLAPPED DOWN?*

REMEMBER IT? HAH?

OH, ASHCAN... HONEY... IT'S SO *WONDERFUL* TO HAVE YOU *HOME* AGAIN!
YES, SCARLIP! IT'S *GOOD* TO RETURN TO MY *BELOVED WIFE MALADIE* AND MY *10-MONTH-OLD BABY* AFTER *3 LONG YEARS* OF BEING *AWAY!* I'D *FORGOTTEN EVERY-THING* I EVER *LEARNED* ABOUT *LOVE* AND *TRUTH* AND *BEAUTY* IN THOSE 3 YEARS!
YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN A LITTLE *RUSTY* ON YOUR *ARITHMETIC, TOO,* ASHCAN, BOY!

OH, ASHCAN! WHY DON'T WE *RUN AWAY TOGETHER... JUST YOU AND I?* WE CAN BE *HAPPY* TOGETHER! I *KNOW* I CAN MAKE YOU *HAPPY!*
NO, SCARLIP! IT *WOULDN'T WORK!* MY WIFE *MALADIE* WOULD *NEVER UNDER-STAND!* SHE'S *FUNNY* THAT WAY!
THIS IS KNOWN AS A MASON-DIXON LINE!

SO, ASHCAN MILKS! *YOU NEVER REALLY LOVED ME AT ALL!* ALL THIS TIME AH'VE BEEN *WAITIN'* FO' YO' *RETURN*... WAITIN' FO' YOU T' COME AN' *CRUSH ME* IN YO' *SPINDLY ARMS*... AN' ALL THIS TIME, *YOU'VE BEEN IN LOVE* WITH *ANOTHER!*
ANOTHER *WHAT?*
THUD!

SCARLIP, ALREADY *WIDOWED* FOR THE *SECOND TIME*, (SHE MARRIED *ANOTHER* SHMOE TO SAVE *TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY* FROM THE *TAX COLLECTOR*) FINALLY JOINS IN HAPPY UNION... *OOPS! SORRY!... MATRIMONY* WITH *RHETT BUTTONS*... NOW A *RICH MAN* AFTER 3 YEARS OF *BOOTLEGGING, PLUNDERING, GUN-RUNNING, SMUGGLING, SPYING*, AND SELLING *SECRET PLANS* TO THE *ENEMY.* (ACTUALLY, ALL OF THESE ILLICIT ENTER-PRISES WERE JUST A *FRONT* FOR HIS *REAL* SOURCE OF INCOME... *COMIC BOOK PUBLISHING!*) THE *HONEYMOON*, ABOARD RHETT'S *PRIVATE PADDLEBOAT*, STEAMING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI, OFFERED US SUCH SPARKLING BITS OF DIALOGUE AS...

5

THIS IS A PADDLE-BOAT!?
YOU'RE PADDLING, AIN'T YUH?
ROBERT E. LEAKY
WHEN ASHORE, THE HONEYMOONERS DINED AT ONLY THE MOST EXCLUSIVE EATING PLACES.
WHAT'LL IT BE, FOLKS?
I'LL HAVE A BANANA-SPLIT-NUT-SUNDAE... WITH ONE BALL OF PICKLED HUCKLEBERRY ICE CREAM AND ONE BALL OF SWEET-AND-SOUR ARTICHOKE ICE CREAM.
MAKE THAT TWO!
SALE CUT RATE OPIUM
ALL KINDS DRUGS
ICE CREAM 208 FLAVORS — GO AHEAD, ASK ME!
FOR THOSE FIRST GAY CAREFREE MONTHS OF MARRIAGE, SCARLIP WAS HAPPIER THAN SHE HAD EVER BEEN IN HER WHOLE LIFE. BUT THEN... JUST AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD BEEN KINDLED, THE FLAME OF LOVE THAT BURNED IN HER HEART FOR THE ROUGH AND MASTERFUL RHETT STARTED TO WANE!
REMEMBER THE SCENE IN WHICH SHE LOCKS HIM OUT OF HER BEDROOM?
REMEMBER?
RHETT! AH WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT AH'M LOCKIN' MY DOOR TONIGHT!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, BABY! I KNOW PLENTY OF WAYS TO AMUSE MYSELF! AFTER ALL, I WASN'T A BACHELOR FOR 30 YEARS FOR NOTHING, Y'KNOW! IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE AT BELLE BOTTOM'S PLACE!
WELL, HERE I AM AT BELLE BOTTOM'S PLACE... AND BOY, AM I AMUSIN' MYSELF! HO! HO! AM I HAVING FUN!
SHUCKS! I TILTED IT!
AND THAT WAS MY LAST CONFEDERATE NICKEL, TOO!
I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!
TILT
I WIN
YOU LOSE
TRY AGAIN
NEXT TIME
GOPHER BROKE
YOU'LL NOT LOCK YOUR DOOR TONIGHT, SCARLIP!
KRUMF!
I KNOW MY RIGHTS AS A HUSBAND, AND BY GOLLY, NO FURSHLUGGINER DOOR IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM MY RIGHT TO ENJOY MYSELF...
THIS PINBALL MACHINE I HAD INSTALLED IN YOUR BEDROOM IS HALF MINE, AND I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO PLAY IT ANYTIME I WANT!
BESIDES, IT PAYS OFF BETTER THAN THE ONE AT BELLE'S PLACE!
TILT
DING DANGGG
6

REMEMBER THE FINAL, EMOTION-PACKED SCENE IN WHICH SCARLIP, FURIOUS AT RHETT'S COOL INDIFFERENCE TOWARD HER, LUNGES BLINDLY AT HIM FROM ATOP THE LANDING OF THEIR VELVET-CARPETED STAIR-CASE... AND MISSES?
RHETT BUTTONS! YOU'RE JUST A CALLOUSED, HEART-LESS CUR! TAKE THAT.. OOOPS!
I KNEW THIS TURTLENECK SWEATER YOU KNITTED FOR ME WOULD COME IN HANDY SOMEDAY!
OUT TO LUNGE
ZIP
HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR TRIP...THIS FALL!
OL' GRANDAD
GENERAL G. HOSSIFAT
BDOINK!
BDOINK!
THUD!
H-HELP ME, RHETT!
AH'M WEAK!
AH'M HELPLESS!
AH' CAIN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!
WELL, THEN, I GUESS THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR ME TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE GOT MY CARPET-BAGS PACKED, AND I'M LEAVIN' YOU, SCARLIP!
LEAVING!? AS I SAID ON PAGE FOUR, PANEL THREE... WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO?
S'MATTER?! YOU DON'T BELIEVE HER?! YOU GOTTA CHECK?! THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!
SO LONG, BABY!
BUT, RHETT! WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS! HOW WILL I RUN TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY ALL BY MYSELF? AT LEAST SIGN OVER YOUR HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM TO ME SO I CAN IRRIGATE THE PEANUT CROP! PLEASE, RHETT! PLEASE!
NEXT WK DEATH OF A SALESMAN
FRANKLY, SCARLIP! I DON'T GIVE A HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM!
GT!!★? our home
THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN!
IT MUST BE FUNNY... BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT IT NOW! I'LL THINK ABOUT IT TOMORROW!
EDITOR'S NOTE:
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL CAN'T PIECE THE STORY TOGETHER FROM THE HIGHLIGHTS WE'VE JUST OFFERED HERE, WE RECOMMEND THAT YOU CATCH GWTW'S NEXT REVIVAL. JUST ONE WORD OF WARN-ING! TAKE AN OLD INNER TUBE TO THE MOVIE WITH YOU! THE PICTURE IS FOUR HOURS LONG... AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT KIND OF TIME ON A MOVIE SEAT CAN DO TO YOUR...
-END-

(DASHING HERO-TYPE MOVIES DEPT. (THE NEEDLE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD! DIVISION): HOLLYWOOD SEEMS TO HAVE ABANDONED THE BLOOD-AND-THUNDER FORMULA FOR MORE SEDATE METHODS OF STORY-TELLING. THE *SWASHBUCKLE* HAS BEEN REPLACED BY THE *SASH BUCKLE*... A SHOW OF *PASSIONS* HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A SHOW OF *FASHIONS*... AND *BOLD TUSSLES* HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO *GOLD TASSLES*. ALL IN ALL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE MOVIEMAKERS HAVE BEATEN THEIR *SWORDS* INTO *PINKING SHEARS*... OR SO IT WOULD SEEM AFTER SEEING THEIR LATEST EPIC...

"BO BUMMEL"

-OR- "MUCH ADO ABOUT CLOTHING"

In the days of Napoleon, Nelson and Wellington, of Pitt, Burke and Fox, there lived a man known as Bo Bummel...

Lord Byron said that he was the greatest man in Europe...

Bummel agreed.

This guy was one conceited Jerk!

THE STORY OPENS ON THE PARADE GROUNDS OF THE 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS, THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN REGIMENT, WHERE WE SEE BO BUMMEL GIVING A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF HORSEMANSHIP FOR THE ONLOOKING PRINCE. AS HE RIDES DOWN THE GROUNDS, BO SLICES EVERY ORANGE AND LEMON AND BANANA AND PEAR ON THE STICKS NEATLY...

I *DO* WISH THIS THING WOULD BE *OVER*, LORD MERCY! I'M *FRIGHTFULLY HUNGRY!*

WE START WITH *FRUIT SALAD*, SIRE!

BY THE WAY! WHAT'S FOR *LUNCH?*

wood.

THEN BO RIDES BACK DOWN THE GROUNDS, PIERCING EVERY DONUT ON THE STRINGS...

DON'T TELL ME! I *KNOW* WHAT'S FOR *DESSERT!*

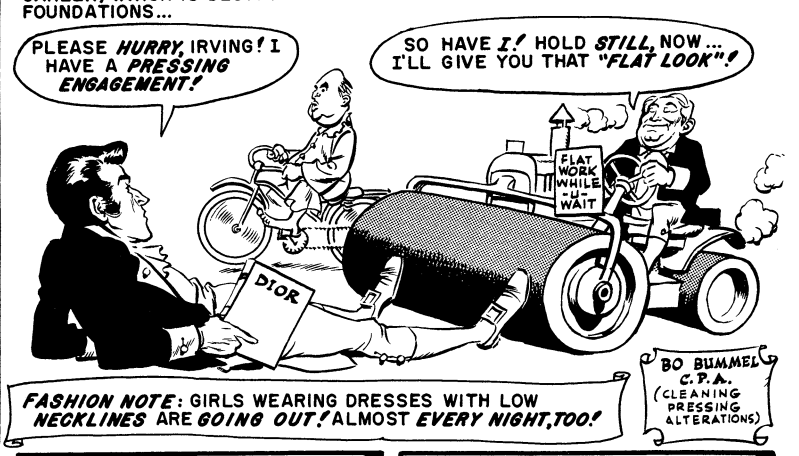
SORRY, *NO*, SIRE! CAPTAIN BUMMELL HAS JUST *DUNKED* THE DOUGHNUTS INTO LADY ELIZABETH'S *LAP!*

WHAT!? WHY THE *IMPUDENT SINKER!*

THE PRINCE OF WALES IS VISIBLY IRKED AT THIS WASTE OF PERFECTLY GOOD DONUTS. AND SO... WHEN THE REGIMENT LINES UP FOR INSPECTION...
FAIRLY NICE RIDING, CAPTAIN BUMMEL... BUT YOU WERE SLOPPY AND AWKWARD! YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO FORM!
IT'S THESE RIDICULOUS EPAULETS, SIRE! THEY DON'T FIT THIS TYPE OF UNIFORM! IN FACT, THE UNIFORM IS SUFFERING FROM BAD EPAULETIC FITS!
WHAT?! CAPTAIN BUMMEL, DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO DESIGNED THIS UNIFORM?!
PROBABLY SOME FAT JERK WHO FELT THESE RIDICULOUSLY LARGE EPAULETS WOULD HAVE A SLIMMING EFFECT! SOMEONE SLOPPY AND AWKWARD... WITH ABSOLUTELY NO FORM!
UPSON DOWNS
PLEASE REPLACE DIVOTS
I DESIGNED THE UNIFORM MYSELF, CAPTAIN BUMMEL... AND THIS IS RANK INSUBORDINATION! CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST!
I'VE BEEN UNDER ARREST EVER SINCE I PUT ON THESE TIGHT PANTS!
CAPTAIN BUMMEL! I ORDER YOU TO BE STRIPPED OF YOUR UNIFORM IN FRONT OF THE ENTIRE REGIMENT! YOU'RE THROUGH! WASHED UP! FINISHED! OUSTED!
FINE CLOTH... WASHABLE FINISHED WORSTED!
RRRIP!
AND SO, BEFORE THE EYES OF HIS FELLOW OFFICERS, "BO" BUMMEL SUFFERS THE UNSPEAKABLE DISGRACE OF BEING STRIPPED OF HIS UNIFORM. MOSTLY HE'S DISGRACED BECAUSE THIS CATCHES HIM WEARING HIS LONG RED UNDERWEAR WHICH CLASHES TERRIBLY WITH HIS CHARTREUSE EYEBALLS...
I HOPE THE BROOKS BROTHERS DON'T GET WIND OF THIS!
THAT NIGHT, LADY ELIZABETH COMES TO SEE BO...
SAY! NOW THERE'S A UNIFORM I LIKE!
OH, THIS OLD DRESS? IT'S REALLY NOTHING!
THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT!
BO! YOU REALLY MUST TRY TO GET BACK INTO THE PRINCE'S GOOD GRACES! WRITE HIM AN APOLOGY! SEND HIM FLOWERS! BUY HIM AN E.C. SUBSCRIPTION!
NEVER! I CANNOT COMPROMISE MY IMPECCABLE TASTE IN CLOTHING... NOT EVEN FOR A FUTURE KING! AND TAKE OFF THOSE EARRINGS!
BUT... BUT, BO! THE ARMY IS YOUR LIFE! WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO? HOW WILL YOU EARN YOUR LIVELIHOOD?
WHAT OTHER WORK CAN YOU DO?
HAVE YOU EVER WORKED FOR A PROFIT-MAKING ORGANIZATION?
DO YOU DEAL IN SERVICES?
DOES THIS THING YOU DO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPIER?
IS IT BIGGER THAN A BREADBOX?
...AND I'M NOT WEARING EARRINGS!
2

YOU'RE *RIGHT*, LADY ELIZABETH! I HAVE *NO MONEY*...*NO FAMILY*... *NO SOCIAL POSITION!*
I AM *UNEDUCATED*...*ILL-MANNERED* ...*UNCOUTH*...*STUBBORN*...AND *COMPLETELY FRIENDLESS!*
SOB...THERE'S ONLY *ONE* THING I *CAN* DO!
YOU MEAN...
YES! BECOME A *POLITICIAN!*

AND SO, WITH BUT 14 SHILLINGS, HIS FAITHFUL VALET, IRVING, AND 3,862 SUITS TO HIS NAME, BO PREPARES TO LAUNCH HIMSELF ON A POLITICAL CAREER, WHICH IS DESTINED TO ROCK THE ROYAL COURT TO ITS VERY FOUNDATIONS...


PLEASE *HURRY*, IRVING! I HAVE A *PRESSING ENGAGEMENT!*
SO HAVE *I!* HOLD *STILL*, NOW... I'LL GIVE YOU THAT *"FLAT LOOK"!*
FLAT WORK WHILE U WAIT
DIOR
FASHION NOTE: GIRLS WEARING DRESSES WITH LOW *NECKLINES* ARE *GOING OUT!* ALMOST *EVERY NIGHT, TOO!*
BO BUMMEL C.P.A. (CLEANING PRESSING ALTERATIONS)

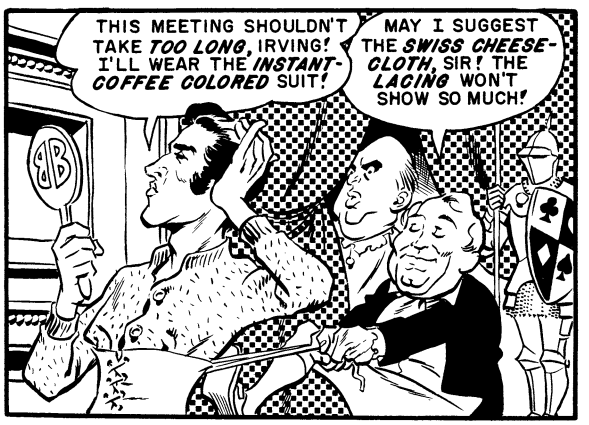
BO'S SPEECHES ARE THE TALK OF LONDON...

I DON'T *MIND* THE PRINCE OF WALES SPENDING THE PEOPLE'S HARD-EARNED MONEY KEEPING A *RACING STABLE*...
...BUT *HOW MANY STABLES ARE THERE AROUND* THESE DAYS THAT HE CAN *RACE HIS AGAINST?*
HERE, HERE!
OH, SHUT UP! *YOUR* OLD BARN CAN'T EVEN RUN AT A *PROFIT!*

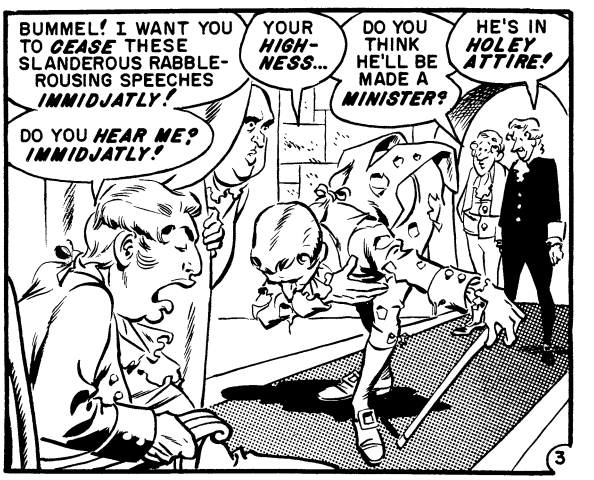
JUST *LOOK* AT THESE RIDICULOUS *THINGS* OUR ARMY IS FORCED TO WEAR AS PART OF ITS UNIFORMS! *WIGS! E.C. BUTTONS!*...
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY *INDIANS* A SOLDIER HAS TO *BURN* TO KEEP HIS *WIG WARM?*
TOPPING!
HAIR, HAIR!
OH, SHUT UP! YOU'RE WEARING A TEPEE, *YOURSELF!*

WHO'S MAKING US THE *LAUGHING-STOCK* OF *ALL EUROPE? WHO?* I'LL *TELL* YOU WHO!
THE *PRINCE OF WALES*, THAT'S WHO!
...AND WE THOUGHT IT WAS THE EDITORS OF *PANIC!*
WHY, THE *PRINCE* ISN'T *FIT* TO *POLISH MY BOOTS!*
AS A *PRINCE*, HE'S *OKAY*, I ADMIT... BUT AS A *BOOT POLISHER*...*PHOOEY!*
BO MUST GO!
TOUPEE, IDIOT, *NOT* TEPEE!
SO *SIOUX ME!*

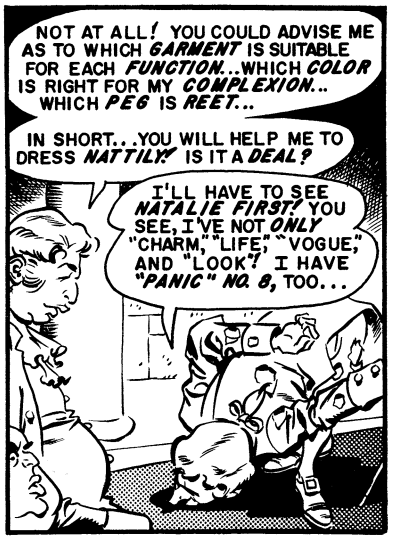
NEWS OF BO'S SPEECHES REACH THE PRINCE, AND HE ORDERS THE EX-CAVALRY OFFICER BROUGHT BEFORE HIM. THIS CREATES A PROBLEM FOR BO! WHAT TO WEAR WHEN ONE IS TO BE CHEWED OUT?!


THIS MEETING SHOULDN'T TAKE *TOO LONG*, IRVING! I'LL WEAR THE *INSTANT-COFFEE COLORED* SUIT!
MAY I SUGGEST THE *SWISS CHEESE-CLOTH*, SIR! THE *LACING* WON'T SHOW SO MUCH!

AND SO, BO GOES BEFORE THE FURIOUS PRINCE...

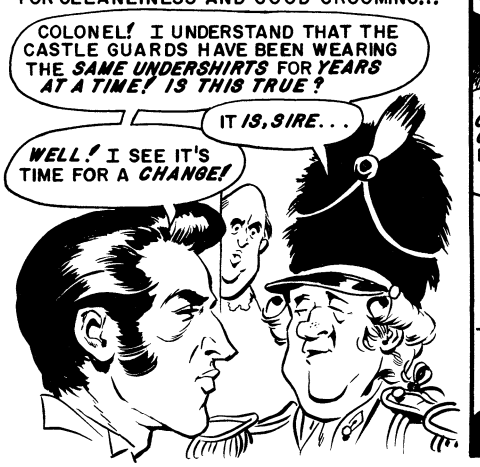

BUMMEL! I WANT YOU TO *CEASE* THESE SLANDEROUS RABBLE-ROUSING SPEECHES *IMMIDJATLY!*
DO YOU *HEAR ME? IMMIDJATLY!*
YOUR *HIGH-NESS*...
DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE MADE A *MINISTER?*
HE'S IN *HOLEY ATTIRE!*
3

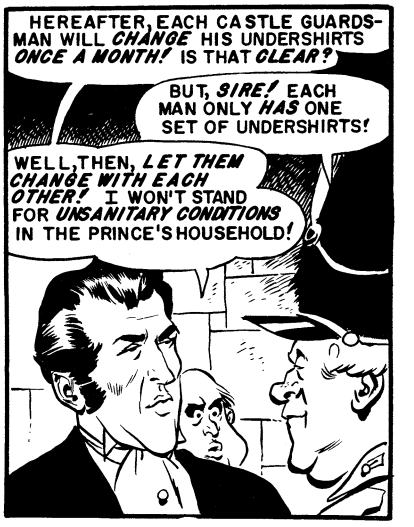
IN FACT, IF YOU SHOULD DECIDE TO MEND YOUR WAYS, I MIGHT EVEN APPOINT YOU MY PERSONAL ADVISOR!
WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY TO THAT?
YOU'RE KIDDING!


NOT AT ALL! YOU COULD ADVISE ME AS TO WHICH GARMENT IS SUITABLE FOR EACH FUNCTION...WHICH COLOR IS RIGHT FOR MY COMPLEXION... WHICH PEG IS REET...
IN SHORT...YOU WILL HELP ME TO DRESS NATTILY! IS IT A DEAL?
I'LL HAVE TO SEE NATALIE FIRST! YOU SEE, I'VE NOT ONLY "CHARM," "LIFE," "VOGUE," AND "LOOK"! I HAVE "PANIC" NO. 8, TOO...

AND SO, AT THAT MEETING IS BORN A DEEP AND ABIDING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE FUTURE MONARCH AND THE EX-CAVALRY OFFICER... A FRIENDSHIP WHICH IS TO ENDURE FOR MANY, MANY YEARS...AND ABOUT WHICH LORD BYRON IS TO LATER PEN THE IMMORTAL SONNET...

BO THROWS HIMSELF INTO HIS NEW DUTIES WITH HIS ACCUSTOMED VIGOR AND PASSION FOR CLEANLINESS AND GOOD GROOMING...


COLONEL! I UNDERSTAND THAT THE CASTLE GUARDS HAVE BEEN WEARING THE SAME UNDERSHIRTS FOR YEARS AT A TIME! IS THIS TRUE?
IT IS, SIRE...
WELL! I SEE IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE!


HEREAFTER, EACH CASTLE GUARDSMAN WILL CHANGE HIS UNDERSHIRTS ONCE A MONTH! IS THAT CLEAR?
BUT, SIRE! EACH MAN ONLY HAS ONE SET OF UNDERSHIRTS!
WELL, THEN, LET THEM CHANGE WITH EACH OTHER! I WON'T STAND FOR UNSANITARY CONDITIONS IN THE PRINCE'S HOUSEHOLD!

BO CONTINUES TO SHOCK AND AMUSE THE COURT WITH HIS NEW AND STARTLING IDEAS OF DRESS...

IT'S SOMETHING I COOKED UP! I CALL IT A SMOKING JACKET! IT'S MADE OF CAMELS HAIR. ISN'T IT KOOL?
I THINK IT'S RALEIGH CHARMING!
IMAGINE THAT IN PARLIAMENT!
HOW CAVALIER!
WHAT WILL THE REGENT SAY?

PUZZLE: WHICH POPULAR BRAND OF CIGARETTES DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

ANSWER: CHESTERFIELD! IF YOU GUESSED IT, IT WAS A LUCKY STRIKE!

LADY ELIZABETH COMES TO BO'S RESIDENCE AND PLEADS WITH HIM TO CURB HIS LAVISH, RECKLESS SPENDING.

WHY DON'T YOU ARRANGE TO PUT ASIDE A FEW POUNDS A WEEK? THEN, IN 10 OR 20 YEARS, IF THERE'S A DEPRESSION, YOU'LL HAVE A SIZABLE SUM TO FALL BACK ON!
AND IF THERE'S NO DEPRESSION... THERE I AM...STUCK WITH ALL THAT MONEY!*
*WE KNOW IT'S AN OLD GAG! IT WAS BO BUMMELL WHO FIRST SAID IT...

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE *HERE*, LET ME SHOW YOU MY *HOUSE!* NOTICE THE DECORATIONS IN *THIS* ROOM! THE WALLS ARE *LIVER MAROON*... THE CEILING, *HEART RED*... THE DRAPES, *TONGUE PINK*... THE RUG, *KIDNEY YELLOW*... AND THE UPHOLSTERY, *VEIN BLUE*. I CALL THIS THE *"ORGAN ROOM"*
I *THINK* I'M GOING TO BE *SICK!*
NOT *HERE!* IN THE *"SICK ROOM"*...
Drawing Room
... AND THIS IS THE *MUSIC ROOM!*
OH? DO YOU *PLAY?*
NOT *HERE!* IN THE *"RUMPUS" ROOM!*
LADY! I *ADORE* YOU! I *LOVE* YOU! *MARRY ME*, ELIZABETH... AND BE MY *TAILOR!*
OOPS! *SORRY*, M.G.M.!
NO, BO! *NO GO! OH! NO!* I'M NOT *INTERESTED* IN RIDING A *HURRICANE* ON A *TOSSING SEA*... MOUNTAINOUS *WAVES* LASHING AT MY *SECURITY*... TOSSING ME FROM *CREST TO CREST*... *THIS WAY AND THAT*... *UP AND*... DOWN... GULP...
WHERE ARE YOU *GOING?*
I JUST REMEMBERED I FORGOT TO BUY THE LATEST ISSUE OF *PIRACY!*
BUMMEL, DETERMINED TO MAKE LADY ELIZABETH HIS BRIDE, DECIDES TO TRY TO WHEEDLE A TITLE OUT OF HIS FRIEND, THE PRINCE...
NOW *WHAT'S* ALL THIS ABOUT, WANTING ME TO BESTOW A *TITLE* UPON YOU, BO?
YOU'VE *GOT TO*, PRINCE, BWAH! I'M IN LOVE WITH *LADY ELIZABETH*, AND SHE WON'T *HAVE* ME WITHOUT A *TITLE!*
SORRY, BO, BWAH! ALL THE FERSHLUGGINER TITLES ARE *USED UP!* I *ALREADY HAVE* A *DUKE* OF *ELLINGTON*, A *COUNT* OF *BASIE* AND AN *EARL* OF *BOSTIC*...
SO!! AFTER 12 YEARS OF DEVOTION, THIS IS THE *THANKS* I GET! 12 YEARS OF GOING THROUGH *THICK* AND *THICKER* WITH YOU! 12 YEARS OF PICKING OUT *CLOTHES* THAT MIGHT MAKE THAT *FAT FIGURE OF YOURS* A LITTLE LESS *HIDEOUS!*
I THINK IT'S *13* YEARS, BO...
THIRTEEN, SHMIRTEEN! GET OUT! NEVER DARKEN MY PASTEL-TINTED DOOR AGAIN!
IF YOU *LIT UP*, I COULD MAKE YOU A *MARQUIS* OF *THEATERS!*
S

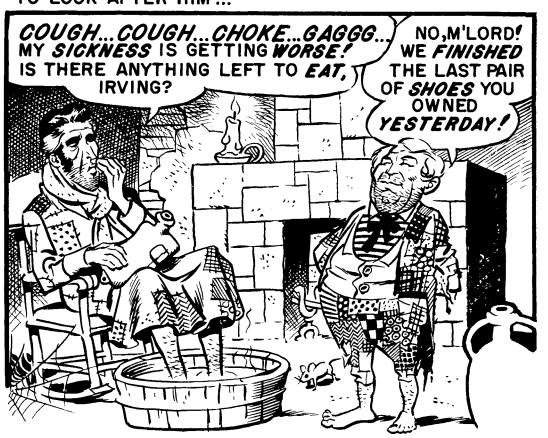
AND SO, THE FRIENDSHIP IS BROKEN. LORD BYRON, THE POET... INTIMATE FRIEND OF BOTH BO AND THE PRINCE... TRIES TO INTERVENE IN AN EFFORT TO RECONCILIATE THE TWO...

AS A TOKEN OF PEACE, WHY NOT GIVE HIM YOUR SCIMITAR? BOY, IT'S TOUGH WRITING POEMS IN IAMBIC PENTIMETER!
NEVER! I INTEND TO KEEP THIS CAVALRY SWORD AS A REMINDER OF THE DAY THAT FAT FRIEND OF YOURS HUMILIATED ME IN FRONT OF MY ENTIRE REGIMENT!
AD LIBS
ODE TO A TOAD

AND SO, PLAGUED WITH DEBTS, BO BUMMEL EXILES HIMSELF FROM THE ENGLAND HE LOVES AND THE FRIENDS HE HOLDS DEAR, SELLING HIS REMAINING POSSESSIONS TO PAY FOR HIS AND IRVING'S CROSSING TO CALAIS...

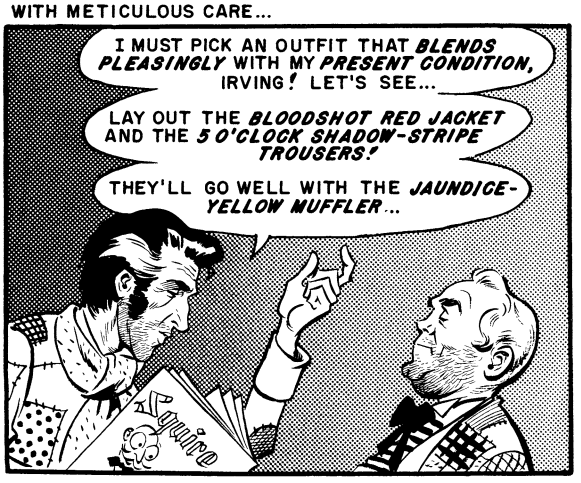
LADY ELIZABETH MARRIES A TITLED GENTLEMAN, THE PRINCE BECOMES KING, AND THE YEARS GO BY. THE NAME OF BO BUMMEL IS ALMOST COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN.

MANY YEARS LATER, WE FIND BUMMEL IN A FRENCH GARRET... COLD, HUNGRY, FEVERISH WITH CONSUMPTION... AND ONLY HIS OLD FAITHFUL RETAINER, IRVING, TO LOOK AFTER HIM...

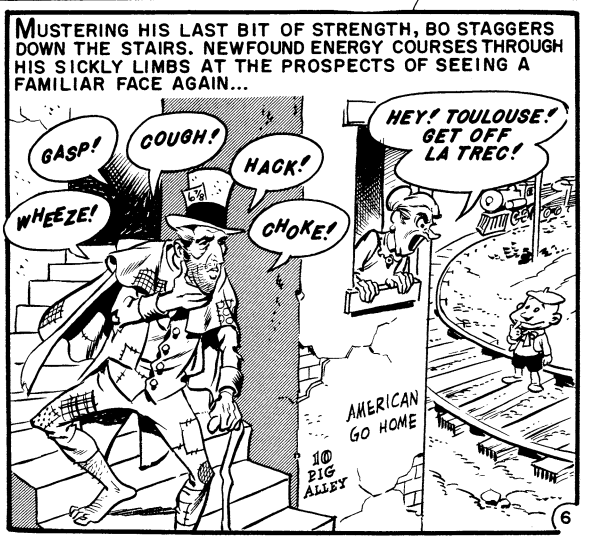

COUGH... COUGH... CHOKE... GAGGG... MY SICKNESS IS GETTING WORSE! IS THERE ANYTHING LEFT TO EAT, IRVING?
NO, M'LORD! WE FINISHED THE LAST PAIR OF SHOES YOU OWNED YESTERDAY!

LOOK, IRVING! IT SAYS IN THE "DAILY PARISITE" THAT THE KING IS MAKING A WORLD TOUR... AND HE'S COMING HERE... TO CALAIS! I MUST SEE HIM, IRVING... COUGH, COUGH...
PLEASE, SIRE... DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF! YOU HEARD WHAT DOCTOR LE BOULLANVIER SAID...!
I HEARD HIM! BUT WHO COULD UNDERSTAND HIM!? HE SAID IT IN FRENCH!
BLESS OUR CRUMMY DUMP
KILROY WAS HERE
Paris Sights

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, OUR HERO IS THE OLD BO... SPIRITED... VITAL... ONCE AGAIN CHOOSING HIS ENSEMBLE WITH METICULOUS CARE...

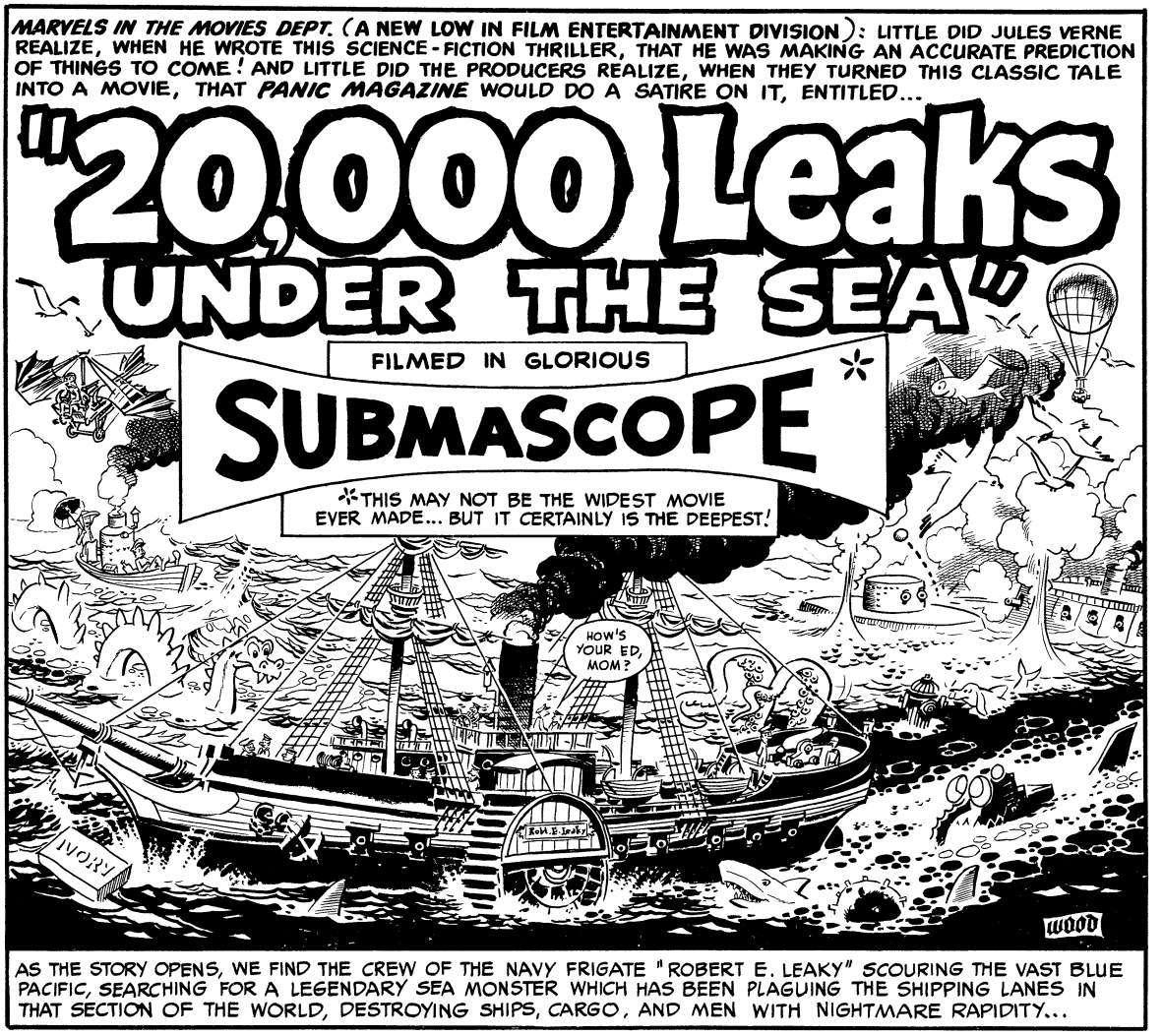

I MUST PICK AN OUTFIT THAT BLENDS PLEASINGLY WITH MY PRESENT CONDITION, IRVING! LET'S SEE...
LAY OUT THE BLOODSHOT RED JACKET AND THE 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW-STRIPE TROUSERS!
THEY'LL GO WELL WITH THE JAUNDICE-YELLOW MUFFLER...
Esquire

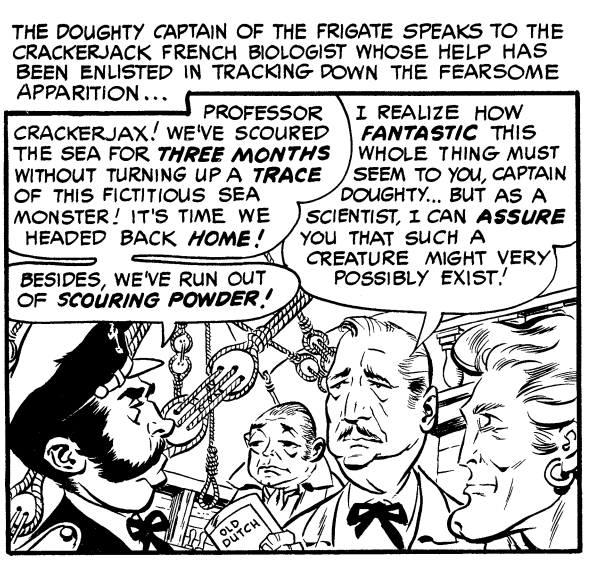
MUSTERING HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH, BO STAGGERS DOWN THE STAIRS. NEWFOUND ENERGY COURSES THROUGH HIS SICKLY LIMBS AT THE PROSPECTS OF SEEING A FAMILIAR FACE AGAIN...



6

HIS OLD FRIEND, THE PRINCE OF WALES ... NOW KING OF ENGLAND... RECOGNIZES A FAMILIAR FACE ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD...
LOOK! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW STANDING OVER THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE ... LIKE...
BUT, NO! IT COULDN'T BE ...!
IT IS! IT'S BO BUMMEL!
OH! I THOUGHT YOU MEANT THAT GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE NAPOLEON! WHO'S BO BUMMEL?
OVERCOME BY EMOTION, BO CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND...
HELLO, BO! WHAT'S NEW? YOU'RE LOOKING CHIPPER!
DON'T PRETEND ... COUGH, COUGH ... OLD FRIEND! I KNOW I AM NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD! JUST LOOK HOW I AM PERSPIRING! I'M BATHED IN A POOL OF SWEAT! I'M WRINGING WET!
DON'T BE A DAMP FOOL, BO! YOU'RE LYING IN A MUD PUDDLE!
I'M SUFFERING FROM CON-SUMPTION, YOUR MAJESTY!
CONSUMPTION BE DONE ABOUT IT, BO?
RUE DEDAY
THAT REMAINS T.B. SEEN, SIRE!
GOOD OLD BO! YOU HAVEN'T LOST THAT WITTY, BRASH SENSE OF HUMOR, HAVE YOU?
RUE MORGUE
NO, BUT I LOST MY WITTY BROS. SUITS OF CLOTHES, GEORGE, BWAH!
DON'T WORRY, BO, BWAH! WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN ENGLAND AND FIXED UP GOOD AS NEW! YOU KNOW, I'M KING NOW!
SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
ALL OF YOUR OLD FRIENDS ARE HERE!
YOU MEAN LADY ELIZABETH IS HERE?
YES, BO...
AND LORD MERCER IS HERE?
YES, BO...
AND MR. PITT IS HERE?
YES, BO...
AND MR. FOX IS HERE?
YES, BO...
AND LORD BYRON IS HERE?
YES, BO...
THEN THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT TO KNOW BEFORE I DIE, GEORGE, OLD BOY...
YES, BO...?
SO WHO'S WATCHING THE HABERDASHERY STORE?
-THE END-
7


MARVELS IN THE MOVIES DEPT. (A NEW LOW IN FILM ENTERTAINMENT DIVISION): LITTLE DID JULES VERNE REALIZE, WHEN HE WROTE THIS SCIENCE-FICTION THRILLER, THAT HE WAS MAKING AN ACCURATE PREDICTION OF THINGS TO COME! AND LITTLE DID THE PRODUCERS REALIZE, WHEN THEY TURNED THIS CLASSIC TALE INTO A MOVIE, THAT PANIC MAGAZINE WOULD DO A SATIRE ON IT, ENTITLED...
"20,000 Leaks UNDER THE SEA"
FILMED IN GLORIOUS
SUBMASCOPE
*THIS MAY NOT BE THE WIDEST MOVIE EVER MADE... BUT IT CERTAINLY IS THE DEEPEST!
HOW'S YOUR ED, MOM?
Robt. E. Leaky
IVORY
wood
AS THE STORY OPENS, WE FIND THE CREW OF THE NAVY FRIGATE "ROBERT E. LEAKY" SCOURING THE VAST BLUE PACIFIC, SEARCHING FOR A LEGENDARY SEA MONSTER WHICH HAS BEEN PLAGUING THE SHIPPING LANES IN THAT SECTION OF THE WORLD, DESTROYING SHIPS, CARGO, AND MEN WITH NIGHTMARE RAPIDITY...


THE DOUGHTY CAPTAIN OF THE FRIGATE SPEAKS TO THE CRACKERJACK FRENCH BIOLOGIST WHOSE HELP HAS BEEN ENLISTED IN TRACKING DOWN THE FEARSOME APPARITION...
PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX! WE'VE SCOURED THE SEA FOR THREE MONTHS WITHOUT TURNING UP A TRACE OF THIS FICTITIOUS SEA MONSTER! IT'S TIME WE HEADED BACK HOME!
I REALIZE HOW FANTASTIC THIS WHOLE THING MUST SEEM TO YOU, CAPTAIN DOUGHTY... BUT AS A SCIENTIST, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT SUCH A CREATURE MIGHT VERY POSSIBLY EXIST.'
BESIDES, WE'VE RUN OUT OF SCOURING POWDER!
OLD DUTCH

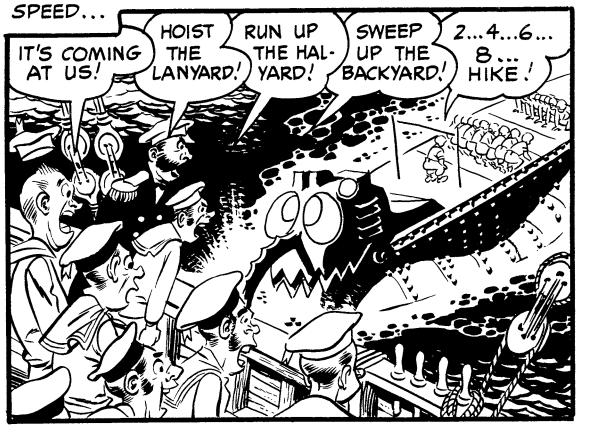
CAP'N! CAP'N! COME QUICKLY! A HORRIBLE CREATURE WITH A HUGE GREEN HEAD AND TREMENDOUS EYES HAS JUST BEEN SIGHTED OFF THE LARBORD SIDE!
WHICH SIDE IS THAT?
THAT ONE, SIR!
THANKS! 'BYE...
NOTE: NEW UNIFORM PROPOSED FOR COWARDLY FRIGATE CAPTAINS. PAT. PEND. E.C. — EDS.

WAIT! THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE YOU SAW IN THE WATER! YOU SAY IT WAS GREEN AROUND THE GILLS AND HAD LARGE PROTRUDING EYES?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!
GOOD LORD! JUST AS I'D FEARED!
YOU MEAN...?
PRECISELY! MY ASSISTANT...PETER LORRY.. HAS FALLEN OVERBOARD!
BLURRR BLE!
SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED SUCH A COMMOTION BY LEANING OVER THE RAIL TOO FAR, BUT I WAS SUFFERING FROM A BAD CASE OF MAL-DE-MER!
MAL-DE-MER?
THAT'S FRENCH FOR "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU!"
HEY, MATES! DID YOU HEAR WHO'S ON BOARD!
YEAH!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?!
HUBBA-HUBBA!
LET'S GO!
YAHOO!
VA-VA-VA-VOOM!
HEY! I SEEN 'ER FIRST!
HOW'S ABOUT A KISS, HONEY?
AVAST, YE SWABS! GET YOUR COTTON-PICKIN' HANDS OFF THAT MAN!
THAT'S THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT, PETER LORRY!
PETER LORRY!?
WE THOUGHT HE SAID PIPER LAURIE!
UGH!
FEH!
GAGG!
ECHH!
YOU KNEW THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY WOMEN IN THIS PICTURE WHEN YOU SIGNED ON AS EXTRAS! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS! ON THE DOUBLE!
SUDDENLY, THE PEACEABLE ORDERLY ROUTINE OF THE SHIP IS SHATTERED BY THE BLOODCURDLING SHOUT OF...
SEA MONSTER... THREE POINTS OFF THE PORT BOW!
WHICH SIDE IS THAT?
2

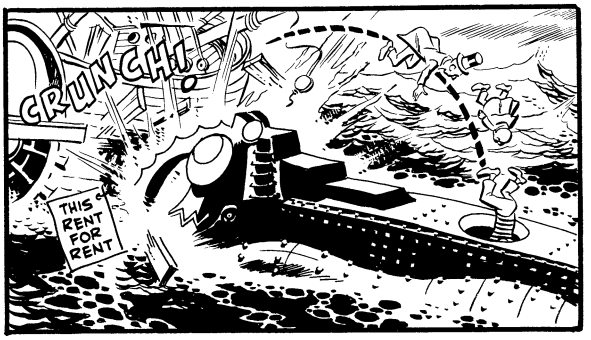
IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH RAPID COMMANDS AS THE CREW OF THE FRIGATE PREPARES TO DO BATTLE WITH ITS UNSEEN FOE...

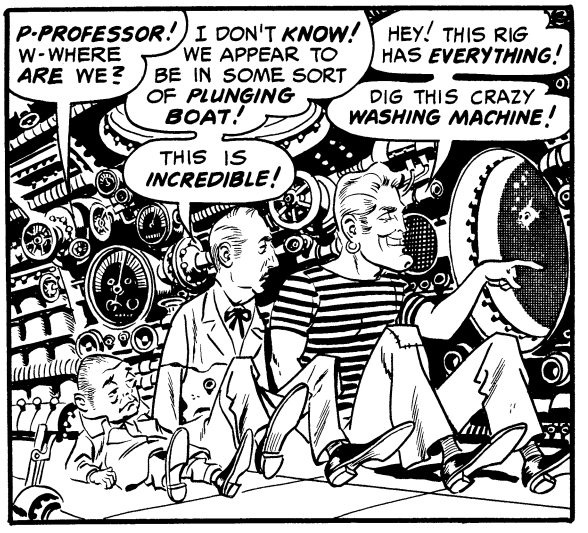
MAN YOUR GUN STATIONS!
CLEAR THE DECK FOR ACTION!
WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!
HOIST THE CAPSTAN!
STAND BY TO LOWER AWAY!
DID YOU HOIST THE CAPSTAN?
LOWER AWAY!
CAPSTAN? I THOUGHT YOU SAID CAPTAIN!
LET'S HAVE A LITTLE QUIET AROUND HERE!
NO SMOKING IN THE ORCHESTRA!
FACE THE FRONT OF THE CAR, PLEASE!
SPLICE THE MIZZEN MAST!
GOOD LORD!
TAXI!
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MIZZEN!
HEY, YOU KIDS! GET OFFA THAT TOP-GALLANT!
UNITED STATES STEEL! DOWN A THIRD!
DODGERS...FOUR! CHICAGO...NOTHING!
A WASTE OF SPACE!

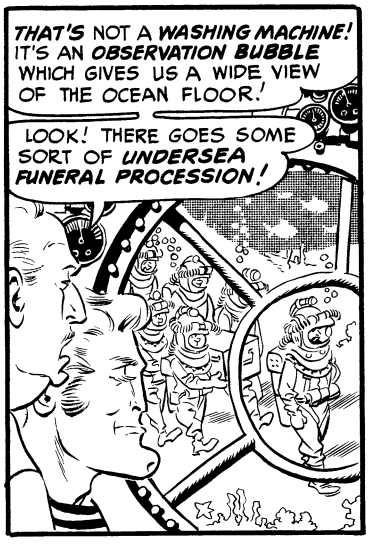
THEN, THE CREW STANDS TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR AS A HUGE FISH-LIKE CREATURE THE LENGTH OF A FOOTBALL FIELD BREAKS THE SURFACE...ROARING DOWN ON THE SLOW-MOVING FRIGATE WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED...



WITH A SICKENING CRASH, THE AWESOME MONSTER RENDS A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE NAVY VESSEL LARGE ENOUGH TO DRIVE A LOCOMOTIVE THROUGH. THE FORCE OF THE BLOW SENDS THE PROFESSOR, HIS ASSISTANT, AND A SAILOR NAMED DIRK CUTLASS, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AND INTO AN OPENING IN THE MONSTER'S BACK... ACTUALLY A HATCH...ABAFT MIDSHIPS... OR ON ABOUT THE THIRTY-YARD LINE...




P-PROFESSOR! W-WHERE ARE WE?
I DON'T KNOW! WE APPEAR TO BE IN SOME SORT OF PLUNGING BOAT!
HEY! THIS RIG HAS EVERYTHING!
DIG THIS CRAZY WASHING MACHINE!
THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

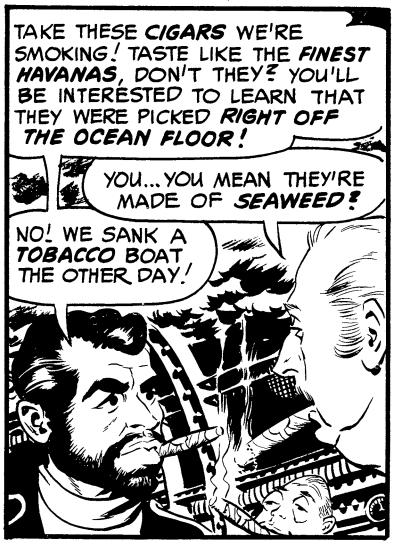

THAT'S NOT A WASHING MACHINE! IT'S AN OBSERVATION BUBBLE WHICH GIVES US A WIDE VIEW OF THE OCEAN FLOOR!
LOOK! THERE GOES SOME SORT OF UNDERSEA FUNERAL PROCESSION!

THIS MAN'S TRAGIC DEMISE CALLS FOR A REVISION OF OUR PRESENT RULES OF UNDERWATER ETIQUETTE!
HEREAFTER, IT WILL NO LONGER BE NECESSARY WHEN DEEP-SEA DIVING TO TIP ONE'S HAT TO A MERMAID!
R.I.P.

I AM CAPTAIN MENO! WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?
I AM PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX OF THE PARIS OBSERVATORY, AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, PETER!
AND MY NAME'S DIRK CUTLASS!
3

NOT THE SAME PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX WHO WROTE "FIFTEEN YEARS UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA... OR... THE CONFESSIONS OF A DAMP FOOL"?
THE VERY SAME!
YOU MUST HONOR ME BY STAYING FOR DINNER!

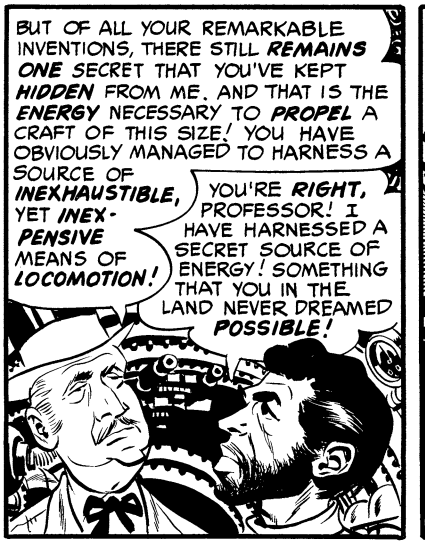
EVERY MORSEL OF FOOD ABOARD THE "NAUTILUS" COMES FROM THE SEA ITSELF!
FOR INSTANCE, TONIGHT'S MENU CONSISTS OF FILLET OF SEA SNAKE, BRISKET OF BLOWFISH, AND SAUTE OF UNBORN OCTOPUS!
MY CHEF HAS EVEN DEVELOPED A PROCESS OF EXTRACTING MILK FROM SAND CRABS!
AMAZING! WHERE DID HE EVER FIND A STOOL LOW ENOUGH?
HOW ARE YOU GENTLEMEN ENJOYING THE FARE?
FAIR!
FEH!


TAKE THESE CIGARS WE'RE SMOKING! TASTE LIKE THE FINEST HAVANAS, DON'T THEY? YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO LEARN THAT THEY WERE PICKED RIGHT OFF THE OCEAN FLOOR!
YOU...YOU MEAN THEY'RE MADE OF SEAWEED?
NO! WE SANK A TOBACCO BOAT THE OTHER DAY!

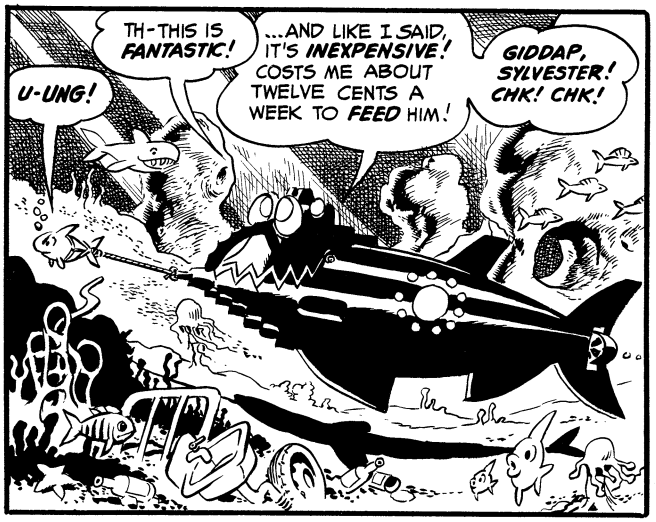
BUT, COME PROFESSOR! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME OF THE LUXURIES WE HAVE ABOARD OUR LITTLE CRAFT. THIS IS THE GAME ROOM! HERE, IN THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS, THE CREW MAY INDULGE IN SUCH DIVERSIONS AS ROULETTE, PINOCHLE, BACCARAT, GALLOPING DOMINOES!
OH, I SEE! SORT OF A FLOATING CRAP GAME!

AND HERE WE HAVE THE FIRST MATE'S DARK ROOM!
OH? HE'S AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER?
NO! IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE ASHAMED OF HIM!
KEEP OUT
CUT!

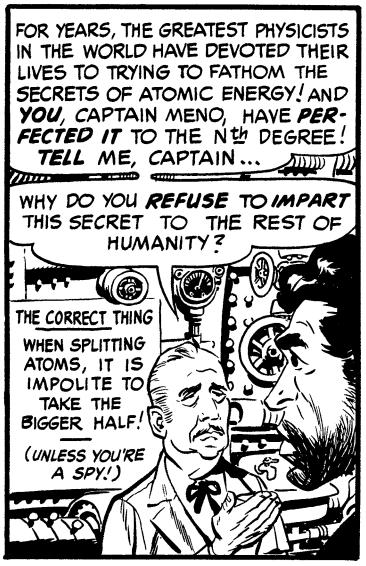
AS YOU CAN SEE, PROFESSOR, WE ARE INDEPENDENT OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD! INDEED, SO INDEPENDENT THAT WE FIND IT NECESSARY TO SURFACE ONLY ONCE EVERY FOUR YEARS SO THE CREW MAY RE-ENLIST!
F.S.G.

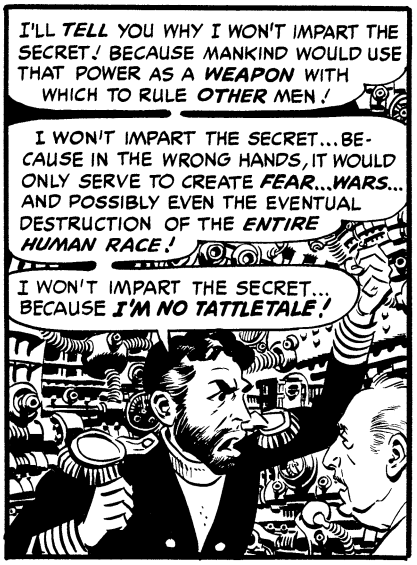

BUT OF ALL YOUR REMARKABLE INVENTIONS, THERE STILL REMAINS ONE SECRET THAT YOU'VE KEPT HIDDEN FROM ME. AND THAT IS THE ENERGY NECESSARY TO PROPEL A CRAFT OF THIS SIZE! YOU HAVE OBVIOUSLY MANAGED TO HARNESS A SOURCE OF INEXHAUSTIBLE, YET INEXPENSIVE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! I HAVE HARNESSED A SECRET SOURCE OF ENERGY! SOMETHING THAT YOU IN THE LAND NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE!

LOOK CLOSELY AS I RAISE THIS THREE-INCH LEAD SCREEN, AND YOU WILL SEE THIS HARNESSED SOURCE OF ENERGY!
GOOD LORD...
TOP SECRET RESTRICTED NO PEEKING
4

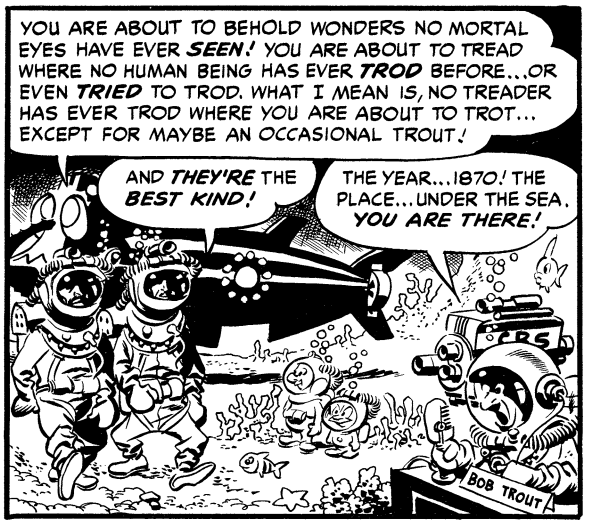

TH-THIS IS FANTASTIC!
...AND LIKE I SAID, IT'S INEXPENSIVE! COSTS ME ABOUT TWELVE CENTS A WEEK TO FEED HIM!
GIDDAP, SYLVESTER! CHK! CHK!
U-UNG!

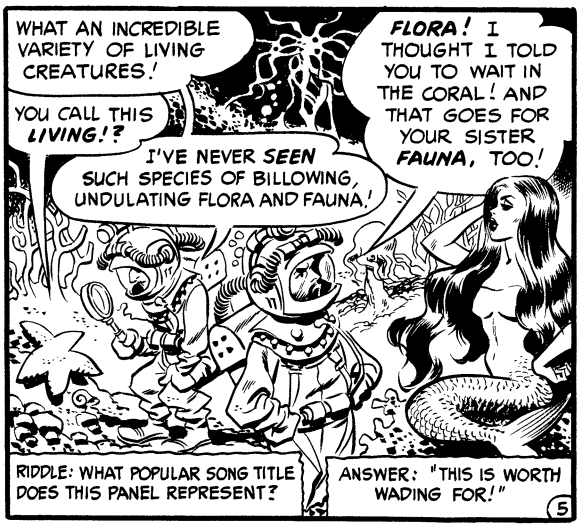
NOW THIS IS THE CONTROL ROOM! THE RUDDER IS OPERATED BY A PSYCHOSOMATIC DEVICE!
PSYCHOSOMATIC?
YES! IT'S CONTROLLED BY A NUT THAT HOLDS THE STEERING WHEEL!
I KID THEE NOT!


FOR YEARS, THE GREATEST PHYSICISTS IN THE WORLD HAVE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO TRYING TO FATHOM THE SECRETS OF ATOMIC ENERGY! AND YOU, CAPTAIN MENO, HAVE PERFECTED IT TO THE Nth DEGREE! TELL ME, CAPTAIN...
WHY DO YOU REFUSE TO IMPART THIS SECRET TO THE REST OF HUMANITY?
THE CORRECT THING WHEN SPLITTING ATOMS, IT IS IMPOLITE TO TAKE THE BIGGER HALF!
(UNLESS YOU'RE A SPY!)


I'LL TELL YOU WHY I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET! BECAUSE MANKIND WOULD USE THAT POWER AS A WEAPON WITH WHICH TO RULE OTHER MEN!
I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET... BECAUSE IN THE WRONG HANDS, IT WOULD ONLY SERVE TO CREATE FEAR...WARS... AND POSSIBLY EVEN THE EVENTUAL DESTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!
I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET... BECAUSE I'M NO TATTLETALE!

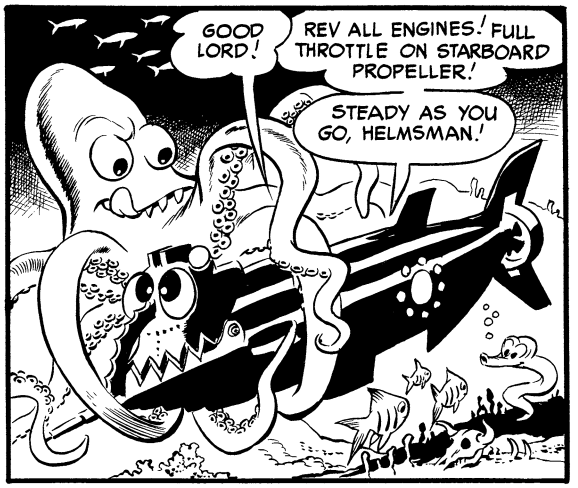
IN CONTRAST, LET ME SHOW YOU THE PEACEFUL, SILENT KINGDOM OF WHICH I AM SOLE RULER!
HERE! PICK OUT ONE OF THESE DIVING SUITS FOR YOURSELF!
WHICH ARE THE FORTY LONGS?


YOU ARE ABOUT TO BEHOLD WONDERS NO MORTAL EYES HAVE EVER SEEN! YOU ARE ABOUT TO TREAD WHERE NO HUMAN BEING HAS EVER TROD BEFORE...OR EVEN TRIED TO TROD. WHAT I MEAN IS, NO TREADER HAS EVER TROD WHERE YOU ARE ABOUT TO TROT... EXCEPT FOR MAYBE AN OCCASIONAL TROUT!
AND THEY'RE THE BEST KIND!
THE YEAR...1870! THE PLACE...UNDER THE SEA. YOU ARE THERE!
BOB TROUT

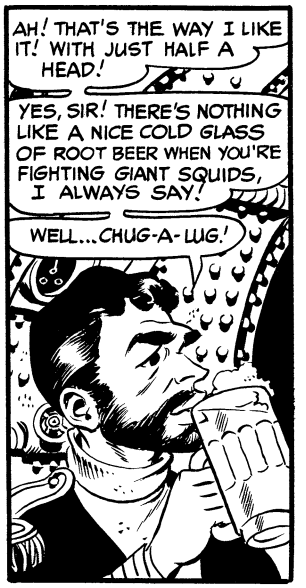

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE VARIETY OF LIVING CREATURES!
YOU CALL THIS LIVING!?
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH SPECIES OF BILLOWING, UNDULATING FLORA AND FAUNA!
FLORA! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CORAL! AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR SISTER FAUNA, TOO!
RIDDLE: WHAT POPULAR SONG TITLE DOES THIS PANEL REPRESENT?
ANSWER: "THIS IS WORTH WADING FOR!"
5

MEANWHILE, ON ANOTHER PART OF THE OCEAN FLOOR, DIRK CUTLASS AND PETER LORRY ARE DOING SOME EXPLORATIONS OF THEIR OWN...
ACCORDING TO THIS CHART I SNEAKED OUT OF THE PILOT HOUSE, THERE SHOULD BE A LOT OF SUNKEN TREASURE AROUND HERE!
ESSO
...AN' DIZ MUZ BE DE PLAZE!
NEPTUNE GARAGE
CAPACITY 12 GALLEONS
DAVY'S LOCKER 10¢
COIN
LOOK! PIECES OF EIGHT! THOUSANDS OF THEM!
I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY PIECES OF EIGHT IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!
REAL... HONEST-TO-GOODNESS PIECES OF EIGHT!
SANFORIZED
NOW IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GLUE THEM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, WE'LL HAVE CORNERED THE EIGHT MARKET!
CRAZY!
SHARK! SHARK! RUN FOR IT, PETE!
YOU CRAZY!? WHY SHOULD I RUN FOR IT! I'M GONNA RUN FROM IT!
QUICK! THROW HIM SOMETHING TO EAT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
THERE! THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM FOR A WHILE!
THAT WAS REAL CLEVER OF YOU, PETE... SUGGESTING I THROW HIM SOMETHING TO EAT...
GLUP!
CLEVER... BUT FOOLHARDY!
HALP! LEMME OUTA HERE!
BURP
CAP'N MENO! CAP'N MENO! THERE'S A GIANT SQUID APPROACHING OFF THE STARBOARD BEAM...
WHICH BEAM IS THAT?
BOS'N! SOUND GENERAL QUARTERS!
AYE, AYE...
AY-AY-AY!
6

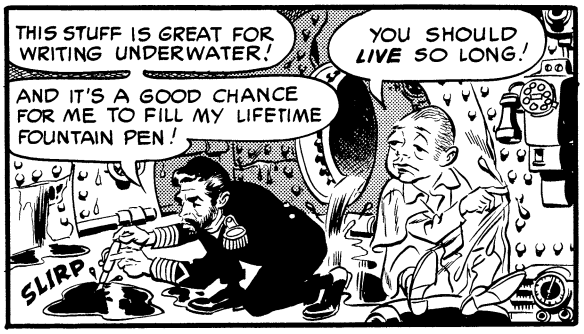
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE HUGE DENIZEN WRAPS A MAMMOTH TENTACLE ABOUT WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE THE WAIST OF THIS CURIOUS, METALLIC-LOOKING FISH. THEN ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...



COOLY...DELIBERATELY... WITHOUT THE FAINTEST SUSPICION OF EMOTION IN HIS VOICE, CAPTAIN MENO GIVES HIS ORDERS TO THE HELMSMAN...


AH! THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT! WITH JUST HALF A HEAD!
YES, SIR! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE COLD GLASS OF ROOT BEER WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING GIANT SQUIDS, I ALWAYS SAY!
WELL...CHUG-A-LUG!

THE MEMBERS OF THE CREW ARE TOSSED ABOUT WITHIN THE SUBMARINE LIKE THE DICE IN THEIR OWN GAMING ROOM AS THE ENRAGED MONSTER SEEKS TO TEAR THIS STRANGE DEFIANT FOE TO BITS. INKY BLACK WATER RUSHES IN FROM NUMEROUS CRACKS IN THE BULKHEADS AS THE GIANT SQUID MAKES USE OF ITS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH. (ER... THIS IS WHERE WE GET THE TITLE:.. "20,000 LEAKS UNDER THE SEA"! SEE?)


THIS STUFF IS GREAT FOR WRITING UNDERWATER!
YOU SHOULD *LIVE* SO LONG!
AND IT'S A GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO FILL MY LIFETIME FOUNTAIN PEN!
SLIRP

CAPTAIN MENO, REALIZING THAT THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEAT THE RAGING BEAST IS TO FIGHT IT AT CLOSE QUARTERS, RALLIES HIS CREW AND INSTRUCTS THEM IN THE ART OF HAND-TO-HAND (OR IN THIS CASE, HAND-TO-TENTACLE) COMBAT...

MEN! BEFORE WE GO OUT THERE, I WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF A *CRUEL, VICIOUS ENEMY* WE'RE UP AGAINST!
THIS CREATURE IS EASILY MAN'S MOST *FORMIDABLE ENEMY!* IT'S *TENACIOUS, CRAFTY,* AND *CUNNING!*
ONCE THIS BEAST WRAPS ITS TENTACLES AROUND A MAN, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO *EVER* BREAK FREE!
ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO!

MOVIES DEPT.: THEY GOT A FORMULA IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS WHICH GUARANTEES A SUCCESSFUL PICTURE. THEY USE FILM! BUT, IN ALL CRAZY WAYS! YEP, THE MOVIE MOGULS HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF BIG BOX-OFFICE FIGURES. THEY HIRE TALL GIRLS! TO SELL TICKETS TO WIDE PICTURES! THAT'S THE SUCCESS FORMULA THESE DAYS. WIDE-WIDE PICTURES. THE WIDER THEY ARE, THE MORE SUCCESSFUL! TAKE, F'RINSTANCE, A RECENT WIDE-SCREEN EPIC TO COME OUT OF HOLLYWOOD...

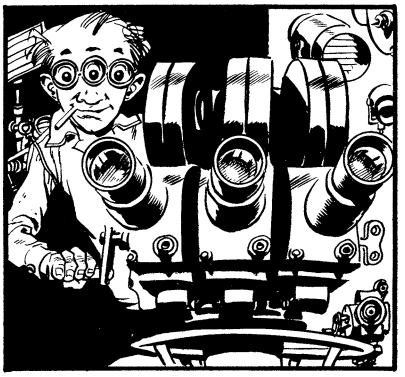
'S a Tragic Air Command

STARRING
Jimmy Stewheart
and
June Alleycan

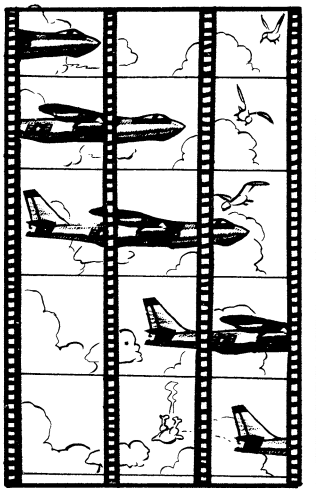
PHOTOGRAPHED IN
VASTAVISION

WITH
Abe E. Thirty-Six
and
Lotta Bea Forty-Sevens

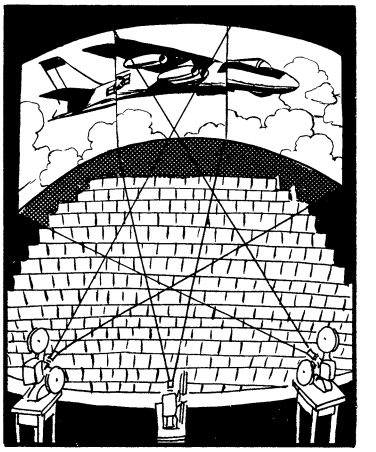
INCIDENTALLY, THIS WHOLE CRAZY WIDE-SCREEN MESS WAS BEGUN BY A NOVEL PROCESS CALLED CINERAMAMA. CINERAMAMA USES THREE CAMERAS. THE MIDDLE ONE POINTS STRAIGHT AHEAD AND THE OUTSIDE ONES POINT INWARD... SO THAT THE THREE CAMERAS ARE TAKING THREE SEPARATE SECTIONS OF THE SAME SCENE...



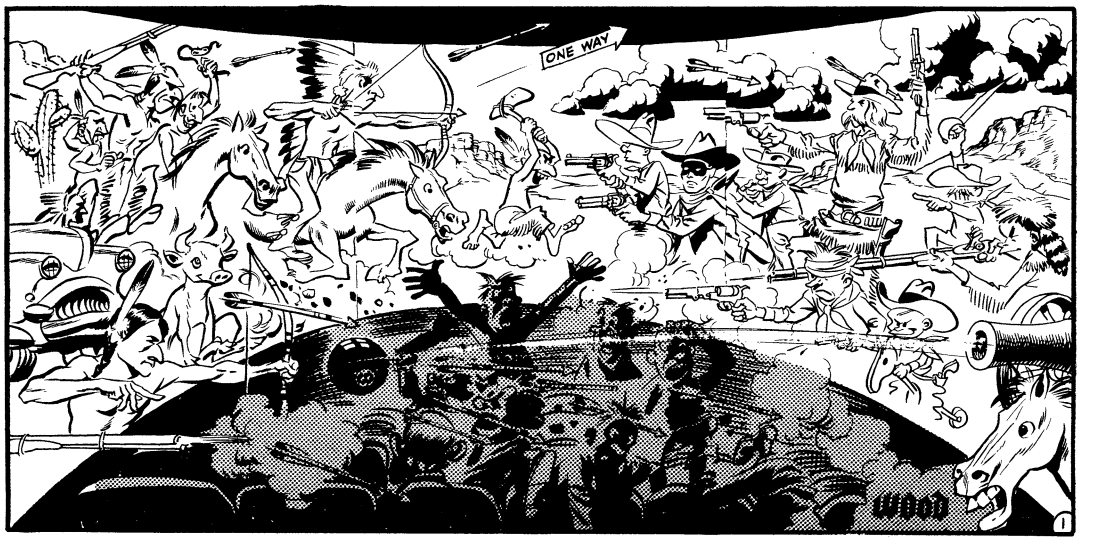
THESE SEPARATE SECTIONS ARE PHOTOGRAPHED ONTO THREE SEPARATE 35MM FILMS..



...AND PROJECTED ONTO A HUGE CURVED SCREEN BY THREE SEPARATE PROJECTORS, SO AS TO CREATE ONE WIDE PICTURE, STARTLING IN ITS DEPTH AND REALISM...

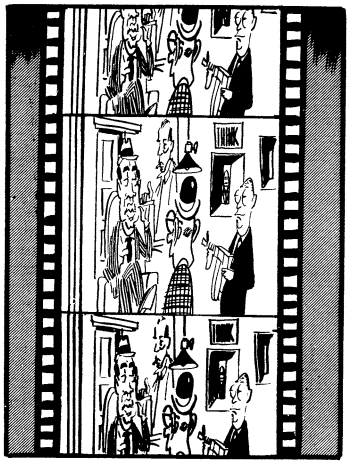


THE FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING OF CINERAMAMA WAS A DISMAL FAILURE. THEY'D MADE "A COWBOY-AND-INDIAN" EPIC. THE PICTURE OPENED WITH AN AMBUSH SCENE... WITH COWBOYS ON THE RIGHT AND INDIANS ON THE LEFT. THE THEATER AUDIENCE WAS TRAPPED IN THE CROSSFIRE AND WIPED OUT...



THE NEXT PROCESS TO COME ALONG WAS CALLED CINEMASCOOP. THIS PROCESS ELIMINATES THE THREE CAMERAS AND STILL GETS THE WIDE-SCREEN EFFECT. AN ORDINARY CAMERA IS EQUIPPED WITH A SPECIAL-TYPE LENS WHICH TAKES A WIDE AREA...

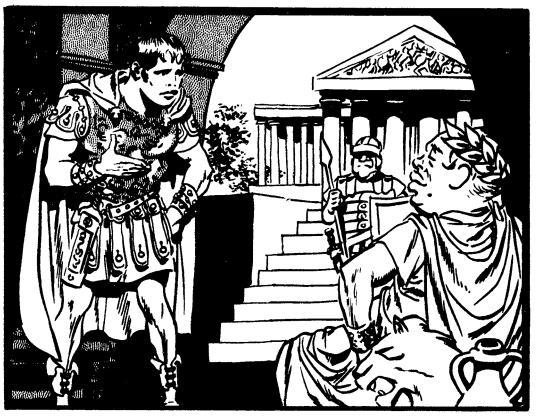
... AND CONDENSES IT DOWN ONTO AN ORDINARY 35 MM FRAME. EVERYTHING IS SQUASHED. PEOPLE LOOK LIKE TOOTHPICKS.



THE CINEMASCOOP PROJECTOR IS EQUIPPED WITH THE SAME TYPE LENS WHICH SPREADS THE PICTURE OUT AGAIN ON A VERY WIDE SCREEN...

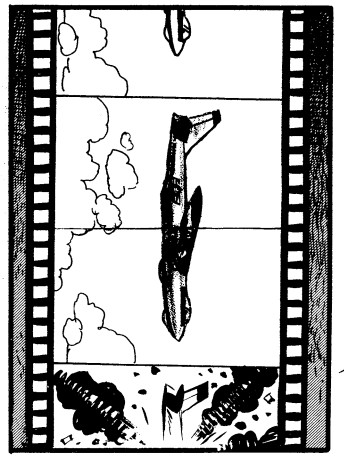
THE FIRST CINEMASCOOP PICTURE WAS A DISMAL FAILURE. ITS FEMALE STAR... UNFORTUNATELY... WAS SKINNY AS A TOOTHPICK TO BEGIN WITH...

WHEN SHE WAS SQUASHED DOWN ONTO THAT SINGLE 35 MM FRAME, THEY FOUND SHE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY WHEN THE PICTURE WAS PROJECTED...

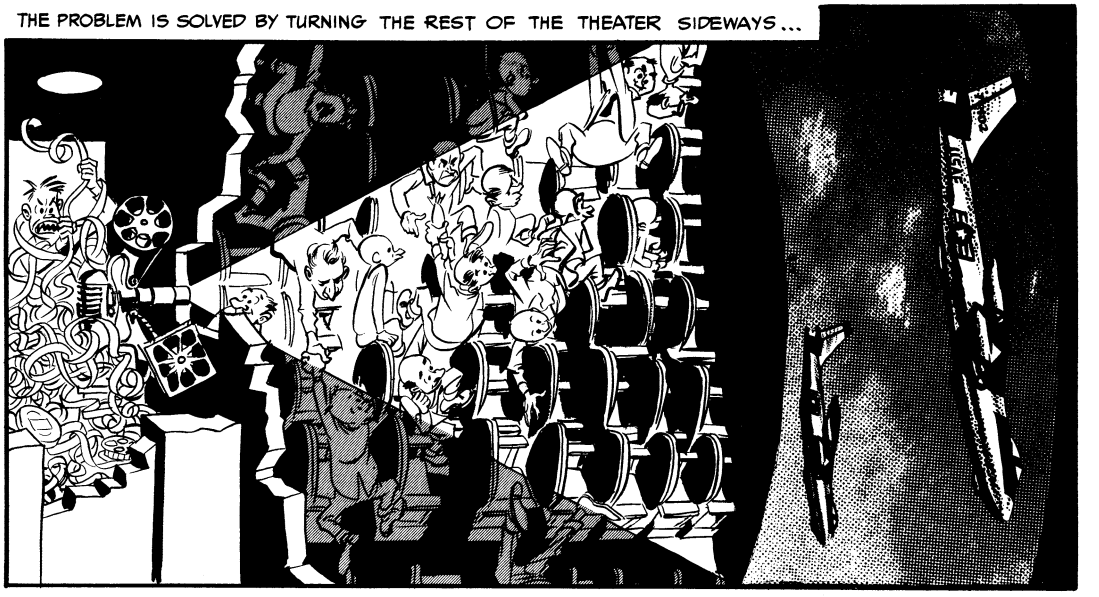


VASTA VISION IS THE LATEST OF THESE WIDE-SCREEN PROCESSES. A CLEVER CAMERAMAN GOT THE IDEA TO TURN HIS CAMERA SIDEWAYS AND TAKE THE PICTURE WITH A DOUBLE-FRAME OPENING...

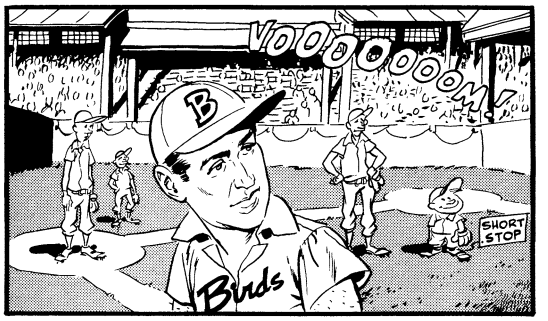
...SO THAT THE PICTURE FALLS SIDEWAYS ACROSS TWO ORDINARY 35 MM FRAMES...



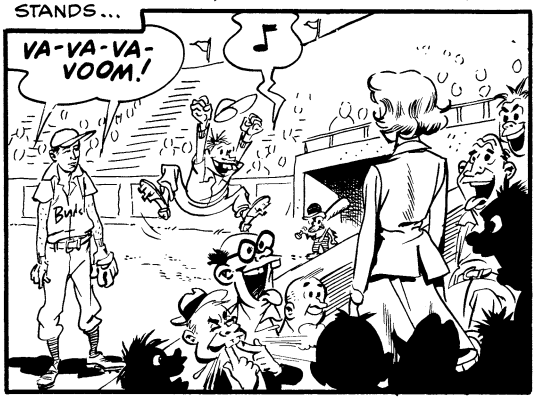
HOWEVER, A PROBLEM ARISES IN PROJECTING THIS NEW TYPE PICTURE SINCE PROJECTORS ARE BOLTED TO THE PROJECTION-ROOM FLOOR. THE FILM WAS TO BE RUN REGULARLY... UP AND DOWN...



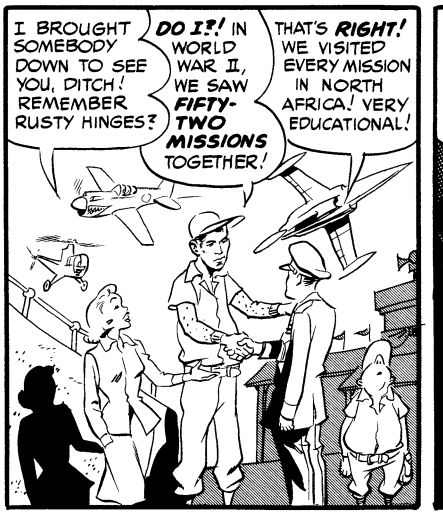
"'S A TRAGIC AIR COMMAND" BEGINS ON A BASEBALL TRAINING FIELD IN FLORIDA. MELVIN "DITCH" DIGGER (PLAYED BY JIMMY STEWHEART) IS THE STAR THIRD BASEMAN FOR THE ST. LOUIS BLUES. DURING A PRACTICE GAME, THE FIELD SUDDENLY REVERBERATES A LOW ROAR... HE TURNS TO LOOK UP. HE THINKS IT'S A B-36...

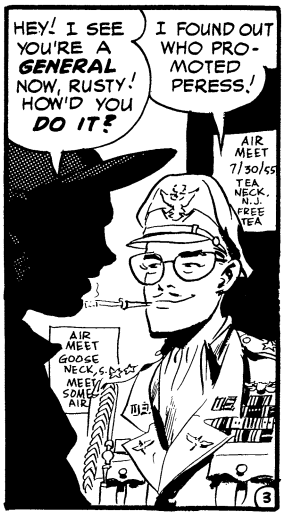


ACTUALLY, IT'S JUST THE WOLVES IN THE BLEACHERS HOWLING, BECAUSE, SILLY DIGGER, HIS WIFE (PLAYED BY JUNE ALLEYCAN), HAS JUST ENTERED THE STANDS...



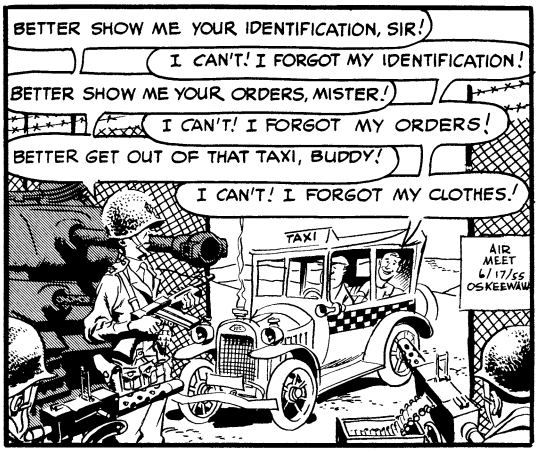
WHAT'S EVERYBODY CHEERING ABOUT, DITCH?
THEY'RE CHEERING BECAUSE I MADE A GREAT CATCH, SILLY!
REALLY?! POP FLY?
NO! RAINBOW TROUT! I CAN'T PLAY BASEBALL TO SAVE MY NECK, BUT I SURE CAN FISH!


I BROUGHT SOMEBODY DOWN TO SEE YOU, DITCH! REMEMBER RUSTY HINGES?
DO I?! IN WORLD WAR II, WE SAW FIFTY-TWO MISSIONS TOGETHER!
THAT'S RIGHT! WE VISITED EVERY MISSION IN NORTH AFRICA! VERY EDUCATIONAL!

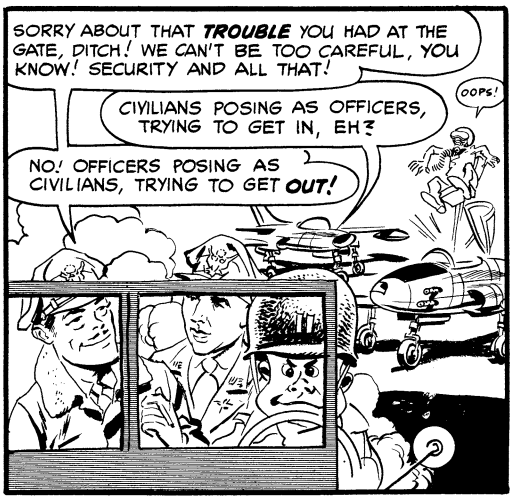

HEY! I SEE YOU'RE A GENERAL NOW, RUSTY! HOW'D YOU DO IT?
I FOUND OUT WHO PROMOTED PERESS!
AIR MEET 7/30/55 TEA NECK, N.J. FREE TEA
AIR MEET GOOSE NECK, S MEET SOME AIR
3

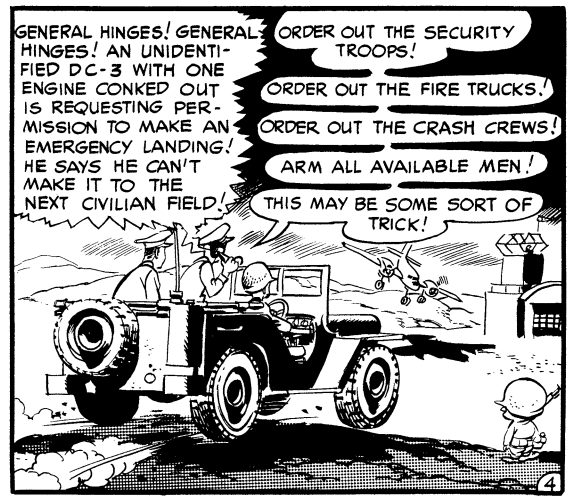
I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU, DITCH! YOU'RE WANTED FOR SAC!
WHICH ONE?! FIRST, SECOND OR THIRD? I PLAY THIRD SACK BEST!
AIR MEET?
AIR MEET TODAY AT GOPHER BROKE
AIR MEET TOMORROW
I MEAN YOU'RE IN THE AIR FORCE AGAIN, DITCH! SHALL I TELL YOUR WIFE FOR YOU?
NO! I'LL TELL HER TONIGHT WHEN WE GET HOME! SHE HATES TO FAINT IN PUBLIC!
AIR MEAT WHY DON'T YOU?
Birds
THEN YOU DON'T CARE THAT WE HAVE TO GIVE UP ALL THIS, SILLY?
OH, DITCH! WHAT DO YOU THINK IS IMPORTANT TO ME? YOUR $70,000 A YEAR BASEBALL CONTRACT?! OH, NO, DARLING! THIS $45,000 HOUSE?! NO, DEAR! YOU!? NO SIR, KID! WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS I GET $15,000 A WEEK MAKING PICTURES LIKE THIS ONE!

AND SO, BITTER AND DISILLUSIONED, DITCH LEAVES HIS FABULOUS CAREER BEHIND HIM TO RE-ENTER THE AIR FORCE...

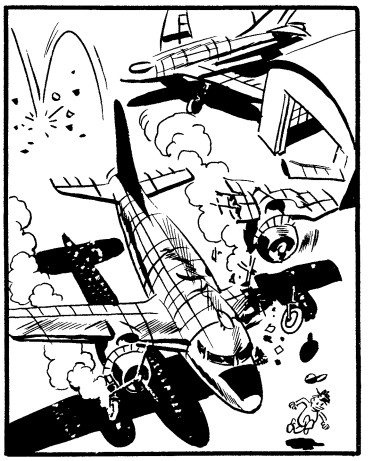

BETTER SHOW ME YOUR IDENTIFICATION, SIR!
I CAN'T! I FORGOT MY IDENTIFICATION!
BETTER SHOW ME YOUR ORDERS, MISTER!
I CAN'T! I FORGOT MY ORDERS!
BETTER GET OUT OF THAT TAXI, BUDDY!
I CAN'T! I FORGOT MY CLOTHES!
TAXI
AIR MEET 6/17/55 OSKEEWAW

GENERAL HINGES! THIS MAN HERE CLAIMS HE'S COLONEL MELVIN DIGGER, BUT HE'S GOT NO IDENTIFICATION... NO ORDERS... NO CLOTHES!
RUSTY! RUSTY! IT'S ME! DITCH!
SAME OLD DITCH!
IT'S OKAY, MAJOR! THIS MAN SPENT WORLD WAR II IN MY OUTFIT! HE NEVER DID OWN ONE OF HIS OWN!
TAXI
I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM!


SORRY ABOUT THAT TROUBLE YOU HAD AT THE GATE, DITCH! WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, YOU KNOW! SECURITY AND ALL THAT!
CIVILIANS POSING AS OFFICERS, TRYING TO GET IN, EH?
OOPS!
NO! OFFICERS POSING AS CIVILIANS, TRYING TO GET OUT!


GENERAL HINGES! GENERAL HINGES! AN UNIDENTIFIED DC-3 WITH ONE ENGINE CONKED OUT IS REQUESTING PERMISSION TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY LANDING! HE SAYS HE CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE NEXT CIVILIAN FIELD!
ORDER OUT THE SECURITY TROOPS!
ORDER OUT THE FIRE TRUCKS!
ORDER OUT THE CRASH CREWS!
ARM ALL AVAILABLE MEN!
THIS MAY BE SOME SORT OF TRICK!
4

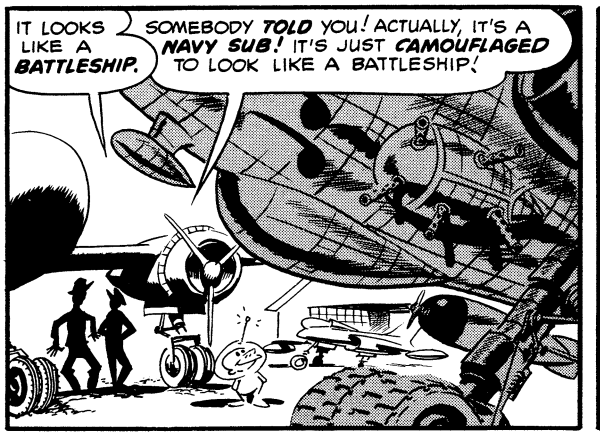
TENSION MOUNTS AS THE CRIPPLED UNIDENTIFIED DC-3 APPROACHES THE SAC BASE... DROPS... TOUCHES DOWN ...



...TAXIS TO THE APRON... AND OPENS ITS DOORS. SUDDENLY, MEN POUR OUT...

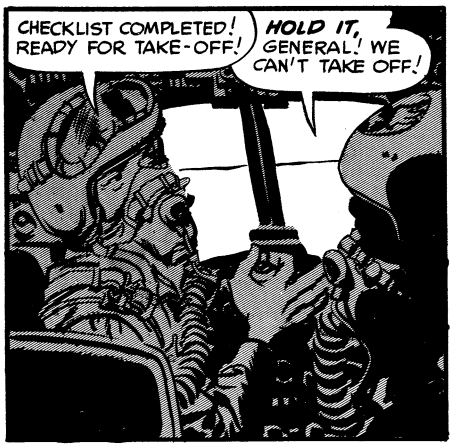
THANK GOODNESS! I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE IT MIGHT BE GENERAL FALCON PULLING ONE OF HIS SECURITY DRILLS!
HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO TRICK US LIKE THAT!
POW!
POW!
KA-PWEENG!

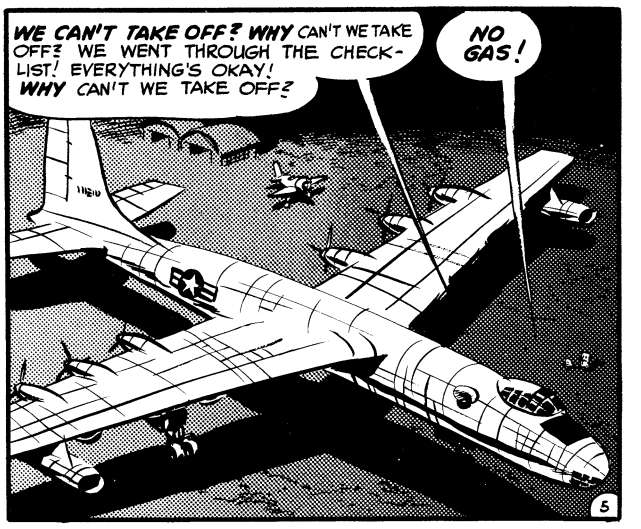
AFTER A RIGOROUS PHYSICAL EXAMINATION, DITCH'S BIG DAY ARRIVES. HE'S TO BE GIVEN HIS FIRST RIDE IN THE FABULOUS B-36...



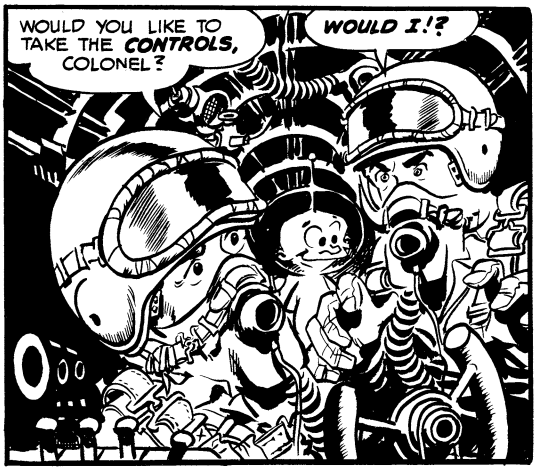
SEATED BEHIND THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT... IN THE FLIGHT ENGINEER'S LAP... DITCH LISTENS TO THE CAREFUL PREFLIGHT CHECK...

FOR ALMOST TWO HOURS, THE TWO THOUSAND-ODD ITEMS ARE READ FROM THE CHECKLIST. FINALLY...



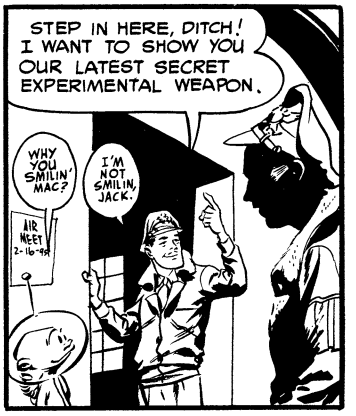


FINALLY, THE HUGE AERODYNAMIC MONSTER TAKES TO THE SKY. THE PILOT TURNS TO DITCH...

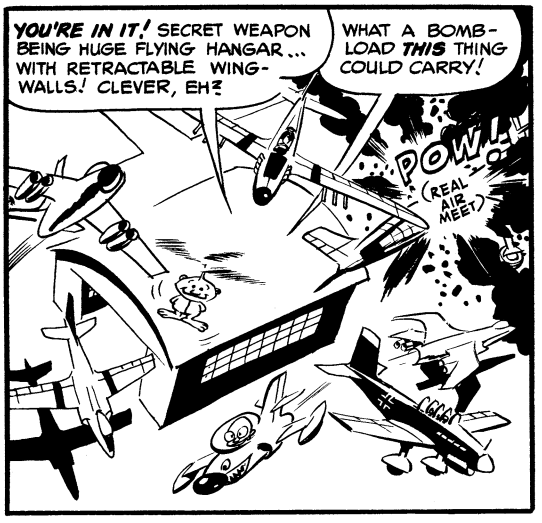


WITH A BLINDING FLASH AND A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE GIGANTIC SHIP CRASHES INTO A NORTHERN ICE FIELD...

AFTER THREE DAYS IN THE FROZEN WASTES OF GREENLAND, THE B-36 CREW AND DITCH ARE FINALLY RESCUED. ON THE WAY HOME, THEY STOP AT A SECRET FIELD...

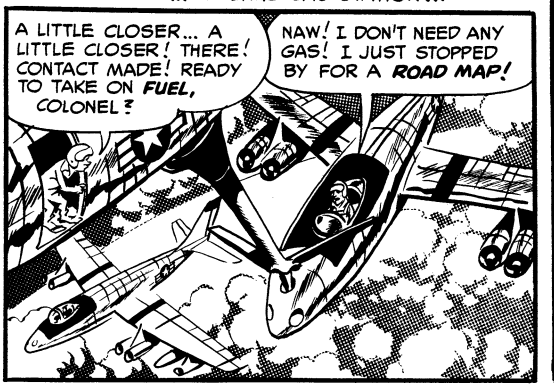

STEP IN HERE, DITCH! I WANT TO SHOW YOU OUR LATEST SECRET EXPERIMENTAL WEAPON.
WHY YOU SMILIN' MAC?
I'M NOT SMILIN, JACK.
AIR MEET 2-16-49

THE GENERAL SLIDES BACK THE HUGE HANGAR DOORS AND STEPS INSIDE...


YOU'RE IN IT! SECRET WEAPON BEING HUGE FLYING HANGAR... WITH RETRACTABLE WING-WALLS! CLEVER, EH?
WHAT A BOMB-LOAD THIS THING COULD CARRY!
POW!
(REAL AIR MEET)

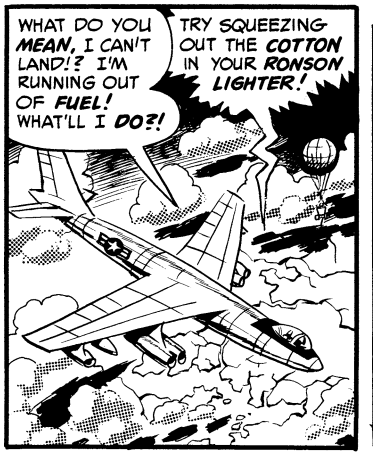
WELL, DITCH! HERE WE ARE OVER OUR HOME BASE! LOOK AT THE WELCOME THE BOYS HAVE WHIPPED UP FOR YOU!
ISN'T THAT SWEET OF THEM... RE-ARRANGING THE RUNWAYS TO LOOK LIKE A BASEBALL DIAMOND!
6

IN THE TENSE FINAL MOMENTS OF THE PICTURE, WITH AN INJURED SHOULDER HE'S KEPT SECRET FROM THE FLIGHT SURGEONS (HE'S SEEN "MEDIC" ON T.V. AND HE'S NOBODY'S FOOL!), DITCH PARTAKES IN A MASS B-47 FLIGHT TO JAPAN. OVER THE ROCKIES, HIS JET BOMBER MAKES RENDEZVOUS WITH AN ARMY STRATOCRUISER... A FLYING GAS STATION...


A LITTLE CLOSER... A LITTLE CLOSER! THERE! CONTACT MADE! READY TO TAKE ON FUEL, COLONEL?
NAW! I DON'T NEED ANY GAS! I JUST STOPPED BY FOR A ROAD MAP!

WITH HIS FUEL SUPPLY REPLENISHED, DITCH STARTS ON THE LONG PERILOUS TRANS-PACIFIC HOP. AT GUAM, BAD WEATHER HAS SET IN, MAKING A LANDING IMPOSSIBLE. DITCH RECEIVES THE BAD NEWS FROM THE GUAM CONTROL TOWER...

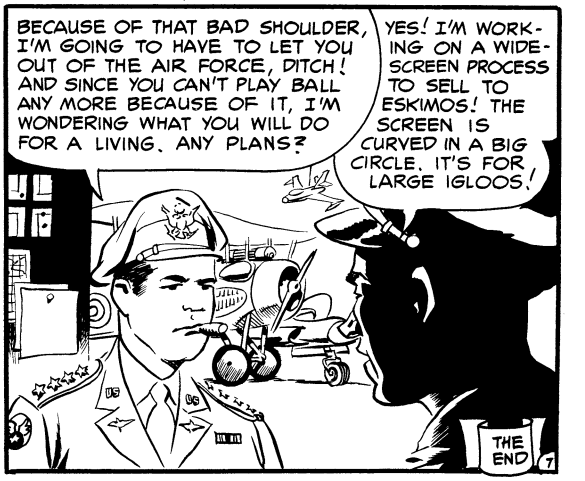
TURNING TO TINIAN AIRBASE AS A LAST RESORT, DITCH LEARNS THAT IT, TOO, IS CLOSED DOWN...

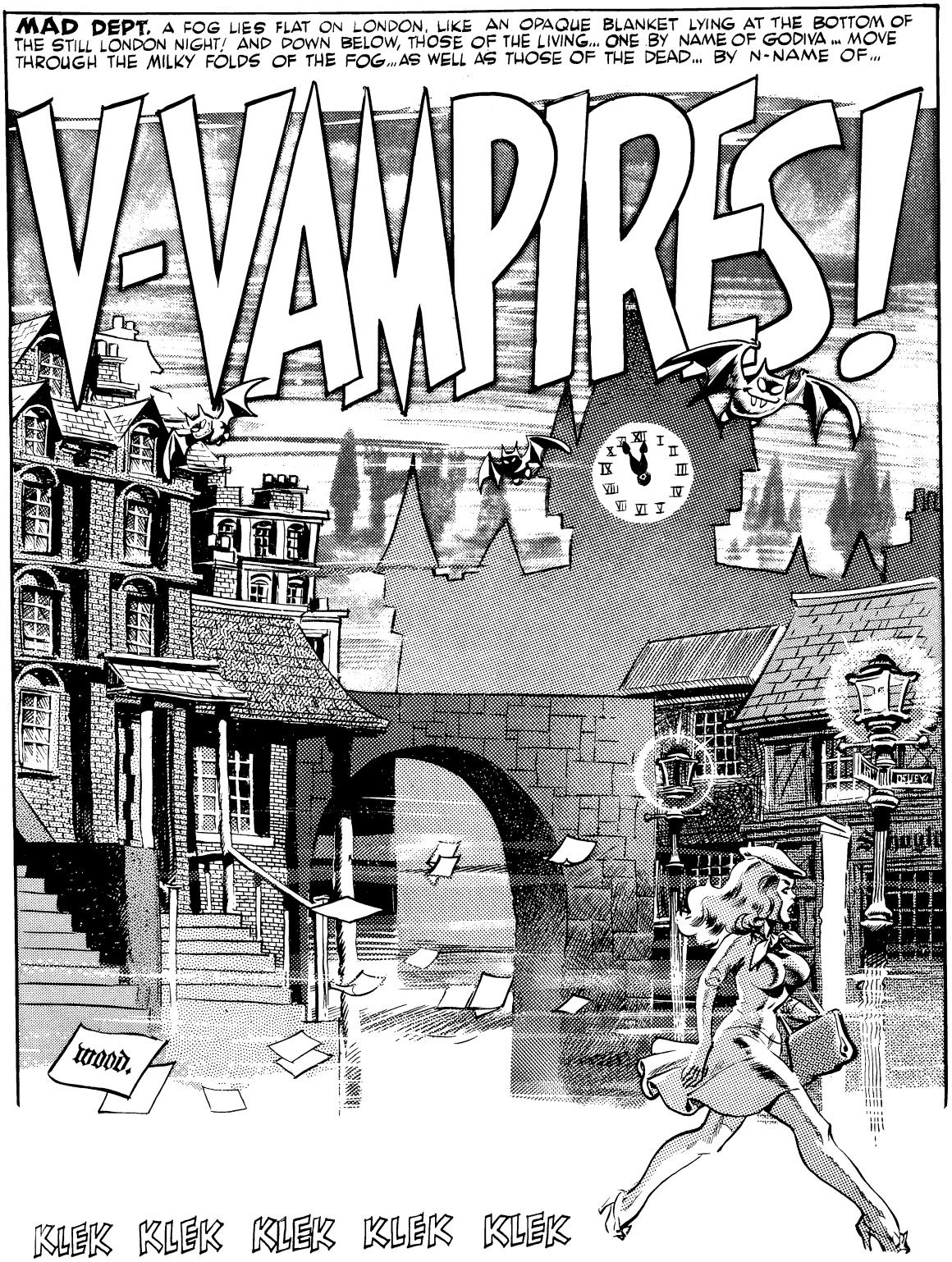


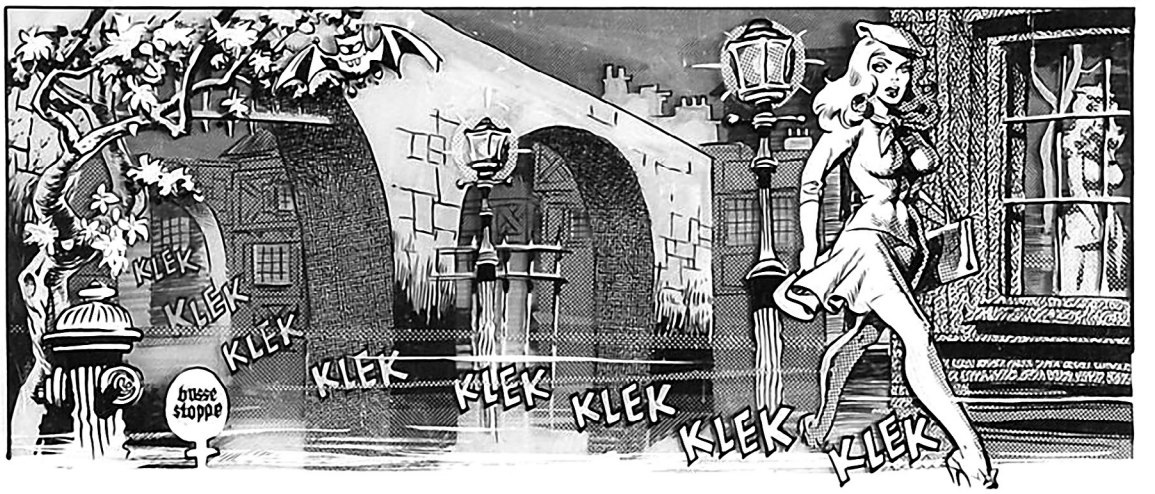
BECAUSE HIS ARM HAS SUDDENLY GONE LIMP, DITCH CALLS UPON HIS CO-PILOT TO COOPERATE WITH HIM...

FINALLY, IN A POIGNANT LAST SCENE, DITCH IS UNITED WITH HIS WIFE...

...AND THE PICTURE ENDS ON THIS TOUCHING NOTE...


BECAUSE OF THAT BAD SHOULDER, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LET YOU OUT OF THE AIR FORCE, DITCH! AND SINCE YOU CAN'T PLAY BALL ANY MORE BECAUSE OF IT, I'M WONDERING WHAT YOU WILL DO FOR A LIVING. ANY PLANS?
YES! I'M WORKING ON A WIDE-SCREEN PROCESS TO SELL TO ESKIMOS! THE SCREEN IS CURVED IN A BIG CIRCLE. IT'S FOR LARGE IGLOOS!
THE END
7


MAD DEPT. A FOG LIES FLAT ON LONDON, LIKE AN OPAQUE BLANKET LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STILL LONDON NIGHT! AND DOWN BELOW, THOSE OF THE LIVING... ONE BY NAME OF GODIVA ... MOVE THROUGH THE MILKY FOLDS OF THE FOG...AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE DEAD... BY N-NAME OF...
V-VAMPIRES!
wood.
KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK


KLEK
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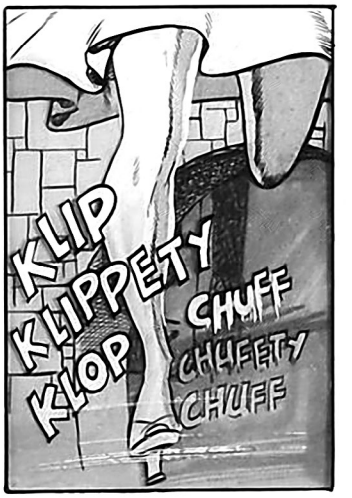
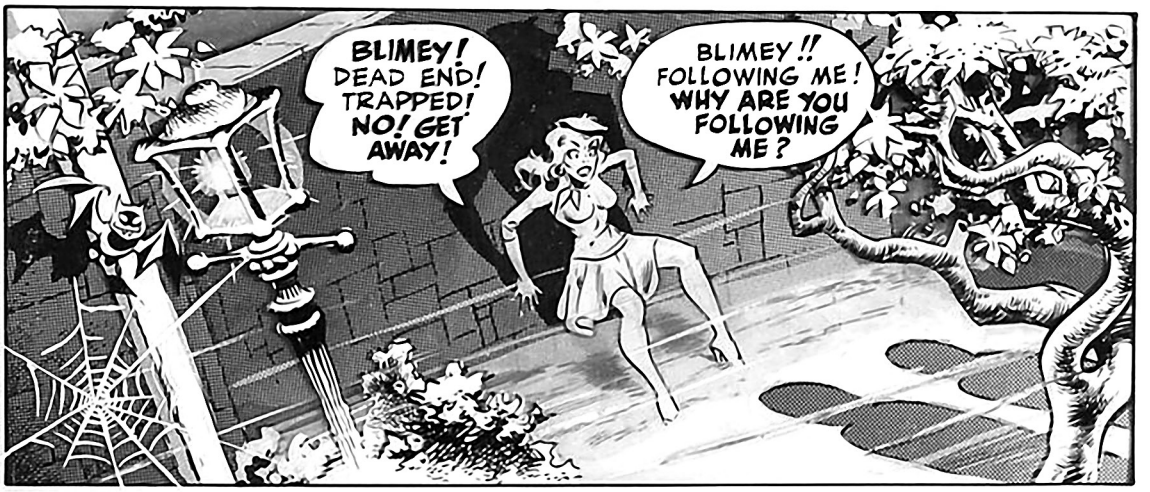
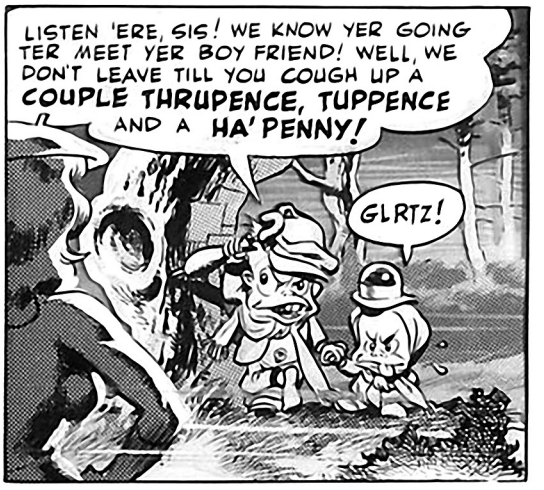

KLIP
KLIPPETY
KLOP
CHUFF
CHUFFETY
CHUFF


BLIMEY! DEAD END! TRAPPED! NO! GET AWAY!
BLIMEY!! FOLLOWING ME! WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME?

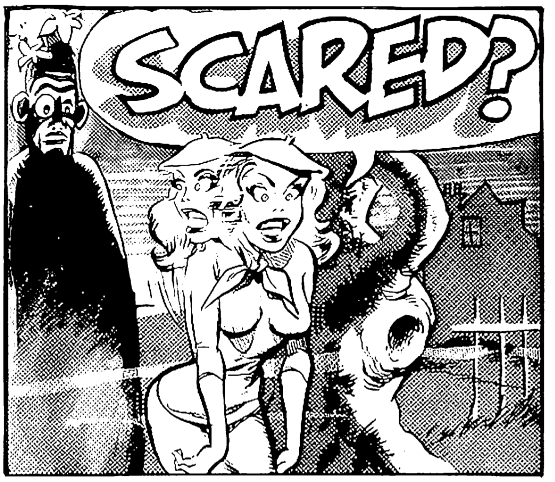
ALLA TIME... ALLA TIME FOLLOWING ME! GO ON BACK HOME OR I'LL PASTE YOU ONE! POP OFF! BLIMEY!
SUPPOSEN'T WE DON'T WANNA?
FRBTSK!

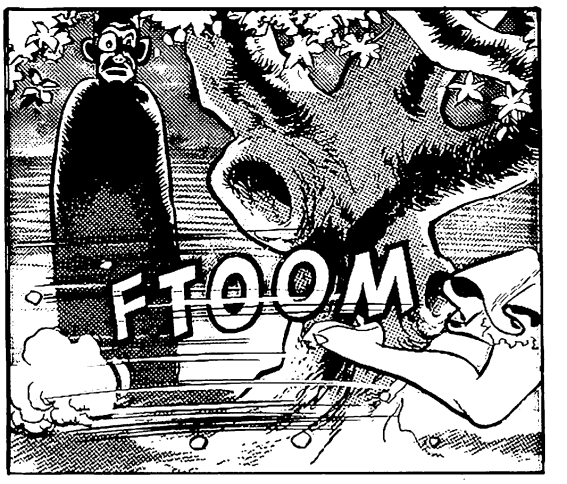

LISTEN 'ERE, SIS! WE KNOW YER GOING TER MEET YER BOY FRIEND! WELL, WE DON'T LEAVE TILL YOU COUGH UP A COUPLE THRUPENCE, TUPPENCE AND A HA' PENNY!
GLRTZ!

GO HOME! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE VAMPIRE THAT'S ROAMING LONDON? LITTLE CHILDREN LIKE YOU ARE CARELESS! YOU LET STRANGERS SNEAK RIGHT UP BEHIND YOU...

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THE VAMPIRE SNUCK UP BEHIND YOU? YOU'D BE SCARED! NOT LIKE US GROWN UPS!!
FTOOM

...THAT'S WHY US GROWN UPS CAN GO OUT IN THE EVENINGS! WE'RE NOT SC.. SC... SC... SC...


SCARED?

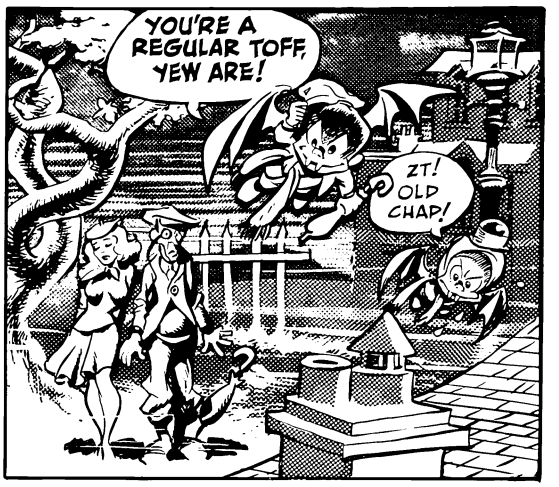

FTOOM

I SAY, GODIVA, ISN'T IT A BIT RIDICULOUS... CHASING ABOUT THIS TREE?
RENFREW!
BOINK
BOINK
BOINK

RENFREW! MY BOY FRIEND! LOR'LUM AN' BLIMEY! IT'S YEW!
YES, GODIVA! IY'VE BEEN WAIYTING FOR YOU! AND 'OO ARE THESE TWO LITTLE CHAPS, 'OO?

THEY'RE MY TWO PESKY KID BROTHERS, THAT'S 'OO! THEY WANT SOME BLACK-MAIL BEFORE THEY'LL GO AWAY! TOSS THEM A COUPLE THRUPENCE, HA'PENCE, TUPPENCE, WILL YOU, RENFREW OLD CHAP?
BASH!

I DON'T HAVE HA'PENCE, BUT I HAVE FOUR HA'PENNY, THRUPENNY, FUPENCE, TUPPENCE FUPPENCE, AND A LEAD SLUG THAT YOU CAN USE TO PLAY THE SLOT MACHINES! NOW,
POP OFF!
THANKS, GUVNER!
GLFTZX!
KLINK
KLUNK
KLING


YOU'RE A REGULAR TOFF, YEW ARE!
ZT! OLD CHAP!

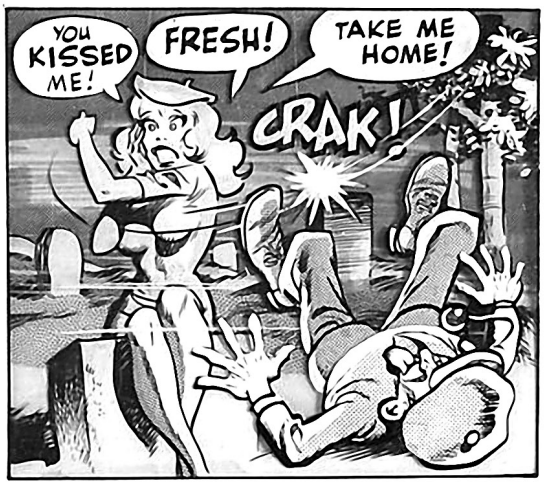
I SAY, GODIVA! ISN'T THIS A BIT IRREGULAR, THOSE LITTLE CHEPS FLYING AWAY?
OH, AREN'T THEY THE RASCALS, THOUGH?!
K-O-F!

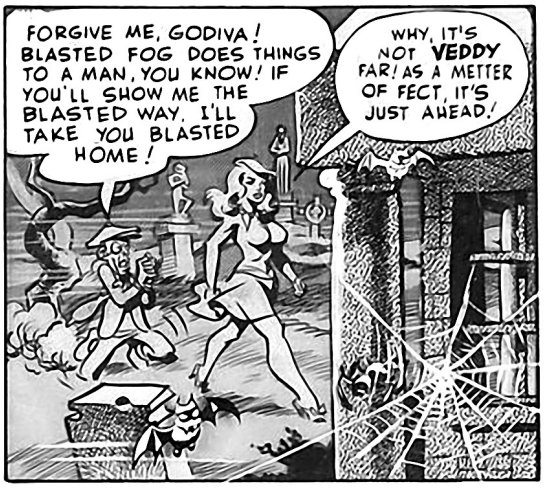
... AND ISN'T IT A BIT IRREGULAR, MEETING HERE IN A CEMETERY?
BUT AH, MY LOVE, COULD YOU THINK OF A MORE DISCREET PLACE FOR TWO YOUNG FOOLS, MADLY IN LOVE, TO HAVE A TRYST?

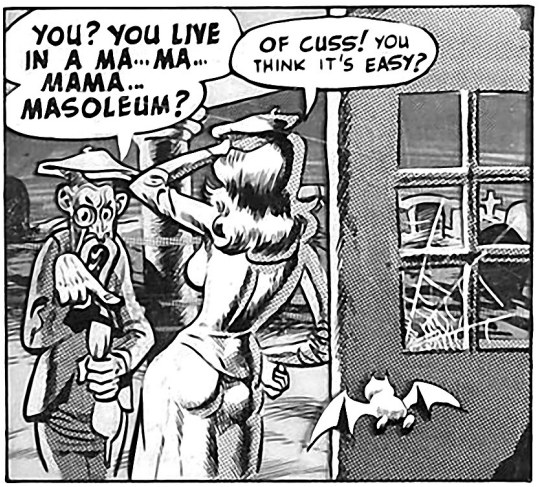
... IN OTHER WORDS...
LET'S NECK!!
...BUT GODIVA, THE NIGHT IS DARK...

...WOW!! C'MON, RENF'!
...BUT GODIVA! THE STORIES ABOUT THE VAMPIRE ROAMING LONDON...

YAHOO! C'MON, BOY!!
KISS
VEDDY WELL, GODIVA OLD CHAP! I GIVE YOU THIS AS A SIGN OF MY AFFECTION!


YOU KISSED ME!
FRESH!
TAKE ME HOME!
CRAK!


FORGIVE ME, GODIVA! BLASTED FOG DOES THINGS TO A MAN, YOU KNOW! IF YOU'LL SHOW ME THE BLASTED WAY, I'LL TAKE YOU BLASTED HOME!
WHY, IT'S NOT VEDDY FAR! AS A METTER OF FECT, IT'S JUST AHEAD!

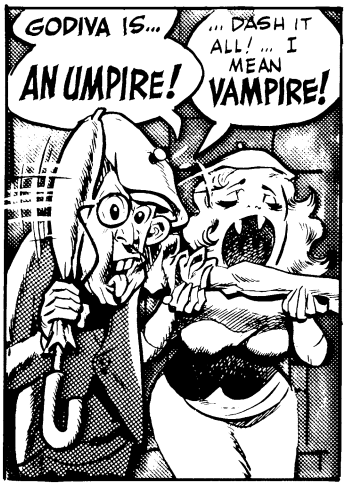

YOU? YOU LIVE IN A MA... MA... MAMA... MASOLEUM?
OF CUSS! YOU THINK IT'S EASY?

C'MON IN, RENFREW! I'LL FIX YOU SOME COOL, WET TEA... I GOT COKE ON A MARBLE SLAB... NICE AND COLD!
... GAD, WOMAN! THAT SMILE... THOSE LIPS...

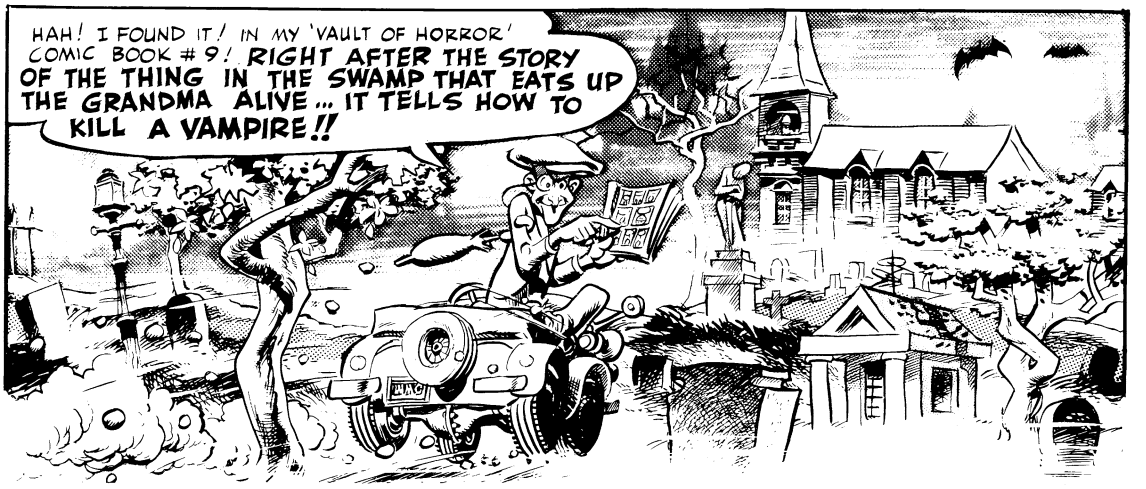
C'MON IN, RENF'! I GOT SOME MOULDY OLD BLINTZES LEFT OVER FROM LAST YEAR!
... THOSE TEETH! ESPECIALLY THOSE TEETH...

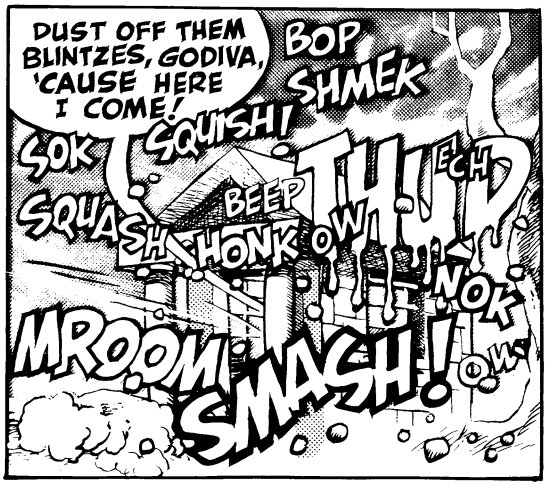
HOW 'BOUT A PLATE OF BLOOD-RED BORSCHT!... OR MAYBE A PLATE OF BORSCHT-RED BLOOD!
...YOU HAVEN'T BEEN USING YOUR CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE!

ARF A MO'!
FANGS?
GODIVA'S TEETH! THEY'RE NOT TEETH! THEY'RE FANGS! BAT FANGS!
YOU'RE WELCOME !!


GODIVA IS...
AN UMPIRE!
... DASH IT ALL! ... I MEAN VAMPIRE!

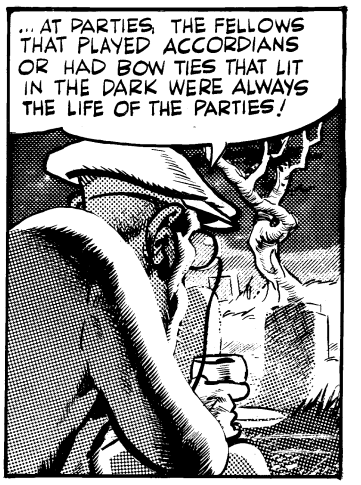
I MUST DESTROY THE VAMPIRE! BUT HOW? I WILL RUSH HOME TO MY STUDY! SURELY, IN MY LIBRARY OF RARE, MUSTY OLD MOROCCAN LEATHER BOUND BOOKS, I WILL FIND OUT HOW TO DESTROY A VAMPIRE!
KLASH
VOOM


HAH! I FOUND IT! IN MY 'VAULT OF HORROR' COMIC BOOK #9! RIGHT AFTER THE STORY OF THE THING IN THE SWAMP THAT EATS UP THE GRANDMA ALIVE... IT TELLS HOW TO KILL A VAMPIRE!!

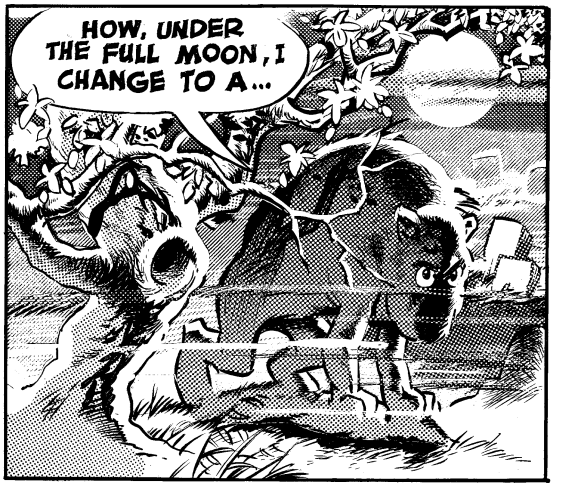

DUST OFF THEM BLINTZES, GODIVA, 'CAUSE HERE I COME!
BOP
SHMEK
SQUISH!
SOK
BEEP
ECH
THUD
SQUASH
HONK
OW!
NOK
MROOM
SMASH!
OWS

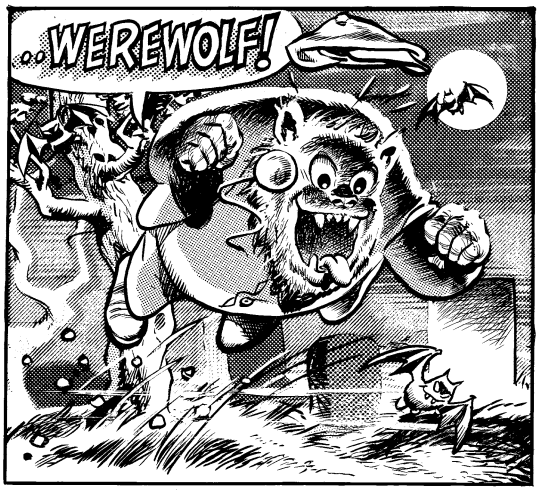
THAT DID IT! JUST LIKE THE COMIC BOOK SPECIFIED! TO KILL A VAMPIRE YOU'VE GOT TO DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH ITS HEART! BLASTED COMIC BOOK DIDN'T SPECIFY A T-BONE STAKE OR A FLANK STAKE!... NO MATTER!... THAT'S THE END OF GODIVA AND HER CREW!
EEP! THE FULL MOON!

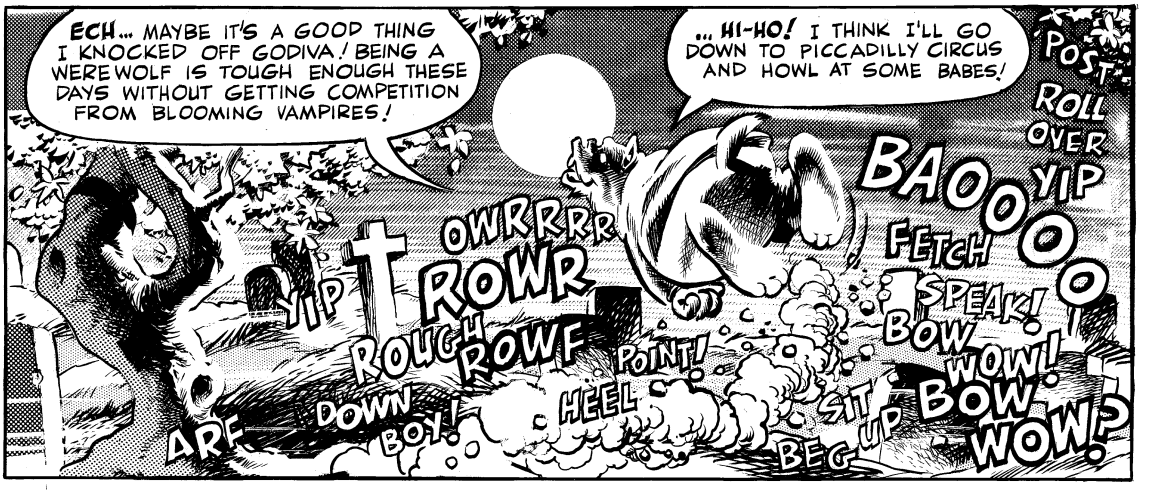
DASH IT! TOO BAD I HAD TO KNOCK GODIVA AND HER FAMILY OFF! I WANTED TO SHOW HER SOMETHING TONIGHT!


... AT PARTIES, THE FELLOWS THAT PLAYED ACCORDIANS OR HAD BOW TIES THAT LIT IN THE DARK WERE ALWAYS THE LIFE OF THE PARTIES!

GODIVA NEVER THOUGHT I COULD BE THE LIFE OF A PARTY! ... TONIGHT I WAS GOING TO SHOW HER I COULD DO A TRICK THAT'D MAKE ME THE LIFE OF ANY OLD PARTY...


HOW, UNDER THE FULL MOON, I CHANGE TO A...


...WEREWOLF!


ECH... MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING I KNOCKED OFF GODIVA! BEING A WEREWOLF IS TOUGH ENOUGH THESE DAYS WITHOUT GETTING COMPETITION FROM BLOOMING VAMPIRES!
... HI-HO! I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND HOWL AT SOME BABES!
YIP
OWRRRR
ROWR
ROUGH
ROWF
ARF
DOWN BOY!
HEEL
POINT!
BAOOOO
FETCH
SPEAK!
BOW WOW!
SIT
BEG
UP
BOW WOW?
POST
ROLL OVER
YIP

JON GOTHOLD

COWBOYS AND KISSIN': THE EARLY DAYS OF WALLACE WOOD AT EC

It's fitting that this volume of the *Fantagraphics EC Artists' Library* includes not only some of the last stories Wallace Wood drew for EC, but also the very first ones.

Wood came to EC in the fall of 1949 at the tail end of what we now call EC's Pre-Trend era. Fledgling publisher Bill Gaines had been experimenting with new titles in genres that had proven to be popular for other publishers, and so EC's entries into those genres became Wood's entrée to EC.

Wood's first assignments were done in artistic partnership with Harry Harrison. Harrison primarily provided the penciling and Wood primarily provided the inks, although several of the stories here were co-penciled and co-inked by the pair. (Unfortunately, the writers of all of these stories, except for the two Six-Gun Sisters tales, are unknown.) Wood and Harrison had already produced several romance jobs for Fox Publications (formally "Fox Feature Syndicate"), which was enough to get them in the door at EC.

"I Thought I Loved My Boss" (p. 175) was the first EC work by the team of Harrison and Wood. Wood placed his signature on a tree, a visual pun he would repeat throughout his career. The story gives away its ending in the first caption on page 1, where it screams out "Youth and Age Cannot Mingle!" as a subtitle, so there really is no mystery as to where this story is going.

Although the story lacks surprises, there is a particularly torrid caption on page 6, panel 2 (p. 180) where Terry, who is in the middle of a lusty romance with her much older boss, reveals that her days were now more like a dream than reality, and "Whether I ate or slept, I do not remember ... all I *do* know is that the dream had become a living, pulsating thing!"

Overall, the story is fairly workmanlike in both plot and art and barely gives any indication to the greatness that was to come just a year or so later. But 22-year-old Wallace Wood was now working at what would soon become the greatest line of comic books the industry has ever known. Much of the reason for that greatness can be attributed to the work that he would produce there.

"Terror on the Trail!" (p. 182) introduces what was intended to be a continuing feature,

The Six-Gun Sisters. When Bill Gaines took over from his late father, M.C. Gaines, in 1947, the EC line was filled with recurring characters begun by his father in an attempt to replicate the success he had enjoyed at his previous company, All-American Comics. All-American had featured such comic book stars as Wonder Woman and The Flash, but none of the new EC characters had amounted to much, and Bill had set about discontinuing all of them, which makes the introduction of The Six-Gun Sisters a bit of a surprise.

The Sisters were the last of EC's ongoing story characters, and they appeared only in the final two issues of *Gunfighter*, which would undergo a title change to become *Haunt of Fear* just three months after the Sisters first saddled up. Their debut coincided with the introduction, in other titles, of the Crypt-Keeper and the Vault-Keeper, who "hosted" their stories rather than participated in them.

Since Wood had already demonstrated an ability to draw pretty girls, we can speculate that this Gardner Fox–scripted feature was created specifically as a vehicle for the new Wood/Harrison team.

Older sister Tess oozes sex appeal, and younger sister Belle provides relatability for younger readers, but although The Six-Gun Sisters were an appealing idea, their origin story borrows heavily from Batman's (which had just been retold and expanded in *Batman* #47, June-July 1948, about a year and a half earlier) mixed with elements from The Lone Ranger. (*The Lone Ranger*, long a popular radio show, debuted on the ABC television network September 15, 1949. It starred Clayton Moore and Jay Silverheels and became ABC's biggest hit in the early 1950s.)

Tess and Belle are the daughters of crusading newspaperman Ed Parker, who is about to publish an exposé of the notorious Ten-Mile Gap Gang. The gang breaks into their home and murders Parker in front of the girls. Tess and Belle swear to avenge their father's death and to bring all criminals to justice. They have a secret cave where they change into their costumes — basically street clothing that is tighter and sexier than what they normally wear — and don their gun belts and Lone Ranger–style masks.

SECONDS LATER—
THERE! NOW NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE THE DEMURE PARKER GIRLS—
WE LOOK LIKE REGULAR GUN-TOTERS, ALL RIGHT. AND THANKS TO THE TRAINING DAD GAVE US--
WE KNOW HOW TO USE THESE GUNS!
2

The sisters had been taught to shoot by their late father, and shoot they do as they exact their revenge on the Ten-Mile Gap Gang. Tess also has an affinity for pistol-whipping bad guys, which she does on three separate occasions in this story, shouting such phrases as "This is for law and order! Maybe I can beat it into your thick skulls!"

"The Dead Man's Trail!" (p. 189) is the second and final Six-Gun Sisters story. The same creative team is back, with Fox scripting and Wood and Harrison co-penciling and co-inking. Overall, the artwork is strong, although occasionally Harrison's awkward approach to anatomy creeps in, such as Hank's bizarre arm and shoulder on page 2, panel 7 (p. 190) and Tess's arm on page 5, panel 3 (p. 193). But the storytelling and Wood's inks are solid throughout, and this is one of the better efforts from the team.

The script, however, does have its share of plot holes. For example, the sisters find time to roam the range in their Six-Gun Sisters outfits, looking for trouble while publishing (all by themselves) the newspaper that they inherited from their father. Speaking of their outfits, it's incredible that absolutely nobody recognizes them when their disguises consist of matching shirts, pants, hats, tiny masks, and a pair of six guns. The townspeople also don't seem to notice that the sisters who publish the newspaper ride the exact same horses as the Six-Gun Sisters.

But if you put those matters aside and suspend your belief, these are two delightful romps

with "them gals" delivering plenty of gun-toting action and frontier justice.

"The Heart Robber" (p. 197) clearly demonstrates that combining cowboys and romance was a powerful inspiration for the Harrison and Wood team, and this story appeared in the second issue of *Saddle Romances*, the company's attempt to combine disparate genres (though not as disparate as Charlton's *Space Western* a couple of years later).

Starting with the splash panel on page 1, we see that Wood's inking is much bolder and more confident than before, with heavy black outlines around the foreground characters that help them to pop out of the background. Note also that, in that background, we find an early example of the classic Wallace Wood gnarled tree that would become a signature element in his work for the rest of his life.

Prior to teaming up with Harry Harrison, Wood had briefly assisted Will Eisner on *The Spirit* newspaper strip. Eisner's influence can readily be seen in this story, especially in the character of Terry's father, introduced on page 2, panel 3 (p. 198), who bears a more-than-passing resemblance to The Spirit's Commissioner Dolan, right down to the broad mustache and ever-present pipe. The shadow of the multi-paned window illuminating his face in an otherwise blackened room is also right out of the Eisner playbook. On panel 6 of the same page, the father's hands look like they were drawn and inked by Eisner, and we once again see the Eisneresque interplay of the moonlight coming through the windows of the darkened room.

We also see an early example of Wood's eroticism on page 3, panel 1 (p. 199) where Terry, lying in bed in silhouette, appears to be sleeping in the nude. Considering the prank that Wood and Harrison played in the splash panel of "Playtime Cowgirl" (see below), one has to wonder what this panel looked like before the pencils were inked.

This story is a good indication that great things will be coming from the hands of Wallace Wood.

"Hearts Along the Ski Trail" (p. 204) demonstrates that the Harrison/Wood team was clearly impressing Bill Gaines early on. This, their fourth EC job, was the lead story and cover feature for *A Moon, A Girl, Romance* #11.

Although usually credited to Harrison as penciler and Wood as inker, this story is more likely a co-pencil and co-ink job, as it is much more imaginative than Harrison's layouts and pencils tended to be. Starting with the wonderful splash panel on page 1 and the second panel on that page (which looks like it was done 100% by Wood), this job is a cut above. Other examples of Wood's hand are the backgrounds on page 2, panels 4 and 5 and the striking design of panel 7 (p. 205). Page 7, panel 3 (p. 210) is also a real showstopper.

Other pages have much more of a Harrison look with his awkward stiff faces and figures, which might remind modern readers of Charles

THE TIME SLID ALONG ON ELFIN WINGS. KISSES STOLEN IN A DARK CORNER. THE EFFORTLESS GLIDING ON THE WAXED DANCE FLOOR. HOLDING HANDS ACROSS A SNOWY TABLETOP. KATHY'S EYES GREW BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER, HER LAUGHTER MORE GAY...

Burns's work, particularly page 6, panel 4 (p. 209) and page 8, panels 1 and 2 (p. 211).

The story is pretty racy, especially for 1950. It centers around handsome ski instructor Nels Baltrin, who is essentially a gigolo for wealthy women at an exclusive members-only ski resort on the Atlantic Seaboard. We see multiple women demand his affection in panel after panel, which Nels is all too happy to oblige. Despite that, young Kathy Prentice, a personal assistant to one of the women that Nels is servicing, falls hopelessly in love with him, even though she is not rich and is "so *sweet,* so ... unspoiled!"

Kathy's boss coaches her that the way to Nels's heart is to dress in revealing clothing and that she needs to be "worldly," and "If a man wants love — *give him love!*"

Kathy decides it's time to seduce Nels, and tells herself she's "going through with this, no matter *what!* It's time I grew up anyhow!" It's only when we get to the final moment when Nels is about to have his way with her that Kathy admits that she can't go through with it.

Nels, in a total about-face, decides what he has been looking for in a girl is purity and asks Kathy to marry him, promising to teach their children to ski. And because this is a 1950 romance comic, Kathy excitedly agrees.

"Too Busy for Love" (p. 212) is an example of Wood and Harrison co-penciling and co-inking the same story. Harrison described their working process in a 1972 interview with Bill Spicer and Pete Serniuk (*Graphic Story Magazine* #15, Summer 1973) as passing all the pages back and forth, sometimes with Wood drawing the faces and hands while Harrison would do the rough layouts, which would then be tightened up by Wood, concentrating on the figures. It's a fun game to try to figure out who did what with these collaborations.

Generally speaking, Harrison's layouts are more timid, and he was weak at drawing faces. The first page of this story is so much better than the rest of the story in terms of layout and inking that it appears Wood might have done the whole page by himself.

You can see other examples of Wood's handiwork on most of page 2, especially panels 2, 3, and 7 (p. 213). Page 4, panel 7 (p. 215) is another one of Wood's Eisner-influenced panels, and

page 5 panels 1 and 5 (p. 216) both feature lovely Wood female-face close-ups. Oddly, though, for a story that revolves around an all-girl band, it never shows them as more than tiny background figures. If Wood had drawn this on his own two years later, you could bet that it would have been far, far different.

In this story, our career-driven bandleader heroine is pushed off the stage in a fight with one of her band members. The handsome singer in the band, whom she has vowed never to fall for so that she might pursue her career ("I've learned my lesson well!"), comes and comforts her — which is enough for her to melt into his arms, dump her stage name, and pledge her undying love "forever!"

We are left to speculate whether she will be able to balance life and career and continue as the leader of her band — and whether she even wants to. It's an artifact from the not-that-distant past of what was considered a happy ending for a love story.

"Playtime Cowgirl" (p. 219) is special for a couple of reasons. First, it is the only story in this batch of romance and cowboy tales that was penciled entirely by Wood and inked by Harrison. The result is that there are more graphically interesting panels than usual, for example page 1, panel 2; page 2, panels 4 and 6 (p. 220); page 7, panel 2 (p. 225); and page 8, panel 6 (p. 226).

The second reason is that it is an example of the kind of hijinks that occurred frequently at EC after Bill Gaines arrived. Gaines, who had a great sense of humor and always enjoyed

a good prank, was subjected to one with this story. When Wood and Harrison brought in the finished artwork, the horse in the splash panel on page 1 was rendered with greatly exaggerated genitalia on full display. Everyone had a good laugh, and then it was evidently set aside and forgotten about.

The unaltered artwork managed to get all the way through the production process to the engravers who called and diplomatically asked, "Mr. Gaines, don't you think that's kind of a funny-looking horse?" At that point, the naughty bits were quickly blacked out, and the story ran without getting Gaines into trouble.

"Playtime Cowgirl" itself is typical of the stories that ran in *Saddle Romances*. City girl Jill goes on a two-week vacation to a dude ranch with her sophisticated city girlfriends, meets a shy, decidedly unsophisticated cowboy named Ken, and falls madly in love. Her girlfriends and other men at the dude ranch try to convince her that he "isn't your kind" and is "just a local yokel," but she's not having it. Things move quickly in the Old West, and on their second date, Ken asks Jill to marry him, to which she eagerly replies, "I'll never stop loving you. Of course I'll marry you!"

She wants to have a fancy formal party to announce their engagement, even though Ken isn't comfortable with the idea and knows her girlfriends don't like him. She insists on the party and tells Ken she wants to wear her fancy new dress to make everyone at the ranch jealous of her.

When Ken shows up in a suit instead of a tuxedo, she is bitterly disappointed and begins to think the others are right about him, especially when he gets into a fight with another guy trying to pick her up. She backs out of the wedding and heads for home.

But because it's 1950, she has a change of heart — and personality — just before she boards the train back to the city, borrows a horse, and gallops back to Ken, abandoning her friends, her home in the city, and whatever dreams she might have had for herself before she went on that vacation. The end.

"Rx for Romance" (p. 227) hails from the final issue of *A Moon, A Girl, Romance*. This was the last EC romance story that Harrison penciled, and it was clear by this point that Wood was by far the more talented penciler in their partnership.

It's unfortunate that a story which revolves around two sisters fighting for the affection of the same man doesn't feel more like Wood drew them. For the most part, they have that stiff, lifeless quality that is characteristic of Harrison's work. Wood provides some inspired inking here and there, such as the main splash panel on page 1, the classic telephone conversation bit on page 2, panel 4 (p. 228), and the make-out scene on page 5, panel 4 (p. 231). We also see a kid in a wheelchair on page 1, panel 2 that looks as if Wood penciled and inked it on his own. But for the most part, it's hard to see that Wood worked on this story.

Speaking of stories, this one really goes out of its way to pull the heartstrings. The two sisters and their younger brother have all recently become orphans because their parents died in a car crash. That same car crash put their little brother in a wheelchair, and the oldest sister is trying to shoulder the weight of raising her two younger siblings, even though she appears to be only around 20 herself.

While the older sister goes to work to support the family, the younger one, who is supposed to be babysitting, goes to the beauty parlor to get ready for a date that evening, and the little brother suffers some sort of mysterious "attack." He has to be hospitalized, and both sisters become smitten with his doctor. The doctor goes for the older one first, and all is progressing on a fast track until she tells him she must break it off to take care of her younger sister and brother.

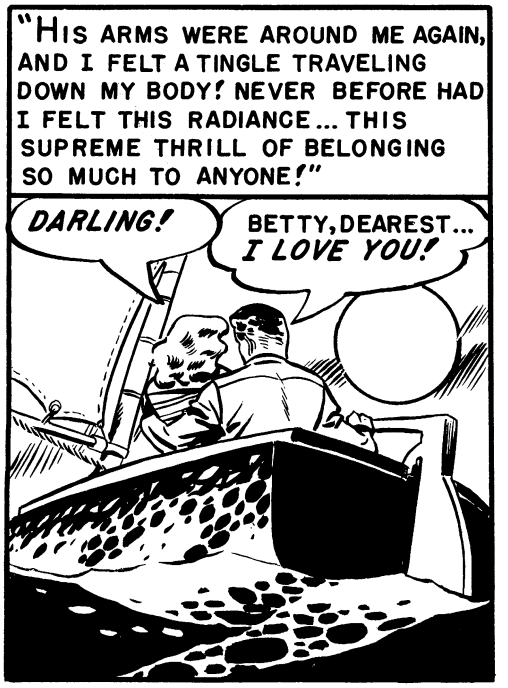
The totally shameless younger sister steps in and goes for the handsome doctor, who is all too happy to oblige, and they start dating. Finally, the older one admits to the doctor she really does love him, and the doctor says he loves her, too, and wants to marry her and take care of her family, including the fast-moving younger sister.

Today, the older daughter would realize that doc is just looking for a way he can have two beautiful sisters at the same time. But this story is from 1950, and the older sister doesn't think that way, instead exclaiming at the end, "Oh, my darling! Life is perfect!"

"The Love That Might Have Been..." (p. 234) was co-penciled and co-inked by the Harrison and Wood team, and the overall result is one of their best efforts together.

In this tale, a handsome doctor (Gregg Macy) sweeps our heroine (Betty Raymond) off her feet, but there are two big plot twists. First, newlywed Betty loses her husband, Bert, in a plane crash and is plunged into such despair that she is committed to a sanitarium. The handsome doctor who helps her to recover is Dr. Macy, and, of course, they fall madly in love. After a whirlwind courtship, everything seems to be just perfect for Betty. But one day, Dr. Macy gets a new patient, and — surprise! — it turns out to be Betty's husband, Bert, who didn't die in that plane crash after all. Bert had been blinded in the crash, and not wanting to be a burden to his young wife, he had never let her know that he had survived.

Oh, what on Earth should Betty do? Should she stand by Bert, even though his prospects are clearly limited now, or should she go with the sure bet for long-term security that the doctor can provide? (The fact that Bert had deceived her for months goes unaddressed.) The ending


"HIS ARMS WERE AROUND ME AGAIN, AND I FELT A TINGLE TRAVELING DOWN MY BODY! NEVER BEFORE HAD I FELT THIS RADIANCE... THIS SUPREME THRILL OF BELONGING SO MUCH TO ANYONE!"
DARLING!
BETTY, DEAREST... I LOVE YOU!

isn't exactly what you would expect, which is both refreshing and disturbing at the same time.

There are some truly inspired graphic moments throughout this story. On page 2 (p. 235), the beautiful sense of depth in the tiny panel 2, the cat in the foreground of panel 3, and the inspired drawing of a fainting Betty reflected in the dial of her radio as she hears the news of her husband's plane crash are all wonderfully executed. Additionally, a lot of attention is paid to set decoration such as the airplane silhouette carpeting at the airline company's office on page 2, panel 7 (p. 235) and the beautiful art deco desk and furnishings in Dr. Macy's office on page 6, panels 3 and 6 (p. 239).

Wood's ability to beautifully render the ocean is on display on page 4, panels 2, 3, and 5 (p. 237), and the effect of Betty waking from her coma on page 3, panel 3 (p. 236) is wonderfully effective. The team made a lot of great strides artistically with this one, despite the insipid plot.

"They Wouldn't Let Me Love Him" (p. 241) could very well be considered EC's first "preachie" story. It was the first time that a social justice issue (in this case, racial prejudice) was addressed in an EC comic, and as such, it really stands out as a significantly better story

than the rest of these romance tales, so it's a real shame that the writing credit for this one in particular is lost to history.

Young Mark Haynes, who is white, lives on his father's ranch along with Elena Perez, who is a Latina. Elena's mother works as a cook at the ranch, and the two children grow up as best friends, eventually realizing that they love each other.

Mark's disapproving father does everything he can to discourage them and sends Mark away to college. Upon his return, Mark renews his relationship with Elena, so Dad sends Mark away for another four years to medical school.

Undaunted, the couple is still committed to each other, and when Mark returns home again, now a doctor, they secretly wed. This story does not have a typical 1950s romance happy ending. Instead, Elena realizes that their town will not accept a mixed-race couple and so makes a fateful decision.

Wood and Harrison rise to the occasion artwise and turn in their best job yet. Although credited as being co-penciled and co-inked by both, Wood is clearly the dominant player here, and for the most part it looks like a solo Wood job. The first page with the glaring, floating heads of the townspeople menacing the young couple is very effective, as is page 2 (p. 242), where we see years of time compressed into a single, skillfully designed page that doesn't feel rushed.

The story is beautifully paced and well drawn. We really feel for these characters and want them to succeed. The fact that they don't makes this story even more poignant and memorable. It was a courageous story for EC to have run at the time. Although they would soon stop publishing romance comics, this would not be the last time EC would rail at this type of injustice.

"Illegal to Love!" (p. 249) marked the end of the line for the Wood/Harrison partnership as well as for EC's romance comics. When this story appeared in the final issue of *Modern Love*, EC had already released the third issues of *Vault of Horror* (previously *War Against Crime*), *Haunt of Fear* (previously *Gunfighter*), *Weird Science* (previously *Saddle Romances*), and *Tales From the Crypt* (previously *Crime Patrol* and then *The Crypt of Terror*) and the second issue of *Weird Fantasy* (previously *A Moon, a Girl, Romance*). It was clear where EC was headed, and Feldstein sent *Modern Love* to its grave with a fanciful tale called "The Love Story to End All Love Stories!" that also appeared in the final issue of *Modern Love* (see *Terror Train And Other Stories*, Vol. 28).

Opinions differ over Wood's involvement with this story, but it is a cut above what Harrison was capable of doing on his own, so someone certainly helped polish it up. It's possible that Harrison penciled this, and Wood lent

his inking talents but chose not to put in much of his signature style.

The story begins with a couple's marriage dissolving in less than a page as they quarrel about the wife's spending habits. Where it gets interesting is when they discover that the justice of the peace that married them had neglected to sign their marriage certificate, and they realize in shock that they "were never *legally* married!" and have been "living ..." [in sin] for the past three years. The wife quickly recovers her composure and starts calling up old boyfriends "to forget I had ever been married!"

These new dates only serve to remind her how much she actually loves her husband, so back they go into each other's arms and to find a justice of the peace who will sign their certificate.

One peculiarity of this story is that Harrison chose to feature most of the action with very tiny figures tucked into the bottom of the panels, with an overabundance of negative space above their heads. Examples of this can be found on page 1, panel 3; page 2 panel 3 (p. 250); page 3, panel 3 (p. 251); and page 5, panel 2 (p. 253).

Additionally, characters tend to turn their faces away from the reader as they deliver important pieces of dialog, such as the husband leaving his wife on page 2, panel 5 (p. 250) and the woman's reaction to finding out she was never legally married on page 3, panel 1 (p. 251).

WE WOKE THAT JUSTICE UP OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP WHEN WE ELOPED! BUT AT LEAST IT WILL BE EASY TO BE *UN*-MARRIED!
IF *THAT'S* THE WAY YOU FEEL, GOOD-BYE!

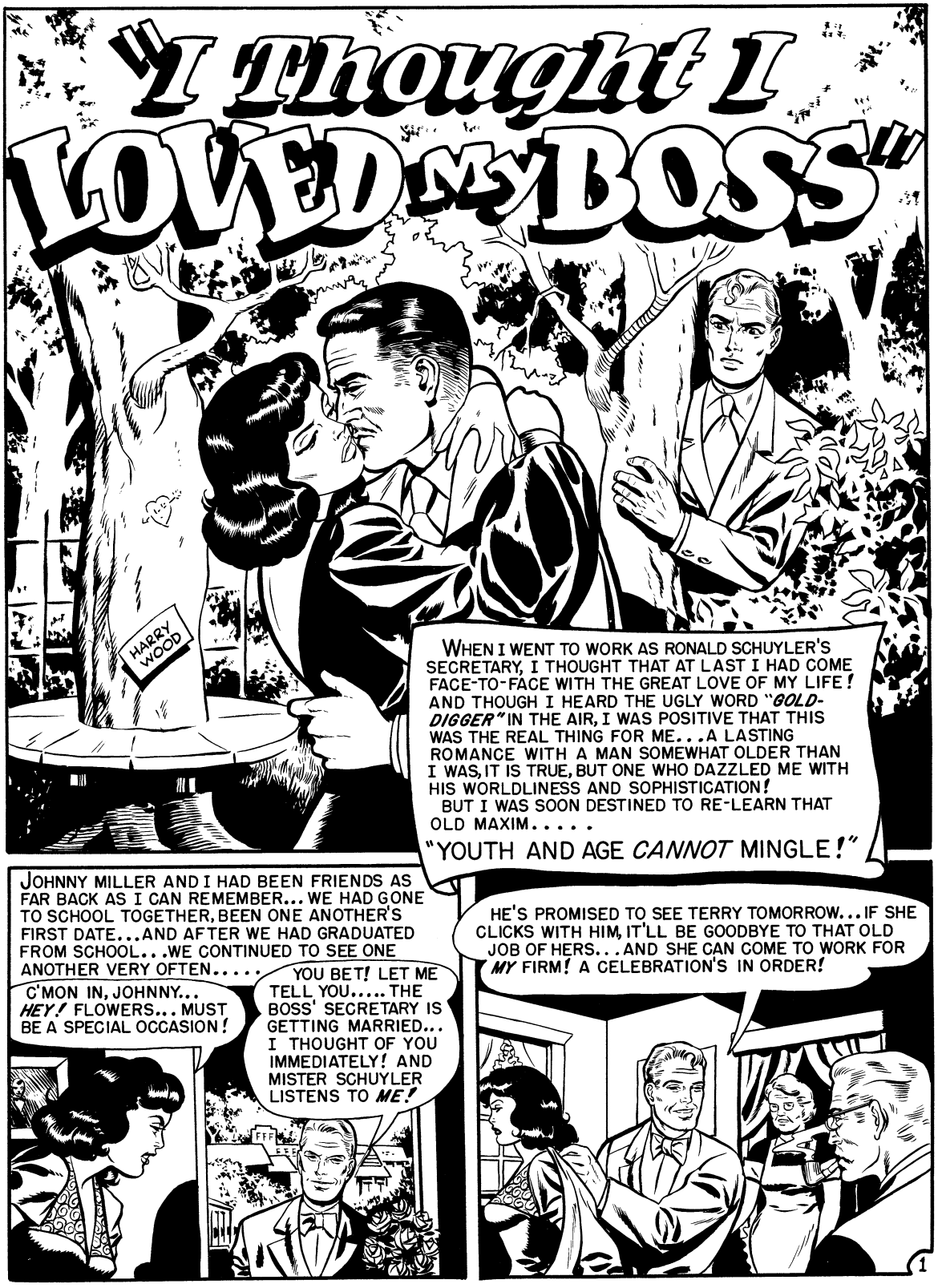
The overall effect of these choices is that the reader feels oddly detached from these characters and what is happening in their lives. Perhaps this is what Harrison and Wood had intended, and it was their way of saying goodbye to the EC romance stories.

The Harrison/Wood partnership would continue through the launch of the New Trend, with Harrison/Wood stories appearing in the early issues of *Weird Science*, *Weird Fantasy*, *Vault of Horror*, and *Haunt of Fear*. They broke up sometime in the middle of 1950 because, as Harrison said in that 1972 interview, "Just like me, [Wood was] very hard to work with. We all had big egos in comics. We got into a lot of fights." He also said that by that time he had realized that Wood had become a much better artist than he was, and that without Wood, he found that he wasn't a very good inker, either. No doubt this was pretty tough on Harrison's ego. Although both men would continue to work individually for EC, it wasn't long before Bill Gaines realized who the bigger talent was, and Harrison was out.

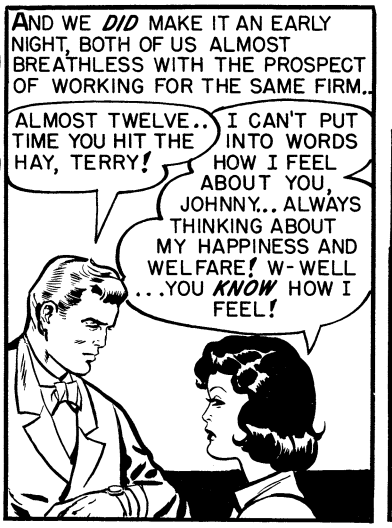
The Harrison/Wood team was just cutting their teeth on these early romance and Western tales, but they ultimately had a much more significant impact at EC because of their love for science fiction. They continually tried to persuade Bill Gaines to publish science fiction comics, as no one else in the field was doing them at that point. They brought in books and pulps for Gaines to read and repeatedly encouraged him to give it a go. That certainly contributed to Gaines's decision to replace two of the romance books with *Weird Science* and *Weird Fantasy*.

Harry Harrison would leave comics in the late 1950s and turn his efforts to writing and editing science fiction stories. One of his novels, *Make Room! Make Room!* (1966) became the basis for the film *Soylent Green* (1973) starring Charlton Heston and Edward G. Robinson.

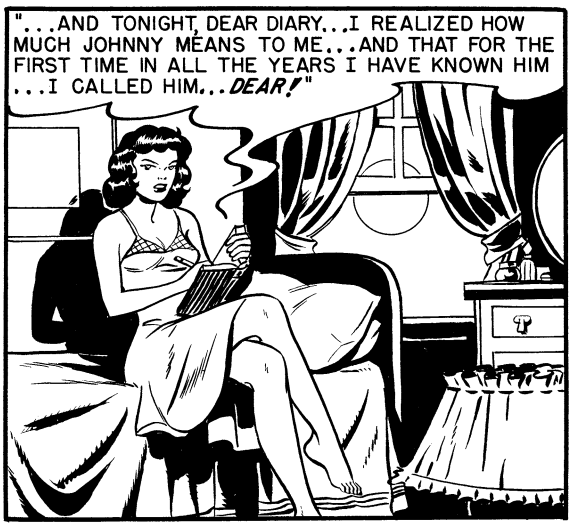
Wallace Wood remained in comics for the rest of his life and is widely considered to be the finest science fiction artist ever to work in comics, largely because of the work he created for EC.

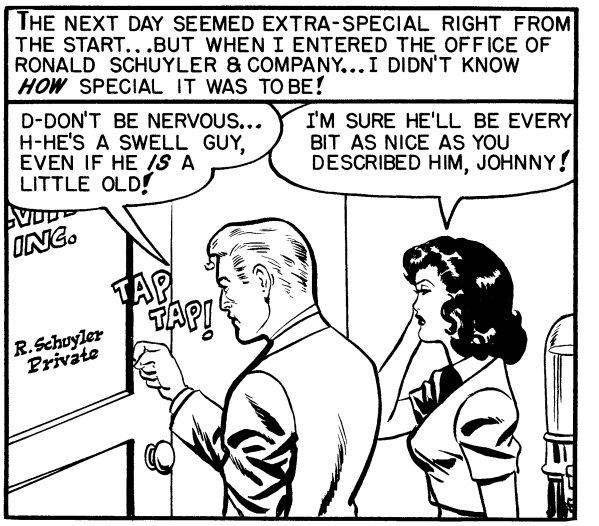

"I Thought I LOVED My BOSS"!!
HARRY WOOD
WHEN I WENT TO WORK AS RONALD SCHUYLER'S SECRETARY, I THOUGHT THAT AT LAST I HAD COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE GREAT LOVE OF MY LIFE! AND THOUGH I HEARD THE UGLY WORD "GOLD-DIGGER" IN THE AIR, I WAS POSITIVE THAT THIS WAS THE REAL THING FOR ME...A LASTING ROMANCE WITH A MAN SOMEWHAT OLDER THAN I WAS, IT IS TRUE, BUT ONE WHO DAZZLED ME WITH HIS WORLDLINESS AND SOPHISTICATION!
BUT I WAS SOON DESTINED TO RE-LEARN THAT OLD MAXIM.....
"YOUTH AND AGE CANNOT MINGLE!"
JOHNNY MILLER AND I HAD BEEN FRIENDS AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER... WE HAD GONE TO SCHOOL TOGETHER, BEEN ONE ANOTHER'S FIRST DATE...AND AFTER WE HAD GRADUATED FROM SCHOOL...WE CONTINUED TO SEE ONE ANOTHER VERY OFTEN.....
C'MON IN, JOHNNY... HEY! FLOWERS... MUST BE A SPECIAL OCCASION!
YOU BET! LET ME TELL YOU..... THE BOSS' SECRETARY IS GETTING MARRIED... I THOUGHT OF YOU IMMEDIATELY! AND MISTER SCHUYLER LISTENS TO ME!
HE'S PROMISED TO SEE TERRY TOMORROW... IF SHE CLICKS WITH HIM, IT'LL BE GOODBYE TO THAT OLD JOB OF HERS... AND SHE CAN COME TO WORK FOR MY FIRM! A CELEBRATION'S IN ORDER!
1

DON'T FORGET TO MAKE IT AN EARLY NIGHT, KIDS! TERRY HAS THAT INTERVIEW IN THE MORNING..
DON'T WORRY, MR. CRANDALL... WE'LL BE BACK EARLY! MY BOSS IS A STICKLER FOR PUNCTUALITY....


AND WE *DID* MAKE IT AN EARLY NIGHT, BOTH OF US ALMOST BREATHLESS WITH THE PROSPECT OF WORKING FOR THE SAME FIRM..
ALMOST TWELVE.. TIME YOU HIT THE HAY, TERRY!
I CAN'T PUT INTO WORDS HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU, JOHNNY... ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT MY HAPPINESS AND WELFARE! W-WELL ...YOU *KNOW* HOW I FEEL!

I WAS POSITIVE AT THAT MOMENT THAT NO KINDER AND GENTLER BOY THAN JOHNNY MILLER EVER EXISTED...AND I WAS HAPPY TO BE THERE IN HIS ARMS...
GOODNIGHT... SEE YOU FIRST THING TOMORROW ...D-DEAR!


"...AND TONIGHT, DEAR DIARY...I REALIZED HOW MUCH JOHNNY MEANS TO ME...AND THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL THE YEARS I HAVE KNOWN HIM ...I CALLED HIM...*DEAR!*"


THE NEXT DAY SEEMED EXTRA-SPECIAL RIGHT FROM THE START...BUT WHEN I ENTERED THE OFFICE OF RONALD SCHUYLER & COMPANY...I DIDN'T KNOW *HOW* SPECIAL IT WAS TO BE!
D-DON'T BE NERVOUS... H-HE'S A SWELL GUY, EVEN IF HE *IS* A LITTLE OLD!
I'M SURE HE'LL BE EVERY BIT AS NICE AS YOU DESCRIBED HIM, JOHNNY!
INC.
TAP TAP!
R. Schuyler Private

THIS IS MY F-FRIEND, TERRY... ER...*MISS* CRANDALL! TERRY ...THIS IS MY BOSS...ER, MISTER SCHUYLER!
CHARMED, I'M SURE! WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?

THAT FIRST INSTANT I KNEW I WAS GOING TO BE SWEPT OFF MY FEET BY RONALD SCHUYLER...FOR HE WAS EVERYTHING I EVER DREAMED OF...MY OWN PERSONAL PRINCE CHARMING...IN PERSON!
YOU CAN GO NOW, JOHNNY... I'M SURE THAT MISS CRANDALL AND I WILL GET ALONG FAMOUSLY! CIGARETTE?
HE'S TALL...AND HANDSOME...AND SO SURE OF HIMSELF! EVERYTHING THAT POOR JOHNNY ISN'T... EVERYTHING A GIRL DREAMS OF!
2

I WAS SO HYPNOTIZED BY SCHUYLER'S EYES...HIS SPEECH...HIS MANNERISMS...THAT I DON'T BELIEVE I HEARD ONE WORD OF HIS CONVERSATION! BUT I *DID* KNOW THAT MEETING HIM WAS A BIG MOMENT IN MY LIFE!
THEN IT'S ALL AGREED! YOU'LL START TOMORROW...?
W-WHAT? OH... Y-YES!
AND SINCE YOU'RE TO BE MY PERSONAL SECRETARY, TERRY... SUPPOSE WE DISPENSE WITH THE FORMALITY OF "MISTER SCHUYLER"? *RONALD* IS WHAT MY FRIENDS CALL ME...
Y-YES... *R-RONALD!* I-I...UNTIL TOMORROW, THEN!
H-HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT WITH THE BOSS, TERRY? DID HE LIKE YOU... AGREE TO HIRE YOU? COME ON...SPILL THE BEANS!
W-WHAT...? OH...Y-YES... Y-YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RON...ER... MISTER SCHUYLER! HE CERTAINLY *IS* SWELL! ※SIGH※
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE *THAT?* HE MUST HAVE HYPNOTIZED HER... OR SOMETHING! SHE WALKED OUT OF HERE LIKE A *ZOMBIE*... HARDLY EVEN *NOTICED* ME!
I *WAS* LIKE A ZOMBIE...ALL OF MY SENSES ATTUNED TO THIS NEW AND THRILLING SENSATION WHICH I HAD EXPERIENCED FOR THE FIRST TIME...THERE IN HIS OFFICE THE FIRST TIME I HAD EVER SEEN RONALD SCHUYLER! I HARDLY SLEPT A WINK THAT NIGHT.....
HE'S JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF! SO SUAVE...YET KIND AND GENTLE! OLD ENOUGH TO BE EXPERIENCED IN THE WAYS OF THE WORLD...AND YET YOUNG IN IDEAS!
ONLY SIX O'CLOCK...AN HOUR BEFORE I'D NORMALLY GET UP... BUT I CAN'T STAY IN BED ANOTHER INSTANT! WANT TO GIVE MYSELF PLENTY OF TIME FOR DRESSING TODAY...BECAUSE IT MAY BE A VERY SPECIAL ONE! MY FIRST DAY IN...*HIS* OFFICE!
I HOPE HE LIKES MY PERFUME... HOPE IT'S CONTINENTAL ENOUGH FOR HIS TASTE...I'M SURE HE'S ATTRACTED ONLY TO WOMEN WHO ARE *CHIC!* OH...IF I WAS ONLY A *LITTLE* OLDER...MORE ON HIS LEVEL...
3

I WAS SO NERVOUS THAT FIRST MORNING THAT I WAS BARELY ABLE TO SWALLOW MY BREAKFAST, GET INTO THE TRAIN, AND SCRAMBLE INTO THE ELEVATOR BOUND FOR THE EIGHTH FLOOR... AND THE OFFICES OF RONALD SCHUYLER & COMPANY!
I COULD KILL THEM! CROWDING AND PUSHING LIKE THAT...AND AFTER I'VE MADE A SPECIAL ATTEMPT TO LOOK MY BEST!
I TRIED TO CALL YOU LAST NIGHT, TERRY... AND YOUR MOTHER TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE OUT, SO... S-SAY! THAT DRESS...ISN'T THAT THE ONE YOU SAVE UP FOR VERY SUPER OCCASIONS?
T-TERRY...WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? ALL OF A SUDDEN...YOU HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BOSS...AND THEN YOU WALK RIGHT PAST ME AS IF I DIDN'T EXIST...WHAT IS IT? SOMETHING I DID...OR SAID...OR...?
IT'S NOTHING, JOHNNY...NOTHING YOU...OR I...CAN CONTROL! I JUST BEGAN TO REALIZE THAT... WELL...WE'RE WORLDS APART IN EVERYTHING! SOMETIME, I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN...BUT RIGHT NOW...THERE GOES MY BUZZER... MISTER SCHUYLER IS CALLING!
W-WHA-
BUZZZ-ZZZ
POOR JOHNNY...HE LOOKS AS IF HE WAS THUNDERSTRUCK! AND THAT ACTUALLY DID HAPPEN... TO ME...THE FIRST TIME I LOOKED AT RONALD SCHUYLER! OH WELL...NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW!
AND AS I SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND ME, THE DOOR OF RONALD SCHUYLER'S PRIVATE OFFICE, IT WAS WITH ONLY A MOMENTARY PANG THAT I REALIZED I WAS SHUTTING JOHNNY MILLER OUT OF MY LIFE! THE SAME JOHNNY MILLER WHOM I THOUGHT I LOVED...JUST TWO DAYS BEFORE!
G-GOOD MORNING... MIS...AH... RONALD!
...AND THEN END IT WITH TRULY YOURS, TERRY! I THINK THAT WILL BE ALL...
HIS VOICE...IT MAKES ME MELT INSIDE! AND HOW EASY HE'S ABLE TO DEAL WITH OTHER MEN OF THE WORLD! OH...IF ONLY I WAS ANYTHING BUT AN ORDINARY SECRETARY...ANYONE BUT... TERRY CRANDALL!
4

AND AS I SAT THERE CRYING INWARDLY BECAUSE I THOUGHT MYSELF SO FAR BELOW RONALD SCHUYLER'S STATION IN LIFE...SO UNABLE TO MEET THE DEMANDS A MAN SUCH AS HE MUST MAKE ON THE WOMAN IN HIS LIFE, A MIRACLE HAPPENED.....
YOUR HAIR, TERRY...IT'S LIKE SPUN GOLD! YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE I KNEW...WHEN I WAS YOUNGER!
BUT ALL MY ASPIRATIONS...ALL MY HOPES FOR HAPPINESS...HAVE BEEN GONE SINCE THOSE EARLY DAYS! TAKE HEED FROM THE WORDS OF A MUCH OLDER MAN, TERRY...
B-BUT, RONALD ...Y-YOU...YOU'RE NOT AN OLD MAN!
OH, TERRY...IF I ONLY HAD SOMEONE TO CLING TO...SOMEONE LIKE YOU, WHO CAN SEE BEYOND MY AGE! FROM THE FIRST MOMENT YOU WALKED INTO THE OFFICE, I SENSED A KINDRED SPIRIT...A LOVELY YOUNG THING WHOM I COULD WORSHIP!
R-RONNIE... D-DEAR!
THIS MUST BE THE HAPPIEST DAY IN MY LIFE... ALL OF MY DREAMS CAME TRUE...AND JUST LIKE A MIRACLE! JUST A FEW SHORT DAYS AGO...AND I HAD NEVER EVEN MET RONNIE...NEVER KNOWN THE STRONG TOUCH OF HIS ARMS...THE SWEET CARESS OF HIS LIPS!
I WAS SO DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY THAT I NEVER KNEW HOW I WAS ABLE TO GET THROUGH THE REST OF THAT DAY! IT WAS JUST THAT RONNIE WAS AT MY SIDE...AND WOULD BE THERE FOREVER...THAT KEPT ME MOVING THROUGH THE HAZE WHICH HAD ENVELOPED ME!
ARE YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT, TERRY? YOU'VE BEEN ACTING STRANGE EVER SINCE THIS MORNING...THINK I'D BETTER TAKE YOU HOME?
I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY NEED FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT TERRY, JOHNNY! I'M GOING PAST HER HOUSE ANYWAY...I'LL DROP HER OFF ON MY WAY! BUT THANKS, ANYWAY!
W-WHO--OH, MISTER SCHUYLER!
5
WE LEFT JOHNNY MILLER THERE, IN THE CENTER OF THE OFFICE...AND I'M SURE THAT HIS EYES WERE WIDE WITH WONDER! FOR HERE WAS THE GIRL HE HIMSELF HAD BROUGHT INTO THE OFFICE JUST THE DAY BEFORE...THE GIRL HE HIMSELF MIGHT EVEN HAVE THOUGHT OF MARRYING...AND SHE WAS WALKING OUT ON THE ARM OF RONALD SCHUYLER... THE SOPHISTICATED MAN-ABOUT-TOWN...THE SOCIAL LION...RONALD SCHUYLER!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, I'M SURE THAT RONNIE AND I STOOD THAT AUSTERE OLD TOWN ON ITS EAR! I COULD ALMOST HEAR THE RUMORS FORMING AROUND MY HEAD: *"GOLD-DIGGER!"* THEY SAID...OR *"HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE HER FATHER!"* BUT RONNIE AND I WERE TOO MUCH IMMERSED IN ONE ANOTHER TO PAY THE SLIGHTEST HEED.....

THE GAY WHIRL WHICH HAD ENVELOPED BOTH OF US KEPT OUT THE PRYING WORLD...AND THOSE GIDDY DAYS WERE MORE LIKE A DREAM THAN REALITY! WHETHER I ATE OR SLEPT, I DO NOT REMEMBER...ALL I *DO* KNOW IS THAT THE DREAM HAD BECOME A LIVING, PULSATING THING!

UNTIL I MET YOU, DARLING... I THOUGHT THAT LOVE HAD LEFT MY LIFE FOR GOOD! BUT BECAUSE OF YOU...I FEEL REBORN...FEEL THAT ONCE AGAIN, I AM YOUNG... AND LOVED BY ONE WHO IS YOUNG!
O-OH...MY D-DARLING!

HIS KISSES SET ME AFIRE, AS THEY ALWAYS DID... BUT THIS TIME, I EXPERIENCED A DIFFERENT FEELING AS WELL! COULD IT BE THAT THE NARCOTIC EFFECT HE HAD ON ME WAS WEARING OFF...THAT THE FIRST SHARP THRILL OF ROMANCE WAS ALREADY DRAINING AWAY? OR WAS IT... SOMETHING ELSE?

THERE'S A CHILL IN THE AIR, DARLING...WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO YOUR HOUSE BEFORE YOU CATCH COLD! AND I'M GOING TO CLOSE THE OFFICE TOMORROW ...GOING TO INVITE ALL THE FOLKS WHO WORK FOR ME OUT TO MY HOME...HAVE A REAL PARTY THERE ALL DAY...AND ANNOUNCE OUR ENGAGEMENT!
E-ENGAGEMENT? Y-YES...THAT WILL BE BEST.....

WHAT IS THIS UNCERTAINTY WHICH HAS SUDDENLY ASSAILED ME? CAN I BE SO FICKLE AS TO FALL IN AND OUT OF LOVE SO EASILY...WITHIN A MATTER OF WEEKS? UNTIL TONIGHT, I WAS *POSITIVE* THAT I LOVED RONNIE ...AND YET, WHEN HE KISSED ME... I FELT A DARK PRESENTIMENT! WHAT IS IT ABOUT HIM WHICH ATTRACTS ME...AND AT THE SAME TIME...REPELS ME?

ONCE AGAIN, I SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, BUT THIS TIME WITH NONE OF THE DELICIOUS ANTICIPATION I HAD FELT AFTER I FIRST MET RONALD SCHUYLER! FOR SOME REASON WHICH I COULD NOT IDENTIFY...I FELT THAT OUR ENGAGEMENT WOULD MEAN THE END OF LIFE FOR ME!

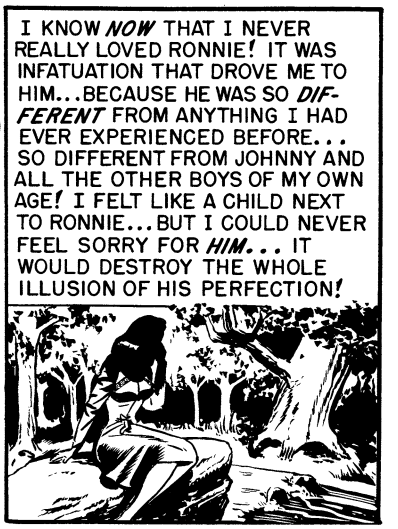
6

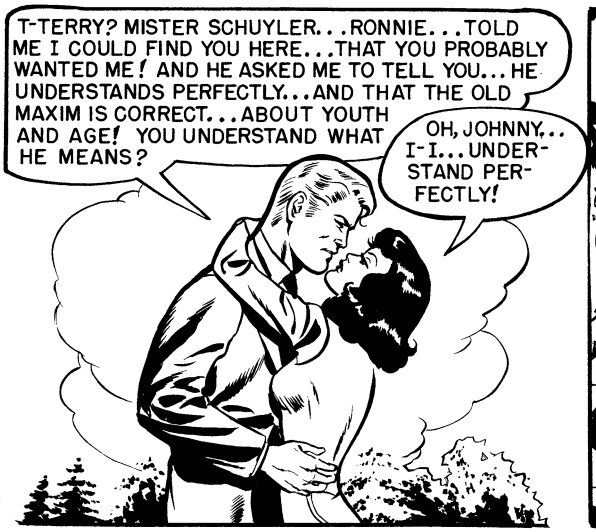
THE GREAT DAY ARRIVED...THE DAY I HAD SO WAITED FOR...AND WISHED FOR! AND I FACED IT WITH A DREAD I COULD NOT FATHOM! THE WHOLE OFFICE STAFF WAS THERE...AND A GREAT PARTY WAS PLANNED THERE ON THE GROUNDS OF RONNIE'S HOME...THE GROUNDS WHICH WOULD SOON BE MINE!
GO AHEAD, KIDS--HAVE FUN! DON'T BOTHER WITH AN OLD FELLOW LIKE ME!

W-WHY TERRY...I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT THAT *YOU* MIGHT LIKE TO JOIN THE OTHER YOUNG FOLKS! JUST BECAUSE THE DOCTOR WARNED ME THAT IT MIGHT BE TOO MUCH...W-WHY...Y-YOU'RE...*CRYING!*

W-WHAT'S WRONG, MY DARLING? IS IT THAT YOU FEEL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OUR AGES IS TOO GREAT? IS THAT WHY YOU'VE SEEMED SO MOODY TODAY... BECAUSE YOU'VE SUDDENLY BECOME AWARE THAT YOU'RE STILL YOUTHFUL... AND THAT I MIGHT BECOME A... A WEIGHT AROUND YOUR NECK?
I...SOB... I'M ALL MIXED UP, RONNIE...

T-TERRY...WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DARLING?
I HAVE TO GET AWAY, RONNIE...TO THINK THINGS OVER...SOB... TO EXAMINE MY LOVE ...IF IT *IS* LOVE!


I KNOW *NOW* THAT I NEVER REALLY LOVED RONNIE! IT WAS INFATUATION THAT DROVE ME TO HIM...BECAUSE HE WAS SO *DIFFERENT* FROM ANYTHING I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE... SO DIFFERENT FROM JOHNNY AND ALL THE OTHER BOYS OF MY OWN AGE! I FELT LIKE A CHILD NEXT TO RONNIE...BUT I COULD NEVER FEEL SORRY FOR *HIM*... IT WOULD DESTROY THE WHOLE ILLUSION OF HIS PERFECTION!


T-TERRY? MISTER SCHUYLER...RONNIE...TOLD ME I COULD FIND YOU HERE...THAT YOU PROBABLY WANTED ME! AND HE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU...HE UNDERSTANDS PERFECTLY...AND THAT THE OLD MAXIM IS CORRECT...ABOUT YOUTH AND AGE! YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANS?
OH, JOHNNY... I-I...UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY!

JOHNNY...CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? AFTER ALL I'VE DONE...AND THE WAY I'VE TREATED YOU?
FORGET IT, TERRY! WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN...AND I HAVE A HUNCH THAT IT'S CLOSER THAN EVER BEFORE!
7

The SIX-GUN Sisters
Gunsight Courier
VOL 1 NO XVIII
ED PARKER, EDITOR
THERE WAS NO LAW, NO CIVILIZATION ON THE EARLY FRONTIERS OF THE AMERICAN WEST. OFTENTIMES, THE ONLY VOICE FOR LAW AND ORDER WAS THAT OF THE COW-TOWN NEWSPAPERMAN, WITH HIS DAILY OR WEEKLY PAPER. AND WHEN THE CRUEL AND GREEDY MEN WHO KILLED AND ROBBED AS THEY WILLED, UNITED AGAINST THE NEWSPAPERMAN, ALL TOO OFTEN HE — DIED!
ED PARKER WAS SUCH A MAN! IN THE EARLY '70S, A MASKED BAND BROKE INTO HIS TINY OFFICE TO WRECK IT. AND IN THE RESULTANT CHAOS, HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, TESS AND BELLE, ROSE FROM THE RUINS TO BECOME THE FAMOUS SIXGUN SISTERS, WHO ROAMED THE WESTERN HORIZONS, SMASHING —
TERROR ON THE TRAIL!
Harry Wood
THE PAIN-FILLED CRIES OF ED PARKER WERE DROWNED OUT BY THE CRASH OF BREAKING PRESSES THAT NIGHT IN THE TEXAS PANHANDLE —
RECKON THIS'LL TEACH YOU AN' ALL OTHER WRITIN' GENTS LIKE YUH NOT TO MONKEY IN THINGS THAT AIN'T YORE CONCERN!

UPSTAIRS, TWO GIRLS—TESS AND BELLE PARKER—ARE FRANTIC WITH WORRY AND DESPAIR AS THE TERRIFYING GUNSHOT RINGS OUT BELOW...
DADDY IS ALONE DOWN THERE! SOMEONE IS SHOOTING HIM!
I-I HEARD HIM CRY OUT!
OH, TESS! TESS! HE—HE'S DEAD! DADDY IS DEAD...
I SWEAR REVENGE, BELLE. DO YOU HEAR ME? REVENGE! DADDY WAS TOO GOOD-NATURED. HE DISCOVERED THINGS ABOUT THE TEN-MILE-GAP GANG—BUT DIDN'T TURN IT OVER TO THE LAW IN TIME...
AND NOW THAT PROOF—IS GONE! HE KNEW THE NAMES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE GANG... AND THEY'VE COME AND STOLEN THEM! BUT THEY'LL BE PUNISHED... SOMEHOW!
THEIR HEARTS LIKE STONE, THE TWO SISTERS MOVED FROM CORNER TO CORNER OF THE LITTLE OFFICE. AND FINALLY, OVER A BROKEN SET OF INK-STAINED TYPE, TESS MADE A DISCOVERY.
LOOK! THE IMPRINT OF ONE OF THOSE KILLERS' HANDS! THE JOINT ON THE LITTLE FINGER OF HIS LEFT HAND IS— MISSING! THAT'S A CLUE I'LL NEVER FORGET!
IT WAS TWO AFTERNOONS LATER THAT THE PARKER SISTERS RODE OUT OF TOWN, SIDE BY SIDE...
POOR GALS! THEY'RE DOIN' A GOOD JOB RUNNIN' THEIR PAW'S PAPER, BUT THEY'LL NEVER BUST THAT TEN-MILE GANG!
HERE'S THE CAVE WHERE WE USED TO PLAY WHEN YOU WERE YOUNGER, BELLE. I THINK OUR CLOTHES ARE STILL INSIDE. WE'LL CHANGE—
I HAVE THE GUNS IN THIS SACK!
SECONDS LATER—
THERE! NOW NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE THE DEMURE PARKER GIRLS—
WE LOOK LIKE REGULAR GUN-TOTERS, ALL RIGHT. AND THANKS TO THE TRAINING DAD GAVE US-- WE KNOW HOW TO USE THESE GUNS!
2

ALONG THE ARROYO ROAD FROM THE SILVER MINES TO TOWN...
IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE WON'T RUN INTO THAT TEN-MILE GANG TODAY!
I SPOKE TOO SOON! HERE THEY COME...
BAM
BEHIND A RIDGE OF WIND-ERODED ROCK—
THOSE ARE THE MEN WHO KILLED DADDY, BELLE! REMEMBER IT!
I-I WON'T FORGET, TESS. NOW—LET'S RIDE!
WITH BOTH SIXGUNS FLAMING, THE SIXGUN SISTERS CATAPULT DOWN THE SLOPE OF THE ARROYO WALL FULL TILT. COLTS CRASH! MEN CRY OUT AS HOT LEAD SMASHES HOME!
THEY'RE ON THE RUN!
THIS IS FOR LAW AND ORDER! MAYBE I CAN BEAT IT INTO YOUR THICK SKULLS!
SOMEBODY HAS TO STAND UP TO YOU RUFFIANS, AND IT LOOKS AS IF WE'VE BEEN ELECTED!
3

A MAN—WEARING GLOVES!
BELLE! THIS WAY! I'VE FOUND WHAT WE'RE AFTER!
COMIN', TESS!
THAT MAN WITH THE GLOVES UP AHEAD—MAYBE IT WAS HIS HAND THAT LEFT THAT IMPRINT IN THE OFFICE!
SURE! HE WEARS GLOVES TO HIDE THE FACT THAT HE'S LOST THE JOINT OF HIS LITTLE FINGER!
BUT AFTER THIRTY MINUTES OF WHIRLWIND RACING ACROSS THE BARREN WASTELANDS...
HE GOT AWAY! WE'VE FAILED!
WE HAVEN'T FAILED, TESS. AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR—A MAN THAT WEARS GLOVES!
THAT NIGHT, BACK IN THEIR LITTLE ROOMS ABOVE THE OFFICES OF THE GUNSIGHT COURIER...
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART, GOING TO THE SPANISH FAN SALOON? IT'S A BIG GAMBLING HALL!
EXACTLY WHY I'M GOING! THE GLOVED MAN MAY BE THERE. I WANT TO GET A LOOK AT—HIS FACE!
AFTER YOU, MISS PARKER!
THANK YOU, DANNY!
FARO LAYOUT AND POKER TABLE PLAY STOPS. ALL EYES TURN TOWARD PRETTY TESS PARKER...
LET THEM STARE! I'D DO MORE THAN ENTER A GAMBLING HALL TO SOLVE DADDY'S MURDER!
4

DON'T STOP PLAYING ON MY ACCOUNT, BOYS! I WANT TO WRITE A PIECE ABOUT GAMBLING FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE COURIER!
MY NAME'S BLACKY EDWARDS, MISS PARKER.
AN' I'M JOE OSGOOD!
BANTERING WITH THE MEN, TESS MOVES ON. AND THEN HER EYES NARROW, ALL HER ATTENTION FOCUSED ON—
OH, I'M SO SORRY— I TRIPPED!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS!
AS SHE REACHES FOR SUPPORT TO RISE TO HER FEET, TESS CLOSES HER HAND DOWN HARD ON THE GLOVED MAN'S LEFT HAND!
HE'S THE ONE! I CAN FEEL HIS LITTLE FINGER LACKS A JOINT....
SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE SHADOWS CAST BY THE SPANISH FAN'S KEROSENE LAMPS...
HERE HE COMES, NOW. REMEMBER—KEEP ON HIS TRACKS, BUT DON'T LET HIM KNOW HE'S BEING FOLLOWED!
The SPANISH FAN
HE'LL LEAD US TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF HIS GANG. ONCE WE KNOW THAT, WE'LL BE IN THE RIGHT SPOT TO MAKE OUR MOVE!
FAR OUT IN THE TIMBER BELT ABOVE THE DESERT LEVELS...
THERE'S TWO WOMEN OUTSIDE WHO FOLLOWED ME ALL THE WAY FROM TOWN! ONE OF YUH BOYS SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY AN' GIT THEM!
5

MISTER GLOVES OUGHT TO KEEP HIS VOICE LOWER! WE COULD HEAR HIM GIVE YOU YOUR ORDERS!
WE GO AFTER TOMORROW'S SILVER SHIPMENT, BOYS— BUT INSTEAD OF ATTACKING AT EAGLE PASS, WE'LL HIT THEM AT NEEDLE ROCK!
WE KNOW ENOUGH, NOW! WE'LL GO DIRECTLY TO THE MINE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE...
SORRY TO ROUT YOU OUT OF BED, BUT MY NEWS WON'T KEEP. THE TEN-MILE GANG IS GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER RAID ON YOUR SILVER SHIPMENT!
THAT'S NO NEWS, YOUNG LADY! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO MAKE THE RAID?
AT NEEDLE ROCK! I HEARD THE GLOVED MAN SAY SO HIMSELF! WE'LL HAVE MEN ON HAND TO ROUND UP EVERY ONE OF HIS GANG, THIS TIME!
AT THE LINE CABIN IN THE TIMBER BELT...
JED! WHAT HAPPENED?
THEM GIRLS—SURE ARE TOUGH HOMBRES! THEY SLUGGED ME!
IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEY MUST'VE OVERHEARD OUR CHANGE OF PLANS. WELL— NO NEED TO FUSS. WE'LL RE-CHANGE 'EM! INSTEAD OF ATTACKING THE SILVER SHIPMENT AT NEEDLE ROCK, WE'LL ATTACK AT EAGLE PASS. MEBBE WE CAN GET THEM SIXGUN SISTERS IN TROUBLE WITH THE LAW, AFTER ALL!
6

NEXT AFTERNOON, AS A HEAVILY ARMED POSSE RIDES FROM GUNSIGHT...
TESS, YOU LOOK WORRIED!
I AM, BELLE. DADDY ALWAYS SAID A GOOD REPORTER SHOULD MAKE CERTAIN OF HIS FACTS. MAYBE THE TEN-MILE GANG CHANGED ITS MIND AGAIN!
MAYBE THEY'LL ATTACK AT EAGLE PASS, AFTER ALL. I HAVE TO BE SURE, BELLE. WE'LL GO TO BOTH PLACES!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, TESS!
AS THE NOONDAY SUN RISES OVER EAGLE PASS...
I GOTTA LAUGH WHEN I THINK OF THEM DAMES TRYIN' TO OUT-SMART ME! THEY'RE WAITIN' AT NEEDLE ROCK, WHILE WE'RE HERE, READY TO RIDE DOWN AFTER THAT SILVER! HA! HA!
YOU'RE GOING TO LAUGH OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR MOUTH, HOMBRE! WE CHANGED OUR MINDS, TOO!
HUH?!
GET THEM, BOYS!
THUD!
UGHHH!
HE WAS ONE OF THE MEN WHO MURDERED MY FATHER. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO TAKE HIM AND THE OTHERS TO THE FEDERAL COURT, SIR. I WILL APPEAR TO GIVE TESTIMONY AT TRIAL!
DOGGONE! TWO GALS BUSTIN' UP THE TEN-MILE GANG! HUH! RECKON OLD ED PARKER IS MIGHTY PROUD OF THEM, UP THERE IN THE BIGGEST NEWSPAPER OF THEM ALL!
FOLLOW THE
SIX-GUN Sisters
IN EVERY ISSUE
OF
GUNFIGHTER
If you like Tess and Belle, why not write in and let us know?
7

INHERITING THE GUNSIGHT COURIER, TESS AND BELLE PARKER DISCOVER THEY MUST RIDE AGAIN AS THE SIXGUN SISTERS--AS THEY STAGE A RACE FOR LIFE ALONG--
"THE DEAD MAN'S TRAIL!"
THE SIX GUN Sisters
---GUNSIGHT
REWARD! REWARD!
$3,000--DEAD OR ALIVE! FOR THE CAPTURE OR DEATH OF THE NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS--THE SIXGUN SISTERS!
HARRY N. WOOLEY
SOMEWHERE IN THE SUN-BAKED FLATS WEST OF GUNSIGHT, A HIDDEN RIFLE CRACKS! A MAN STAGGERS, LURCHES FORWARD...
DIRTY...KILLERS. I HOPE THEY ROT IN....-COUGH--COUGH-

LESS THAN HALF A MILE AWAY, TESS AND BELLE PARKER---THE SIXGUN SISTERS--
DIG DIRT, BRONC! A MAN CRIED OUT AFTER THAT RIFLE SHOT! IN THIS CLEAR AIR, IT WAS AS IF HE WAS IN FRONT OF US!
SHOT IN THE BACK! BUT HE ISN'T DEAD YET! I SAW HIS HAND MOVE...
THERE, THERE...
I AIN'T GOT... MUCH TIME. I'VE GOT... PAPER IN POCKET... EXPLAIN WHO I AM... WHY SHOT...TRYIN' TO REACH K-T RANCH BEFORE HANK NUGENT...
HANK NUGENT IS GOIN' TO PRETEND TO BE HANK PARTOW...OLD MAN PARTOW'S SON WHO'S BEEN UP MONTANNY WAY. WHEN OLD MAN PARTOW DIED, NUGENT SHOT PARTOW...TOOK PAPERS...AND IS GOIN' TO TAKE OVER HIS RANCH!
NO ONE'S EVER SEEN PARTOW'S SON, BELLE! ANYBODY COULD RIDE IN HERE AND CLAIM TO BE HIM AND GET HIS RANCH. THAT'S WHAT NUGENT IS GOING TO DO!
BUT WE WON'T LET HIM, EH, TESS?
NO! WITH THIS PAPER, WE CAN GET SHERIFF DAWSON TO ACT! LET'S RIDE, BELLE!
IT'S A GOOD THING WE RODE OUT TO THE CAVE WITH SOME SUPPLIES FOR OUR ROLE OF SIXGUN SISTERS, TESS! WE WOULDN'T HAVE FOUND THAT POOR FELLOW IF WE HADN'T!
AS THE PARKER SISTERS POUND AWAY FROM THE WATERHOLE, HARD EYES WATCH THEIR APPROACH...
HE GAVE 'EM SOME SORT OF PAPERS, HANK!
AN' THAT'S ALL A LAWMAN WILL NEED TO SPOIL OUR LITTLE GAME! LET'S GO AFTER 'EM. DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES--NEITHER WILL DEAD WOMEN!
2

TESS! WATCH OUT!
HEAD FOR THE RIVER, BELLE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO LOSE THEM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
FASTER, BELLE! THEIR SHOTS ARE COMING MIGHTY CLOSE!
I'M COMING!
CRACK!
BAM!
WE GOT 'EM CORNERED! THEY'RE RIDIN' STRAIGHT FOR THE CLIFF'S EDGE!
WITH A WILD SHOUT, THE SIXGUN SISTERS LEAP FROM THE TOWERING BUTTE, TO CATAPULT DOWNWARD AT TERRIFIC SPEED...
SPLASH!
HANG ON!
THEY GOT PLUMB AWAY!
BUT THEY DONE LOST THAT PAPER, HANK! LOOK!
RECKON DAN SPILLED WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT OUR LITTLE SCHEME IN THIS, HUH?
IF HE DID, IT WON'T DO NOBODY NO GOOD! HOLD THAT PAPER STEADY!
I RECKON WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH NOW, BOYS! THEM WOMEN CAN'T PROVE THE CRAZY STORY THEY TELL. WHY, I EVEN GOT A SCAR PAINTED ONTO MY ARM, THE SAME WAY THE REAL HANK PARTOW HAD!
3

LATE THAT NIGHT, TESS AND BELLE PARKER STROLL DOWN THE LIGHTED MAIN STREET OF THE COW TOWN OF GUNSIGHT, THEIR SIXGUN SISTER COSTUMES SAFELY HIDDEN...
WE LOST THE PAPER, SO WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING! OH, TESS!
I'LL SEE SHERIFF DAWSON. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
The SPANISH FAN
--SO WHEN WE MET THE SIXGUN SISTERS AND LEARNED WHAT THEY KNEW, WE CAME STRAIGHT HERE!
THERE'S NOTHIN' I CAN DO, TESS! HANK PARTOW WAS IN 'BOUT AN HOUR AGO WITH LETTERS FROM HIS UNCLE AND PLENTY OF PROOF AS TO WHO HE WAS!
SHERIFF
THUNDERATION!! HE EVEN SHOWED ME THE SCAR ON HIS ARM WHERE THAT BULL GORED HIM WHEN HE WAS A BUTTON! RECKON OLD MAN PARTOW TOLD YOU 'BOUT THAT OFTEN ENOUGH!
YES!-SIGH- HE TOLD ME!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW? GIVE UP? LET THAT AWFUL MAN TAKE OVER THE K-T RANCH?
WE DO NOT! WE'RE GOING TO SHOW HIM UP IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE EVER DO! HMMMM... SUPPOSE I RIDE OUT THERE TOMORROW TO DO A STORY ABOUT HIM FOR THE PAPER? WE MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING!
NEXT DAY, ON THE RICH K-T SPREAD...
I'M TESS PARKER, SIR! I RUN THE TOWN PAPER. I'D LIKE TO DO A LITTLE STORY ABOUT YOU! YOUR--ER--FATHER WAS WELL LIKED AROUND THESE PARTS!
SURE! COME ON IN!
K
--SO THAT'S THE STORY! I WAS KINDA WILD, AN' CUT LOOSE FROM MY DAD TO BE A FOREMAN IN MONTANA. NOW I'M BACK, AN' I'M GLAD...OH! ONE OTHER THING, MISS PARKER!
WHAT'S THAT?
I WANT TO PUT A FRONT-PAGE AD IN YOUR PAPER--NEVER MIND THE COST! IT'S TO BE A REWARD NOTICE--THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS--FOR THE SIXGUN SISTERS--DEAD OR ALIVE!
=GULP=
4

THAT EVENING, AS THE GIRLS WORK LATE IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE GOING TO PRINT A REWARD NOTICE--FOR OUR CAPTURE OR--GULP!--DEATH!?
WE HAVE TO, BELLE! IF WE REFUSED, WE'D TIP NUGENT OFF THAT WE'RE THE SIXGUN SISTERS!
BUT EVERYBODY WILL BE OUT GUNNING FOR US! THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY!
I KNOW! BUT IT'S A RISK WE HAVE TO TAKE!
BUT RIGHT NEXT TO IT IS A BOXED NOTICE THAT IMPORTANT PAPERS WERE RECEIVED BY THE COURIER IN RELATION TO THE NEW OWNER OF THE K-T RANCH! I AS MUCH AS SAID HANK PARTOW IS AN IMPOSTER!
HA! THAT MEANS--TROUBLE! GOOD!
NEXT DAY, ON THE GRAZELAND OF THE K-T RANCH...
SURE, SHE PRINTED THE REWARD, ALL RIGHT--BUT LOOK AT THIS! "IMPORTANT INFORMATION HAS BEEN FILED IN THE COURIER OFFICE RELATIVE TO A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP OF THE KT RANCH!" SHE MEANS ME!
THAT NIGHT...
NO NOISE, NOW! I WOULDN'T WANT IT KNOWN THAT HANK PARTOW MIGHT BE ROBBING THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE! YUH UNDERSTAND?
WE'LL BE LIKE MICE!
A TWIST OF POWERFUL WRISTS AND A LOCK SNAPS! A SHOULDER THUDS AGAINST A DOOR...
THERE! NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS FIND THAT INFORMATION!
HERE IT IS! HERE'S WHAT I WANT! NOW LET'S VAMOOSE!
5.

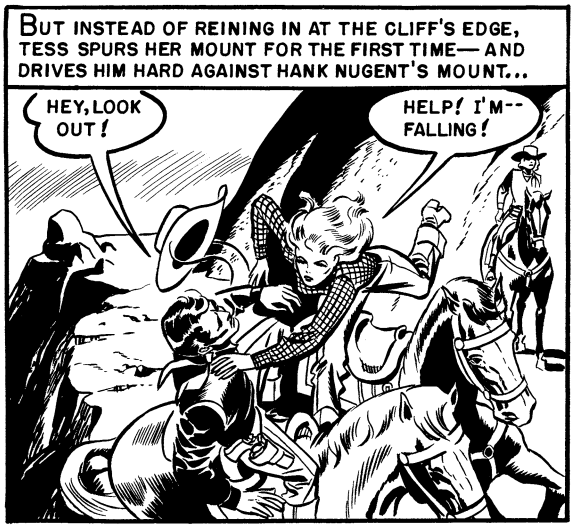
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! DROP WHAT YOU WANT! I HAVE YOU COVERED!
IT'S HER-- ONE O' THEM SIXGUN SISTERS!
WHERE'S TH' OTHER ONE?
HERE I AM--UP HERE! LOOK--THAAAAT'S IT! THANK YOU!
SPLASH!
AS THE DELUGED MAN GASPS AND CHOKES, HE REELS SIDEWAYS--
GOOD BOY, BILL--HERE Y'ARE, SISTER!
OHHH!
TAKEN BY SURPRISE, TESS LOSES HER BALANCE AND GOES DOWN...
I'LL FINISH HER OFF. GIVE ME ROOM, BOYS!
YOU COULDN'T PUT A FINISH ON A PARLOR TABLE, YOU FOUR-FLUSHER!
HAPPY LANDING!
WHAM!
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE? WHAT'S THE RUCKUS?
THE SIXGUN SISTERS, SHERIFF! ME AN' MY BOYS FOUND THEM LOOTIN' THE NEWSPAPER CASH BOX AN' TRIED TO STOP 'EM! REMEMBER-- THERE'S A REWARD ON THEIR HEADS!
6

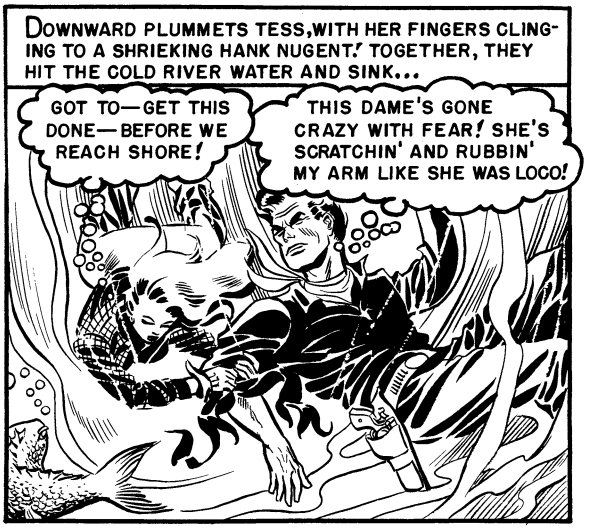
HALT IN THE NAME O' THE LAW!
QUICK—DIVE FOR IT!
BLAM!
CR-RASH!
A SHRILL WHISTLE BRINGS THEIR SADDLERS AT THE GALLOP...
WEEEEEE
INTO THE HILLS, BELLE! NUGENT WON'T LET SHERIFF DAWSON REST! HE'LL HAVE HIM AFTER US, PRONTO, WITH A POSSE WHO'LL SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER...
BY THE DAWN, THE SIXGUN SISTERS ARE HIGH IN THE TIMBER BELT, RACING EXHAUSTED HORSES THROUGH SHRUB OAK AND DWARF PINE...
THEY'RE HOT AFTER US, BELLE!
GOLLYWOGS! WHAT'LL WE DO?
THERE THEY GO!
THE BOYS WILL CUT 'EM OFF ON TH' OTHER SIDE, PARTOW! RECKON WE'LL COLLECT THAT THERE REWARD YUH OFFERED!
TESS! TESS! THEY HAVE US SURROUNDED! WHAT'LL WE DO?
I—I DON'T KNOW!
7

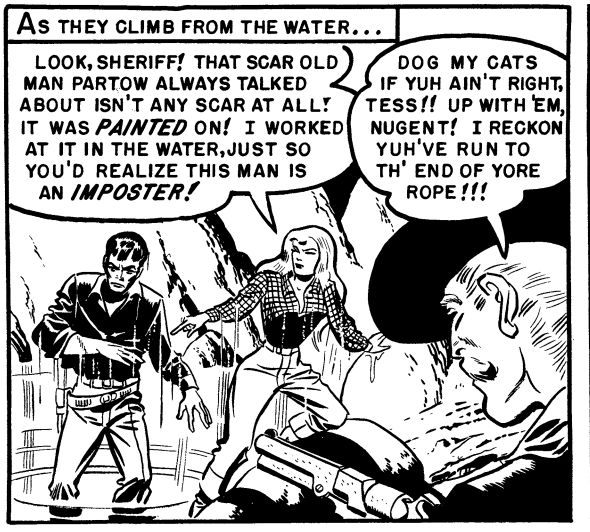
YES, I DO KNOW! THROW OFF OUR COSTUMES, BELLE! WE'RE WEARING REGULAR CLOTHES UNDER THEM. WE'LL CIRCLE BACK AND PICK THEM UP LATER...

...AFTER WE LEAD THE SHERIFF AND HANK NUGENT ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE!
LOOK THERE! THE PARKER GIRLS!
HUH! YUH SURE GOT GOOD NEWSPAPER WOMEN 'ROUND HERE! THEY COME RIGHT OUT AFTER A NEWS STORY, DON'T THEY?

I SAW THEM, SHERIFF. THEY WENT TOWARD THE RIVER!
DOGGONE! THET'S HOW THEY GOT AWAY FROM ME FIRST TIME I MET 'EM!


BUT INSTEAD OF REINING IN AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE, TESS SPURS HER MOUNT FOR THE FIRST TIME— AND DRIVES HIM HARD AGAINST HANK NUGENT'S MOUNT...
HEY, LOOK OUT!
HELP! I'M-- FALLING!

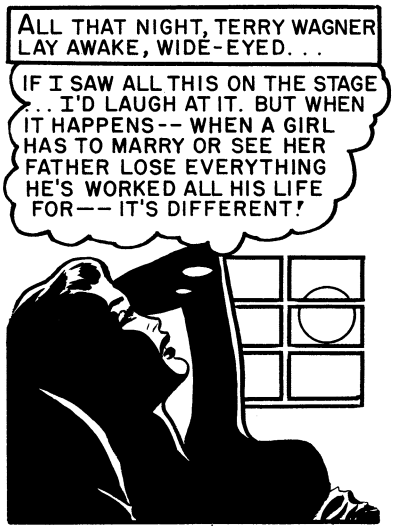

DOWNWARD PLUMMETS TESS, WITH HER FINGERS CLINGING TO A SHRIEKING HANK NUGENT. TOGETHER, THEY HIT THE COLD RIVER WATER AND SINK...
GOT TO—GET THIS DONE— BEFORE WE REACH SHORE!
THIS DAME'S GONE CRAZY WITH FEAR! SHE'S SCRATCHIN' AND RUBBIN' MY ARM LIKE SHE WAS LOCO!


AS THEY CLIMB FROM THE WATER...
LOOK, SHERIFF! THAT SCAR OLD MAN PARTOW ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT ISN'T ANY SCAR AT ALL! IT WAS *PAINTED* ON! I WORKED AT IT IN THE WATER, JUST SO YOU'D REALIZE THIS MAN IS AN *IMPOSTER!*
DOG MY CATS IF YUH AIN'T RIGHT, TESS!! UP WITH 'EM, NUGENT! I RECKON YUH'VE RUN TO TH' END OF YORE ROPE!!!

LATER...
YOUR COPY OF THE COURIER, SHERIFF! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TEARING UP THAT REWARD NOTICE ON THE SIXGUN SISTERS! I RECKON IF A CROOK LIKE NUGENT OFFERED IT, IT MEANS THEM GALS ARE PLUMB *HONEST!*
8

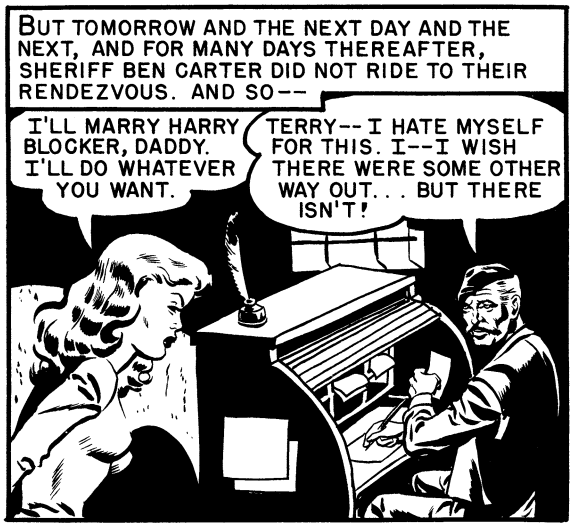
The HEART ROBBER
PRETTY TERRY WAGNER OF THE LINE TRIANGLE RANCH LOVED BIG BEN CARTER, THE SHERIFF OF HANGKNOT. BUT YOUNG BEN WAS POOR, AND HARRY BLOCKER OF THE BLOCK B SPREAD WAS RICH, AND TERRY'S FATHER NEEDED MONEY—
BITTERLY, TERRY LAUGHED WHEN SHE THOUGHT OF IT. IT WAS LIKE AN OLD AND HACKNEYED HORSE OPERA THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PERFORMED ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT! BUT IN THE PLAY, THE HERO ALWAYS WON, AND THIS WAS--REAL LIFE! BEN HAD NO WAY TO MAKE MONEY, AND HARRY BLOCKER HAD MORE MONEY THAN HE KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH—AND HE WANTED TERRY WAGNER FOR HIS OWN!
THE SWEET SMELL OF SAGE WAS IN HER NOSTRILS AS TERRY SLIPPED FROM BEN'S ARMS ON THE CACTUS FLATS WEST OF THE LINE TRIANGLE...
OH, BEN, DARLING! IT'S BEEN SO LONG—
I NEVER RECKONED WHEN I TOOK THIS SHERIFFIN' JOB THAT IT INVOLVED SO MUCH RUNNIN' AROUND THE COUNTRY-SIDE, TERRY. I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF YOU EVERY DAY...
SO THAT'S IT! NO WONDER SHE WASN'T JUMPIN' AT THE CHANCE TO MARRY ME. HUH! RECKON I GOT TO PAY HER PAW A VISIT—RIGHT SOON!
NEITHER TERRY NOR BEN SAW HARRY BLOCKER REIN HIS MOUNT BACK IN SUDDEN BLACK RAGE...
1.

NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK, WE'LL SEE A LOT OF EACH OTHER, WON'T WE?
YOU BET WE WILL! OH, TERRY--YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU?
I RECKON I CAN NEVER SAY IT ENOUGH, TERRY. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU!
DON'T EVER STOP SAYING IT, DARLING. DON'T EVER STOP...
AS BEN TURNED WITH AN INARTICULATE CRY AND TOOK HER ONCE MORE IN HIS ARMS, TERRY SWAYED SLIGHTLY IN HELPLESS SURRENDER, LIPS QUIVERING IN HAPPINESS...
AN HOUR LATER, TERRY REINED IN BEFORE THE RANCH HOUSE OF THE LINE TRIANGLE...
WHY, DADDY IS STILL UP! AND HE--LOOKS WORRIED! I-- I HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG!
DADDY! YOU LOOK SO--SO UPSET! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M A MITE DISGUSTED AT MYSELF, TERRY. BUT I'M HEALTHY ENOUGH, UNFORTUNATELY. A MAN HAS TO SINK PRETTY LOW TO BE WHAT I AM, GIRL...
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! YOU'RE FINE AND WONDERFUL AND--
BETTER HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY FIRST, TERRY. YUH SEE--I PROMISED HARRY BLOCKER TONIGHT THAT--THAT YOU'D MARRY HIM--NEXT MONTH!
HER WHOLE WORLD LIFTED UP AND EXPLODED IN FRONT OF TERRY WAGNER'S EYES AT THAT MOMENT! WHITE-FACED, HER BLUE EYES STARED WITH HORROR DEEP IN THEIR DEPTHS AS SHE SCANNED HER FATHER'S FACE FOR A SMILE, A HINT OF A LAUGH...
YOU'RE JOKING! FOOLING! YOU KNOW I LOVE BEN CARTER!
AN' I OWE HARRY BLOCKER THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
AS TERRY'S SOFT SOBS TORE AT HIS HEART, GRIZZLED OLD LEM WAGNER POURED OUT HIS STORY...
I ALWAYS LIKED A GOOD POKER GAME. YUH KNOW THAT. BUT BLOCKER GOT ME IN OVER MY HEAD. I LOST A LOT. I KEPT PLAYIN' TO MAKE UP MY LOSSES, AN' LOST MORE. FINALLY, LAST WEEK, I HAD TO STOP. I TOLD BLOCKER I'D GIVE UP MY RANCH. HE SAID THAT HE'D TEAR UP MY NOTES...LET ME KEEP THE RANCH....IF YOU'D MARRY HIM!
SOB-
SOB-
2.


ALL THAT NIGHT, TERRY WAGNER LAY AWAKE, WIDE-EYED. . .
IF I SAW ALL THIS ON THE STAGE . . . I'D LAUGH AT IT. BUT WHEN IT HAPPENS-- WHEN A GIRL HAS TO MARRY OR SEE HER FATHER LOSE EVERYTHING HE'S WORKED ALL HIS LIFE FOR-- IT'S DIFFERENT!

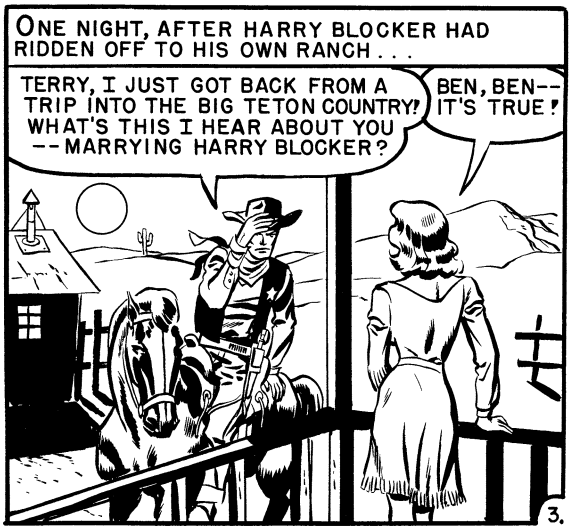
I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I LOVE BEN . . . AND I LOVE MY FATHER. -SOB- THERE MUST BE AN ANSWER TO ALL OF THIS, BUT-- BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS!

THAT NIGHT, TERRY RODE OUT ON THE CACTUS FLATS TO WAIT FOR BEN, BUT BEN NEVER CAME...
EVEN BEN HAS DESERTED ME! BUT HE'LL COME TOMORROW! I KNOW HE WILL. . .


BUT TOMORROW AND THE NEXT DAY AND THE NEXT, AND FOR MANY DAYS THEREAFTER, SHERIFF BEN CARTER DID NOT RIDE TO THEIR RENDEZVOUS. AND SO--
I'LL MARRY HARRY BLOCKER, DADDY. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT.
TERRY--I HATE MYSELF FOR THIS. I--I WISH THERE WERE SOME OTHER WAY OUT. . . BUT THERE ISN'T!

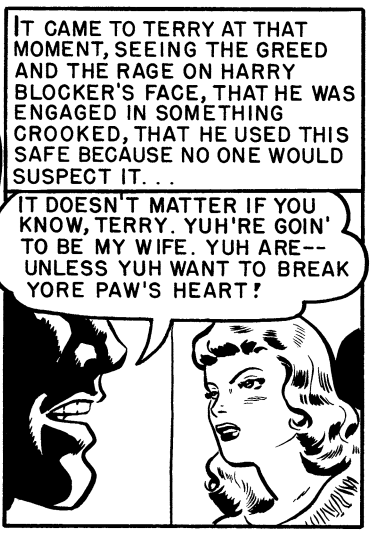
SO TERRY WORE A BIG DIAMOND ON THE THIRD FINGER OF HER LEFT HAND WHEN SHE WENT TO THE TOWN DANCES WITH HARRY BLOCKER, BUT HER HEART WAS BLEEDING SOFTLY, DEEP INSIDE . . .
OUR TWO RANCHES WILL BE THE BIGGEST ONE IN THIS PART OF THE STATE, TERRY. I RECKON YUH'LL BE A RICH LADY, BEIN' MY WIFE!
I GUESS I WILL, HARRY.

YES'R! I ALWAYS SAID I'D BE WEALTHY, AN' I SURE WILL BE! I GOT PLENTY NOW, BUT WHEN YOUR HERDS AN' MINE MAKE A TRAIL DRIVE, IT'LL REALLY BE SOMETHIN'!
I-- I'M SURE OF IT.

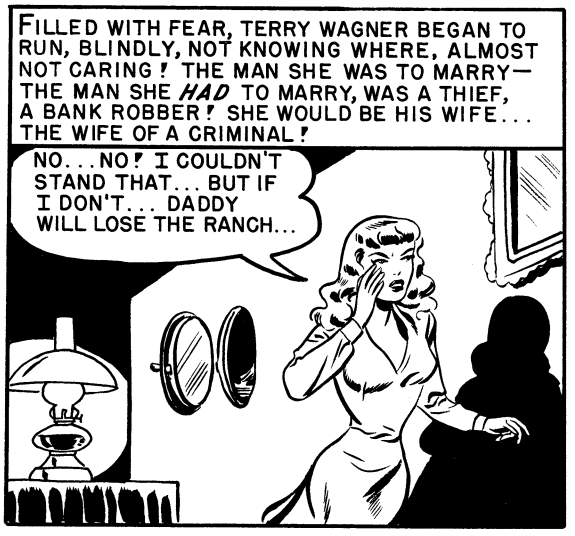

ONE NIGHT, AFTER HARRY BLOCKER HAD RIDDEN OFF TO HIS OWN RANCH . . .
TERRY, I JUST GOT BACK FROM A TRIP INTO THE BIG TETON COUNTRY! WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU --MARRYING HARRY BLOCKER?
BEN, BEN-- IT'S TRUE!
3.

WHY? WHY?
MY FATHER-- OWED HIM MONEY... FROM GAMBLING! DON'T YOU SEE?
WHY DON'T YOU LET ME LOOK AT YOUR FACE, TERRY? THERE, TURN THIS WAY AND-- YOUR FACE! IT'S ALL BRUISED! SOMEBODY-- HIT YOU!
BEN-- NO! PLEASE...
IT WAS BLOCKER, WASN'T IT? DON'T ANSWER ME, DARLING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO. WHY DID HE DO IT?
BECAUSE I --WOULDN'T KISS HIM UNTIL--AFTER WE WERE MARRIED!
WITH A STIFLED CRY, BEN CAUGHT TERRY IN HIS ARMS AND PULLED HER CLOSE. HIS HUNGRY LIPS BROUGHT HER FORGETFULNESS, SUDDEN HAPPINESS. FOR HEART-POUNDING MOMENTS, THEY STOOD LOCKED IN A TINY DELIRIOUS WORLD OF THEIR OWN...
I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO... NEVER!
I'LL BE RIDING, TERRY. I'VE BEEN HUNTING SOME BANK ROBBERS, AND AS SOON AS I FIND OUT A FEW MORE THINGS, I'LL BE BACK.
I'LL BE WAITING, BEN...
TERRY WATCHED BEN RIDE OFF WITH THE AURA OF HAPPINESS STILL CLINGING TO HER LIPS. AS SHE TURNED, SHE SAW HARRY BLOCKER, AND HER HEART CAME INTO HER THOAT!
YOU! HOW LONG WERE YOU-- STANDING THERE?
LONG ENOUGH! I OUGHT TO TELL YOU I WON'T MARRY YOU, OUGHTN'T I? BUT I WON'T. YUH'RE GOIN' TO BE MY WIFE, AN' DON'T FORGET IT!
IT JUST HAPPENS THAT YOUR PAW OWNS A GOOD RANCH, TERRY. I TOLD YUH I LIKED BEIN' RICH, AN I SURE MEAN TO BE. YUH'RE GOIN' TO BE MY WIFE, AN' DON'T FORGET IT!
OHHH!
4.

WHA--WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT MY FATHER'S SAFE?
IT AIN'T HIS SAFE NO LONGER. IT BELONGS TO ME! HE LETS ME KEEP MY PRIVATE PAPERS HERE, SEE?

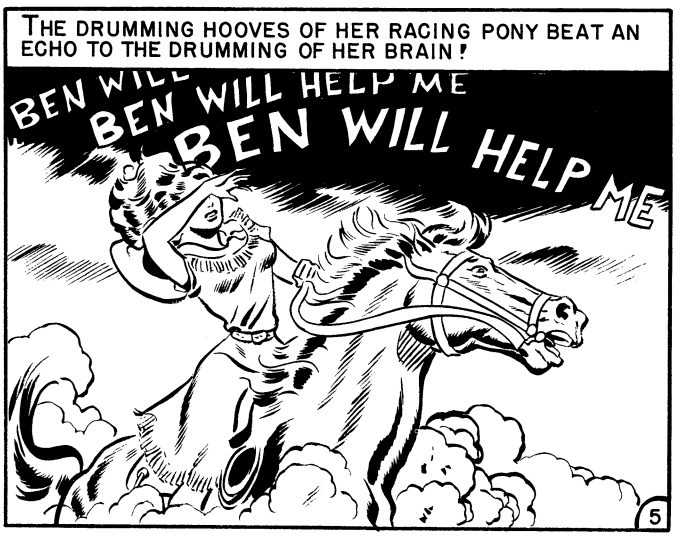

IT CAME TO TERRY AT THAT MOMENT, SEEING THE GREED AND THE RAGE ON HARRY BLOCKER'S FACE, THAT HE WAS ENGAGED IN SOMETHING CROOKED, THAT HE USED THIS SAFE BECAUSE NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT IT...
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU KNOW, TERRY. YUH'RE GOIN' TO BE MY WIFE. YUH ARE-- UNLESS YUH WANT TO BREAK YORE PAW'S HEART!

ON SHAKY LEGS, TERRY WALKED TO THE WALL SAFE AFTER HARRY BLOCKER HAD GONE, AND OPENED IT.
WHY--WHY THIS IS BANK MONEY! IT'S STILL IN ITS WRAPPERS. BANKS DON'T HAND OUT MONEY LIKE THIS. IT-- IT MUST BE-- STOLEN!
SAGE GULCH BANK


FILLED WITH FEAR, TERRY WAGNER BEGAN TO RUN, BLINDLY, NOT KNOWING WHERE, ALMOST NOT CARING! THE MAN SHE WAS TO MARRY— THE MAN SHE HAD TO MARRY, WAS A THIEF, A BANK ROBBER! SHE WOULD BE HIS WIFE... THE WIFE OF A CRIMINAL!
NO...NO! I COULDN'T STAND THAT... BUT IF I DON'T... DADDY WILL LOSE THE RANCH...

SHAKEN WITH WEAKNESS, SHE COLLAPSED ON HER BED. HER EYES STARED BLINDLY AT THE CEILING AS HER NUMBED LIPS MUTTERED HER THOUGHTS.
WHAT WILL I DO? IF I TELL BEN, HE WILL ARREST HARRY, AND THEN DADDY WILL LOSE HIS RANCH! BUT IF I DON'T TELL BEN, THEN I'LL HAVE TO MARRY HIM... THAT THIEF!

BEN WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL TELL HIM THE WHOLE STORY, AND HE'LL HELP ME!


THE DRUMMING HOOVES OF HER RACING PONY BEAT AN ECHO TO THE DRUMMING OF HER BRAIN!
BEN WILL HELP ME
BEN WILL HELP ME
5

AT THE TOWN HOTEL, AN HOUR LATER...
WHY, TERRY! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS HOUR?
I HAD TO SEE YOU. I'M IN TROUBLE...
IF BLOCKER KNEW YOU WERE HERE, DARLING, HE WOULDN'T LIKE IT.
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, BEN. HARRY IS — A THIEF!
HE HID THIS MONEY IN OUR WALL SAFE. HE WAS PROBABLY AFRAID TO USE HIS OWN. I SAW HIM. I OPENED THE SAFE AND LOOKED AT THEM. THEY'RE STOLEN, AREN'T THEY, BEN?
WHEW-- I'LL SAY THEY ARE!
THESE NUMBERS TALLY, TERRY! THAT MEANS BEN IS IMPLICATED IN THE SAGE GULCH ROBBERY, THE HANGKNOT ROBBERY, THE GUNSIGHT GAP ROBBERY!
HE'S CRAZY ABOUT MONEY, BEN. ALMOST— INSANE— ABOUT IT! ALL HE THINKS OF IS... GETTING RICH!
HARRY!
I KIND OF THOUGHT YOU'D RUN TO BEN. I WAITED OUTSIDE YOUR RANCH AND FOLLOWED YOU. NOW I CAN GET RID OF BEN -- AND YOU, TOO!
KEEP MOVING, OR I'LL FILL YOU BOTH FULL OF LEAD!
TERRY WAS IN A DAZE. THE FURY IN HARRY BLOCKER'S EYES NUMBED HER BRAIN. SHE SAW THAT BEN WAS DOING WHAT BLOCKER ORDERED, PROBABLY HOPING TO SAVE HER, SOMEHOW...
AS THEY MOUNTED AND RODE OUT OF TOWN, ALL HOPE GONE, HARRY BLOCKER, LIKE SOME GREAT NEMESIS OF UNFEELING FLESH, RODE HIS SADDLER RIGHT BEHIND THEM. AT ANY MOMENT, TERRY EXPECTED TO FEEL HOT LEAD IN HER BACK!
I'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE I FOUND YOU AND BEN REAL FRIENDLY-LIKE, TERRY! OR MAYBE I'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE HE KILLED YOU OUT OF JEALOUSY. I'M NOT SURE JUST WHICH, YET...
6

AND THEN, AS TERRY REINED IN, IN OBEDIENCE TO HARRY BLOCKER'S ORDER, SHE HEARD BEN WHISPER...
I WORKED MY GAG LOOSE, TERRY... AND FREED MY HANDS. ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO JUMP ON HIM..
NOW, GET DOWN!
OWWw!
DON'T YOU TOUCH ME!
WHAM
WITH SLAMMING HEART, TERRY SAW THE MAN SHE LOVED LEAP AT THE MAN SHE HATED! A GUN BLASTED THE SILENCE! AND THEN TERRY SAW THAT BEN WAS SAFE, AND LUNGING UNDER HARRY BLOCKER'S GUARD!
OH, BEN! BE CAREFUL!
BEN CARTER WAS A THING OF FURY THAT NIGHT! TERRY KNEW, WITH A WOMAN'S INTUITION, THAT EVERY BLOW HE STRUCK WAS FOR THE BLOWS HARRY BLOCKER HAD GIVEN HER! SHE KNEW HE GLORIED IN THIS CHANCE TO FIGHT FOR HER..
YOU CHEAP DOG! YOU HIT HER! SEE HOW YOU LIKE BEING HIT!
WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU... YOU'LL TALK! YOU'LL CONFESS YOUR PART IN THOSE ROBBERIES... THAT YOU PROBABLY CHEATED TERRY'S FATHER TO GET HIS NOTES...
NEVER... NEVER...
BUT THERE CAME A TIME, IN THE FAINT LIGHT OF EARLY MORNING, WHEN HARRY BLOCKER WHISPERED THROUGH SWOLLEN, BLEEDING LIPS..
DON'T HIT ME... ANY MORE! I'LL TALK... I WANTED MONEY! LOTS OF MONEY! I LED THE ROBBERS! I RAN IN MARKED CARDS ON TERRY'S FATHER... TO GET HIS RANCH... AND HER!
IT WAS NOON BEFORE BEN WAS FREE TO TAKE TERRY HOME TO BRING THE GOOD NEWS TO HER FATHER. BEFORE THEY WENT, HE BOUGHT HER AN ENGAGEMENT RING, AND SHE WORE IT ON A RIDE THAT TOOK THEM FIVE HOURS... WHEN IT USUALLY TOOK LESS THAN TWO... BUT, AFTER ALL...
7

HE WAS THE PAMPERED DARLING OF RICH WOMEN WHO TOOK LESSONS IN SKIING FROM HIM— *SHE* WAS ONLY THE TRAVELING COMPANION OF ONE OF THOSE RICH WOMEN— BUT WHEN *HE* AND *SHE* WENT ON THAT FATEFUL WINTER RIDE TO LOOKOUT ROCK, WEALTH AND FAME WERE FORGOTTEN AND THEY BECAME A PAIR OF—

HEARTS Along The SKI TRAIL

W. WOOD AND H. HARRISON

ALPINE HAVEN WAS THE MOST EXCLUSIVE SKIING RESORT ON THE ENTIRE ATLANTIC SEABOARD. ONLY PEOPLE WITH THEIR NAMES IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER WERE ADMITTED, AND ONLY THEN WHEN THEY COULD PAY THE PRICES! AND NELS BALTRIN WAS THE SKI INSTRUCTOR...
NELS, DARLING! WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TO MY COCKTAIL PARTY LAST NIGHT? I INVITED YOU MYSELF!
WHY-ER-I—
1

I THOUGHT... AFTER THAT AFTERNOON ON MOUNT TOPAZ... YOU'D WANT TO SEE A LOT OF ME! HMMM? IS HIM A BASHFUL BOY? IS HIM?
HELENE— IF WE WERE SEEN— PLEASE!
SILLY BOY! DON'T YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE THE ALPINE HAVEN SKIING INSTRUCTOR? KISS ME! KISS ME!
EVEN IF YOU WERE ON THE OLYMPIC TEAM AND HOLD SEVERAL SKIING RECORDS— IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A TEMPTING HUNK OF MAN, YOU'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THE JOB. SO— BE NICE TO YOUR CLIENTS, DARLING BOY!
LATER THAT AFTERNOON, ON THE DOWNHILL SLOPE OF THE NUMBER SIX COURSE...
NELS...YOUR HANDS ARE SO STRONG BUT GENTLE! MMM... MY ANKLE IS BETTER ALREADY. BUT—
BUT YOUR LIPS ARE ON FIRE, EVEN AS MINE ARE! MADDY... MY DEAREST...
MMMMMM... DARLING!
IN THE EVENINGS, NELS WAS THE SMOOTHEST DANCER, THE MOST POISED MAN ON THE FLOOR. SOFT VOICES WHISPERED INTO HIS EARS...
TAKE ME OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR, NELS. I'M A LITTLE FAINT.
OF COURSE, PATTI!
AND LATER, IN PRIVATE SUITES, THERE WERE FROSTED COCKTAIL GLASSES AND LIPSTICK-SMEARED HANDKERCHIEFS...
I'M SO LONELY, NELS. ALL I WANT IS AFFECTION—A LITTLE LOVE.
I UNDERSTAND, DEAREST.
2.

ONE AFTERNOON, A BIG LIMOUSINE PULLED UP BEFORE THE ORNATE ENTRANCE OF ALPINE HAVEN. PRETTY LITTLE KATHY PRENTICE STEPPED OUT— AND STOOD STOCK-STILL!
OHHHH! OH, MY GOODNESS! HE... HE'S HANDSOME!
KATHY, MY DEAR. YOUR FACE CAN BE READ AS EASILY AS A BOOK! THAT MAN IS NELS BALTRIN— AND IS DEFINITELY NOT FOR YOU!
YES, MADAME!
BUT KATHY HAD NO POWER OVER HER HEART. EVERYWHERE SHE LOOKED, NELS WAS THERE. AND WHENEVER HIS DARK BLUE SMILING EYES TOUCHED HER, CHEEKS WENT RED...
HELLO, THERE. YOU'RE NEW, AREN'T YOU?
MMM-HMMM. YES, I AM.
AS HIS POWERFUL FINGERS TOUCHED HERS FOR A MOMENT, KATHY CLOSED HER EYES, HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT NELS WOULD NOT HEAR THE DRUMMING OF HER EXCITED HEART!
HERE, LET ME HELP YOU, MY NEXT CLIENT ISN'T DUE FOR HALF AN HOUR YET.
OH, MY GOODNESS! WHAT WILL HE THINK OF ME? I WISH MY HEART WOULD STOP BEATING—LIKE A TRIPHAMMER!
I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE QUITE LIKE YOU. YOU'RE SO DAINTY— ALMOST DEMURE.
I SUPPOSE IT'S AN OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE. I'M SECRETARY AND TRAVELING COMPANION TO A RICH WOMAN, I DON'T DARE— BE MYSELF!
KATHY, IT'S ABOUT TIME--WHY, NELS BALTRIN! DON'T TELL ME YOU CAME UP TO DRAG ME OUT ON A PAIR OF SKIS!
OHH! YOU— KNOW HIM?
KNOW HIM? WHY, YOU SILLY LITTLE INNOCENT! WHY DID YOU THINK I LEFT FOR THIS SOLO VACATION? MISS ME, NELS? HMMMM?
OF COURSE, DEAR ONE. I MISSED YOU VERY MUCH!
WITH UNSHED TEARS RIMMING HER EYES, KATHY STARED AS HER EMPLOYER THREW HERSELF IN BIG NELS' POWERFUL ARMS! SHAKING, FEELING A RED HATE AND FURY SWIRL UP INSIDE HER, KATHY COULD NOT WITHDRAW HER EYES!
3

THAT NIGHT, AS LAURA THREW HER GET-TOGETHER PARTY, KATHY FOUND HERSELF ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CROWD . . .
I'M SURE YOU AND NELS HAVE BEEN HAVING FUN, HELENE?
BUT NATURALLY, DARLING! HAVEN'T WE, NELS?
NELS . . . OHH, NELS! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT...
WHAT DOES HE SEE IN THEM? WHAT? CAN'T HE UNDERSTAND THAT THEY'RE AMUSING THEMSELVES WITH HIM?
I UNDERSTAND ONLY TOO, WELL, MISS KATHY.
OH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THERE. I DIDN'T MEAN--
IT'S TRUE! WHY NOT SPEAK OF IT? I AM A SKI INSTRUCTOR TO A LOT OF RICH WOMEN. THEY DO NOT CARE FOR SKIING, RIGHT? THEY WANT ONLY TO BE WITH A YOUNG, HANDSOME MAN WHO MUST DO AS THEY SAY-- OR LOSE HIS JOB!
I WOULD LIKE TO GO OUT WITH A GIRL LIKE YOU FOR A CHANGE, KATHY. A GIRL WHO IS NOT RICH. A GIRL WHOSE SLIGHTEST WHIM IS NOT AN ORDER TO ME...
WHY--I-- YES, NELS. I WOULD LIKE TO GO OUT WITH YOU.
KATHY-- YOU'RE SO SWEET, SO... UNSPOILED!
NELS! NELS, PLEASE...NOT --NOT HERE! I--
WELL! EXCUSE ME!
NELS PUT OUT HIS ARMS, AND KATHY CAME INTO THEM AS IF DRAWN BY A MAGNET. SHE WAS HELPLESS, WEAK. SHE KNEW IF HE WANTED, HE COULD KISS HER. IF HE WANTED? SHE WANTED HIM TO! AND THEN-- A VOICE RANG IN THEIR EARS...
EVERY WORD THAT LAURA SPOKE HIT KATHY HARD! UNDER HER DRESS, HER KNEES SHOOK. WHAT SHE WAS HEARING WAS THE BITTER TRUTH...
KATHY, DEAR! DON'T LET NELS SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET THE WAY HE HAS THE REST OF US! HE MAKES LOVE TO WOMEN AS HE SKIS, KATHY--SMOOTHLY, EFFORTLESSLY, SWIFTLY! NOW-- RUN ALONG...
KATHY RAN ALONG, BUT NOT FAR. THOUGH SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WOULD SEE, SHE TURNED HER HEAD AND STARED BACK AT THE BALCONY...
NELS-- YOU DEVIL! KISS ME!
NELS... NELS! HOW CAN YOU DO THOSE THINGS? HOW CAN YOU?
4.

NEXT MORNING...
NELS TELLS ME THAT HE IS TAKING YOU DANCING TONIGHT, KATHY.
HE ASKED ME TO GO WITH HIM. I SAID YES. BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO...?
LITTLE GOOSE! OF COURSE YOU SHALL GO OUT WITH NELS. BUT I WANT TO WARN YOU— HE DOESN'T LIKE SHY GIRLS! HE LIKES HIS GIRLS BOLD, HONEST! BE SOPHISTICATED. BE WORLDLY! IF A MAN WANTS LOVE— GIVE HIM LOVE!
I SEE.
I SHALL HELP YOU DRESS THE PART, DARLING. LET'S SEE THOSE DRESSES...HMMM! AFRAID THEY WON'T DO! NELS LIKES TO SEE HIS WOMEN, DEAR.
BUT— BUT HE'LL SEE ME IF I WEAR ONE OF THESE.
BUT HE'LL SEE YOU MUCH BETTER IN THAT DRESS, KATHY!
I-I FEEL SO-SO-EXPOSED! BUT IF...IF THIS IS WHAT NELS LIKES... I'LL WEAR IT!
THE FOOL! NELS LIKES CLEVER WOMEN, NOT NAKED WOMEN! SHE'LL GET HER HEART BROKEN, AND NELS WILL RUN BACK TO ME, AS HE HAS IN THE PAST! GOOD RIDDANCE TO HER!
WHEN THE BELL SHRILLED THAT EVENING, KATHY WENT TO THE DOOR AND OPENED IT. NELS STARED AT HER FOR A LONG MOMENT, UNBELIEVINGLY, AND KATHY FOUGHT DOWN HER FEAR AND SHAME, AND LAUGHED GAILY...
NELS, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST! HA! HA! DON'T YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?
ER, VERY MUCH, KATHY. CERTAINLY!
YOU TOOK MY BREATH AWAY. THAT IS WHY I WAS SO STUPID!
STUPID? NOT YOU, NELS. OH, NOT YOU!!
5.

KATHY'S HEART WAS FILLED WITH BLISS AS SHE SAT BESIDE NELS WHILE HIS POWERFUL CAR ROLLED ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD. SHE ADMITTED TO HERSELF THAT SHE HAD NEVER BEEN QUITE SO HAPPY...

TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF. WHAT MADE YOU GO TO WORK FOR--SOMEONE LIKE LAURA?
MONEY. I'M YOUNG AND HEALTHY, AND I LIKE A GOOD TIME, THE KIND OF GOOD TIME THAT MONEY WILL BUY. DON'T YOU?

SHE HAD STUDIED HER PART WELL, WATCHING WOMEN LIKE LAURA AND HELENE. KATHY KNEW THE KIND OF WOMAN NELS LIKED. AS THE CAR BRAKED TO A STOP BEFORE THE ROADSIDE TAVERN WHERE THEY WERE TO DANCE...

NELS, DARLING! YOU'VE BEEN WITH ME FOR NEARLY AN HOUR--AND HAVEN'T OFFERED TO KISS ME YET! AM I A DISEASE, DEAREST?
I WAS AFRAID OF--FRIGHTENING YOU.

NEL'S FACE WAS GRIM AS HIS ARMS CONVULSED ON KATHY. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED, ALL RIGHT, BUT DETERMINED. SHE WAS GOING TO BE THE KIND OF GIRL NELS LIKED! HER LIPS FELT HIS LIPS CRUSHING THEM. HER EYES CLOSED. ECSTASY REACHED OUT AND CAUGHT HER UP IN A WILD WHIRLPOOL OF LONGING...

SHAKEN BY HER EMOTIONS, TOSSED LIKE A LEAF IN THE STORM OF HUNGER HIS KISSES HAD UNLOCKED, KATHY CLENCHED HER HANDS TOGETHER AS NELS AIDED HER FROM THE CAR...

MALE EYES FOLLOWED KATHY DOWN BETWEEN THE WHITE-LINENED TABLES. SHE FELT THEM, AND KNEW SHAME AND TERROR. BUT HER STRIDE NEVER FALTERED...

IT'S JUST AS IF... AS IF I WERE ON A STAGE... THOSE EYES... LOOKING ME OVER... SEEING ME... OHH, I WANT TO GO HOME—BUT I WON'T. I'LL BE WILD FOR NELS—CRAZY, IF THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS!

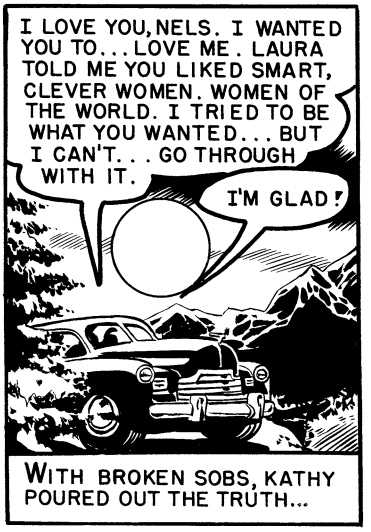
MMMM... BUBBLY, BUBBLY! IT'S GOOD, NELS! FILL UP MY GLASS AGAIN!
OF COURSE, SWEETHEART! YOU CAN HAVE AS MUCH AS YOU WANT! I COULD NEVER DENY YOU ANYTHING!
6.

KATHY BECAME THE PERSON SHE ONLY PRETENDED TO BE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHAMPAGNE AND THE MUSIC. HER EYES WERE BRIGHT AND DARING, HER LIPS TWIN TEMPTATIONS...
LIKE ME, NELS?
YOU'RE AN ADORABLE DARLING! I ONLY WISH WE WERE DANCING ALONE... ON SOME PINK CLOUD... SO THAT I COULD REALLY TELL YOU HOW MUCH I WORSHIP YOU...
YOU'RE A FEVER IN MY BLOOD, KATHY. A WILD, RESTLESS FEVER!
I WANT TO BE A FEVER TO YOU, NELS! I'M GLAD... GLAD!
THE TIME SLID ALONG ON ELFIN WINGS. KISSES STOLEN IN A DARK CORNER. THE EFFORTLESS GLIDING ON THE WAXED DANCE FLOOR. HOLDING HANDS ACROSS A SNOWY TABLETOP. KATHY'S EYES GREW BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER, HER LAUGHTER MORE GAY...
AND THEN THE CRISP AIR WAS ON THEIR CHEEKS, AND KATHY LEANED AGAINST NELS AS HE GUIDED HER TOWARD HIS CAR...
WE AREN'T GOING BACK YET, ARE WE, DARLING? THE NIGHT HAS BEEN TOO SHORT. THERE MUST BE-- SOMEPLACE-- WHERE WE CAN GO...
LOOKOUT ROCK? IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN, KATHY?
CLUB
YES, NELS! LOOKOUT ROCK! THAT'S WHERE YOU TAKE ALL YOUR WOMEN, ISN'T IT? TAKE ME THERE, TOO! OH, MY DARLING! TAKE ME TO LOOKOUT ROCK!
SLOWLY, THE CAR SLID IN UNDER THE PROTECTION OF BIG LOOKOUT ROCK. NELS TURNED OFF THE IGNITION AND REACHED OUT FOR KATHY...
NOW, KATHY--NOW YOU ARE GOING TO BE MINE!
OHH... NELS!
7.

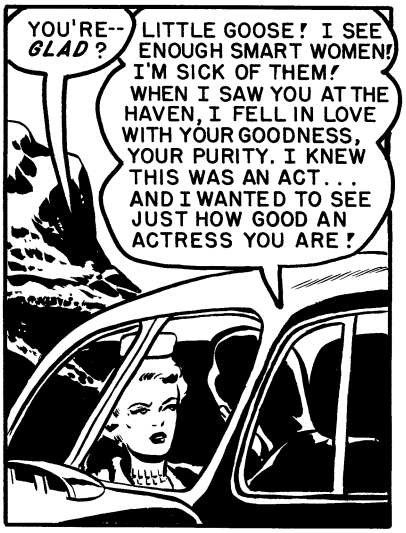
THERE WAS RAPTURE IN THE TIGHTNESS OF NELS' ARMS AS THEY FOLDED AROUND KATHY. THERE WAS A SWEET DELIRIUM IN THE TOUCH OF HIS LIPS ON HERS. ALMOST SWOONING, KATHY SANK DOWN INTO THE SWIRLING ECSTASY...

THEN--SUDDENLY--HIS KISSES WERE SAVAGE! DEMANDING! THEY FIRED THE BLOOD! HIS LIPS GRAZED HER THROAT RECKLESSLY. HIS HANDS WERE FIERCE, CLUTCHING...

FOR AN INSTANT, KATHY LAY IN THE DELIGHT OF NELS' CARESSES. AND THEN PANIC GRIPPED HER! SWIFTLY, SHE FOUGHT BACK THE DRUGGED FEELING. FRENZIEDLY, SHE FOUGHT HER WAY BACK THROUGH THE DELIRIOUS DELIGHT...

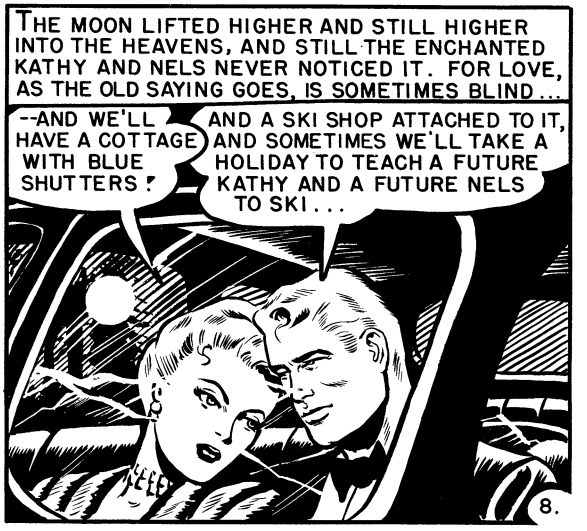

I LOVE YOU, NELS. I WANTED YOU TO... LOVE ME. LAURA TOLD ME YOU LIKED SMART, CLEVER WOMEN. WOMEN OF THE WORLD. I TRIED TO BE WHAT YOU WANTED... BUT I CAN'T... GO THROUGH WITH IT.
I'M GLAD!

WITH BROKEN SOBS, KATHY POURED OUT THE TRUTH...


YOU'RE-- GLAD?
LITTLE GOOSE! I SEE ENOUGH SMART WOMEN! I'M SICK OF THEM! WHEN I SAW YOU AT THE HAVEN, I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOUR GOODNESS, YOUR PURITY. I KNEW THIS WAS AN ACT... AND I WANTED TO SEE JUST HOW GOOD AN ACTRESS YOU ARE!

YOU AREN'T JUST--MAKING THAT UP, NELS?
TO PROVE IT, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOMETHING I NEVER ASKED ANY OTHER WOMAN-- KATHY, DARLING-- WILL YOU MARRY ME?

THE MOON LIFTED HIGHER AND STILL HIGHER INTO THE HEAVENS, AND STILL THE ENCHANTED KATHY AND NELS NEVER NOTICED IT. FOR LOVE, AS THE OLD SAYING GOES, IS SOMETIMES BLIND...


--AND WE'LL HAVE A COTTAGE WITH BLUE SHUTTERS!
AND A SKI SHOP ATTACHED TO IT, AND SOMETIMES WE'LL TAKE A HOLIDAY TO TEACH A FUTURE KATHY AND A FUTURE NELS TO SKI...
8.

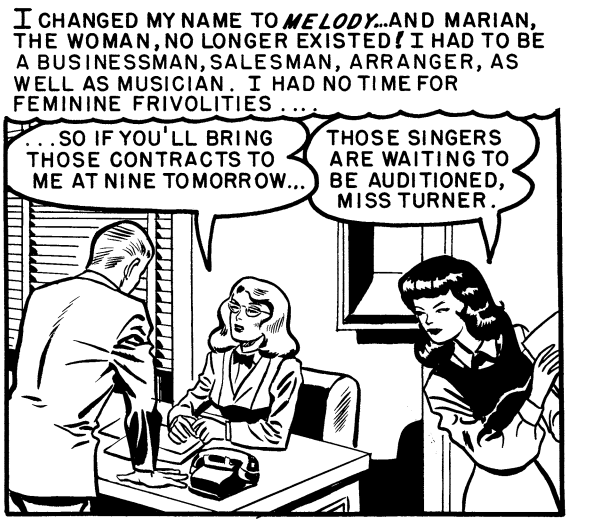
THE WORLD ACCLAIMED ME A SUCCESS, BUT NO ONE REALLY KNEW HOW MY HEART AND SOUL ACHED WITH BITTER LONELINESS. YES, I HAD A CAREER, I WAS FAMOUS AND ENVIED, BUT I WAS...

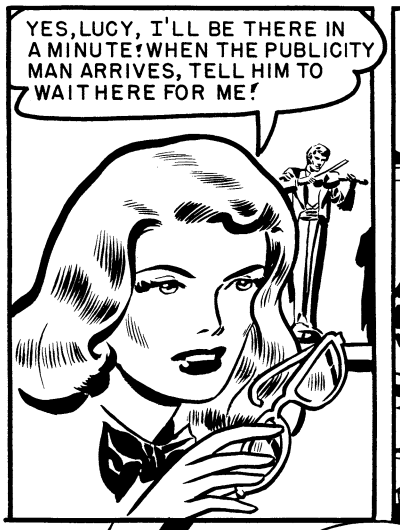
TOO BUSY FOR *Love*

SHE SURE IS TERRIFIC! I COULD JUST STAND HERE AND LOOK AT HER ALL NIGHT!
OH, HOW I WISH I COULD BE MELODY TURNER!
EVER SINCE CHILDHOOD, I WANTED TO BE A MUSICIAN. I STUDIED AND PRACTICED, AND AFTER GRADUATING HIGH SCHOOL, I FOUND A JOB WITH A SMALL DANCE BAND. IT WAS THE BANDLEADER WHO INTRODUCED ME TO JUD...
MARIAN, THIS IS JUD BISHOP, A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE. JUD, THIS IS MARIAN TURNER!
MARIAN, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR SO LONG! MAY I SEE YOU AFTER THE SHOW TONIGHT?
WHY YES, I SUPPOSE SO!
STAGE DOOR
WED-THU

JUD BISHOP WAS CHARMING! HE'D MEET ME EVERY NIGHT IN THE LITTLE CAFE WHERE I PLAYED, AND WE'D GO FOR A DRIVE IN HIS CAR . . .
MARIAN, YOU'RE ADORABLE. YOU'RE SO SWEET AND FEMININE. YOU SHOULD BE MAKING A HOME FOR SOME MAN, NOT PLAYING IN A BAND!
OH, JUD, DON'T MAKE FUN OF MY MUSIC! CAN'T YOU BELIEVE IT'S EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO ME?
AND, DARLING, CAN'T YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO ME? I LOVE YOU SO, MY PRECIOUS NYMPH!
DEAREST! THE SWEETEST MUSIC I HEAR IS WHEN YOUR ARMS ARE AROUND ME. HOLD ME TIGHT!
THE WORLD DISSOLVED INTO AN ECSTATIC UNIVERSE AS HIS LIPS MET MINE IN THE JOY OF OUR NEW-FOUND LOVE . . .
I WAS WILDLY HAPPY...TOO HAPPY TO CONCENTRATE ON MY WORK! AFTER A PERFORMANCE ONE NIGHT . . .
MY DEAR, I KNOW THIS ADVICE WILL BE HARD TO TAKE, BUT YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME. I KNOW THAT JUD BISHOP ISN'T SERIOUS ABOUT YOU.
I CAN'T GIVE HIM UP! I LOVE HIM TOO MUCH! WHY, HE'S PRACTICALLY PROPOSED TO ME!
JUD, DARLING, WHEN CAN WE BE MARRIED?
MARRIED? WH-... WHY, WHAT ABOUT YOUR CAREER? I THOUGHT YOU JUST WANTED A GOOD TIME. WHAT KIND OF A TRAP IS THIS? I NEVER ASKED YOU TO MARRY ME, YOU LITTLE SCHEMING . . .
JUD, HEARTLESSLY IGNORING MY SOBS, TOOK ME HOME AND LEFT TO GO OUT OF MY LIFE COMPLETELY . . . I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN!
WHEN MY HEART CEASED WEEPING FOR JUD, I RESOLVED THAT NEVER AGAIN WOULD I JEOPARDIZE MY CAREER FOR THE FOOLISH GAME OF HEARTS!
I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN! LOVE IS A TRAP! I'LL MAKE A SUCCESS OUT OF MUSIC AND FORGET THIS SILLY ROMANCE!
AND THEN, ONE DAY, THAT LUCKY BREAK CAME . . .
OH, MARIAN, THERE'S SOMEONE WAITING FOR YOU OUT FRONT. HE SAYS IT'S ON BUSINESS!

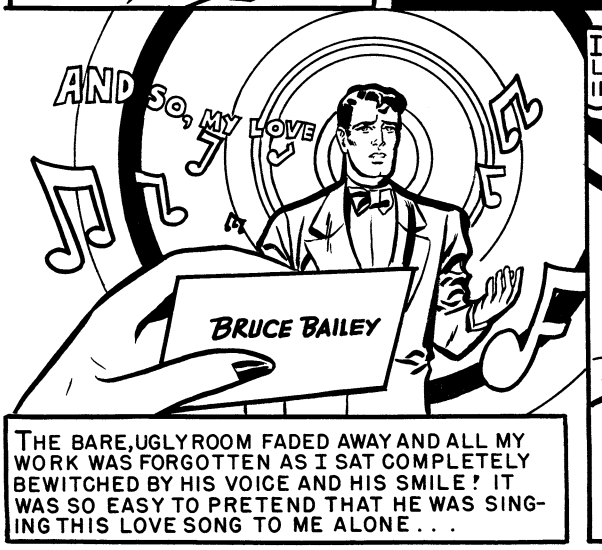
I THINK YOU'RE JUST THE GIRL I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, MISS TURNER! I WANT TO START AN ALL-GIRL BAND, AND I'D LIKE *YOU* TO LEAD IT!
OH, MR. COLOTON! THIS IS WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! IT'S LIKE A WONDERFUL DREAM!


I CHANGED MY NAME TO *MELODY*...AND MARIAN, THE WOMAN, NO LONGER EXISTED! I HAD TO BE A BUSINESSMAN, SALESMAN, ARRANGER, AS WELL AS MUSICIAN. I HAD NO TIME FOR FEMININE FRIVOLITIES ...
...SO IF YOU'LL BRING THOSE CONTRACTS TO ME AT NINE TOMORROW...
THOSE SINGERS ARE WAITING TO BE AUDITIONED, MISS TURNER.


YES, LUCY, I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE! WHEN THE PUBLICITY MAN ARRIVES, TELL HIM TO WAIT HERE FOR ME!

WITH MY MIND IN A WHIRL OF ACTIVITY, I ENTERED THE AUDITION ROOM, NOT KNOWING THAT EACH STEP BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO THE MOST IMPORTANT MOMENT OF MY LIFE...

AT THE AUDITION, I LISTENED INDIFFERENTLY TO SEVERAL SINGERS AND THEN, SUDDENLY, ONE VOICE CAPTURED MY HEART.
WAKE UP, MELODY TURNER, YOU OUTGREW THIS KIND OF FOOLISH INFATUATION, REMEMBER?


AND SO, MY LOVE
BRUCE BAILEY
THE BARE, UGLY ROOM FADED AWAY AND ALL MY WORK WAS FORGOTTEN AS I SAT COMPLETELY BEWITCHED BY HIS VOICE AND HIS SMILE! IT WAS SO EASY TO PRETEND THAT HE WAS SINGING THIS LOVE SONG TO ME ALONE...

IT SEEMED I COULDN'T STAY THERE A MINUTE LONGER! I HARDLY REALIZED WHAT I WAS SAYING AS, TREMBLING, I RAN FROM THE ROOM...
ALL RIGHT, MR. BAILEY! YOU'RE HIRED! REHEARSAL AT NINE TOMORROW MORNING!
3.

HEY, MELODY, HOW ABOUT EATING LUNCH WITH ME TODAY?
SORRY, BRUCE. I HAVE TO GO OVER THIS SCORE FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S REHEARSAL.
BRUCE ASKED ME OUT SEVERAL TIMES AFTER THAT, BUT I ALWAYS CONVINCED MYSELF THAT I WAS TOO BUSY...
SORRY, BRUCE! I HAVE SO MANY APPOINTMENTS TOMORROW, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY GO OUT WITH YOU! I MUST GET TO SLEEP EARLY!
OH, BRUCE, HOW WONDERFUL IT WOULD BE TO HAVE YOU NEAR ME SOMEWHERE UNDER THIS MOON! BUT I MUST STOP THESE FOOLISH THOUGHTS AND STIFLE MY SILLY DESIRES. ONLY ONE THING IS IMPORTANT TO ME NOW--MY MUSIC! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON WELL!
AND SO I TRIED TO AVOID BRUCE, BUT ONE NIGHT AFTER A LATE PERFORMANCE...
YOU LOOK SO TIRED, MELODY! YOU KNOW YOU WORK MUCH TOO HARD.
I HAVE TO WORK HARD, BRUCE, IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO ME... BUT I GUESS I AM PRETTY TIRED!
MY FOOLISH BODY, ACHING FOR HIS EMBRACE, BETRAYED ME...AND SUDDENLY I WAS IN HIS ARMS.
OH, DARLING, I LOVE YOU! I'VE LOVED YOU FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I SAW YOU! PLEASE SAY YOU LOVE ME, TOO!
BRUCE DEAREST, I DO LOVE YOU...
NO, NO--BRUCE PLEASE, YOU MUSTN'T!
YOU MUST LEAVE ME ALONE! I CAN'T LET MYSELF BE HURT...I WON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU!
I MUST CONTROL MYSELF...I CAN'T LET MYSELF WANT YOU SO MUCH! OH, BRUCE, BRUCE, IF ONLY THINGS WERE DIFFERENT...
4.

BRUCE CALLED ME JUST ONCE AFTER THAT, BUT I REFUSED TO TALK TO HIM! I SUPPOSE IT WAS NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD TURN TO SOMEONE ELSE, BUT IT STILL WAS A SHOCK...
HOW ABOUT DINNER AFTER THE SHOW TONIGHT, ELLEN?
WHY BRUCIE DEAR, OF COURSE. I'D LOVE TO!

MY JEALOUSY BURNED, FIERCE AND UNCONTROLLABLE, INSIDE ME, AND WHEN BRUCE AND ELLEN RETURNED...
YOU'RE HALF AN HOUR LATE FOR REHEARSAL! I WON'T STAND FOR SUCH NEGLIGENCE! IF YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY IN MY BAND, YOU CAN'T RUN AROUND ALL DAY!

NO, NO, TAKE IT AGAIN FROM THE SECOND CHORUS, BRUCE! YOU'RE OFF KEY! EVIDENTLY SINGING AND LATE HOURS DON'T MIX! OH, AND ELLEN, PLEASE COME TO MY OFFICE AFTER REHEARSAL!
YES, MISS TURNER!

I DEMAND PERFECTION FROM MY MUSICIANS, ELLEN, AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PLAYING SO WELL LATELY, SO I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU WOULD STOP RUNNING AROUND AND DANCING ALL NIGHT WITH BRUCE!
WELL, OF ALL THE NERVE!
PRIVATE

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY PLAYING! YOU'RE JEALOUS! YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM, SO YOU WON'T LET ME! YOU'RE VICIOUS!

GET OUT OF HERE! YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. YOU'RE FIRED!... LUCY, SEND BRUCE BAILEY IN HERE --AT ONCE!

I FIRED ELLEN, BRUCE! AND I MUST WARN YOU. YOU'RE NOT TO SEE ANY OF THE GIRLS IN THE BAND OUTSIDE OF WORK! I JUST CAN'T HAVE YOU KEEPING THEM OUT EVERY EVENING AND MISSING REHEARSALS. IF YOU IGNORE ME, I'LL FIRE YOU, TOO!
5.

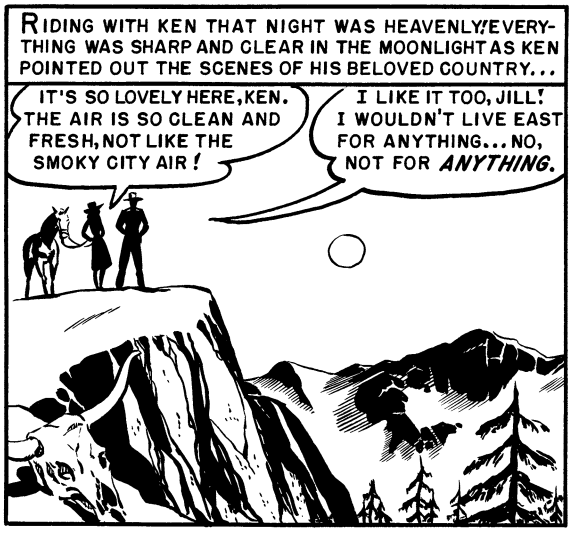
YOU *CAN'T* FIRE *ME!* I'M TOO VALUABLE TO THE BAND NOW! WHY, MOST OF THE CUSTOMERS COME JUST TO HEAR ME!
YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW UNIMPORTANT YOU ARE, BRUCE BAILEY!
SMACK!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HEART, MELODY! YOU'RE JUST A MACHINE! YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND THAT THE GIRLS ARE HUMAN AND WANT SOME FUN! AND I'M HUMAN, TOO. WITH YOU, IT'S JUST WORK...WORK..WORK!
PRIVATE
HIS WORDS RANG IN MY EARS... AS HE SLAMMED THE DOOR, IT SEEMED AS IF MY HEART BROKE, AND MY BODY SHOOK WITH SOBS...
OH, BRUCE, BRUCE, PLEASE COME BACK... I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
SLAM!
BAND CALLED A FLOP
Theater & News
MELODY TURNER'S BAND A GREAT DISAPPO
DAILY
TURNER BAND CLOSES AT T ROSE BALLR
FLOP MELOD
THE DAYS FOLLOWING OUR QUARREL WERE SHEER AGONY. MY HEART AND SOUL ACHED FOR BRUCE, BUT HE IGNORED ME COMPLETELY! AND MY WORK SUFFERED, TOO...
I KNEW I COULDN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER, BUT WHAT ELSE WAS THERE TO DO?
MISS TURNER, THERE'S A REPORTER HERE FROM THE DAILY BLADE TO INTERVIEW YOU.
TELL HIM TO STOP BOTHERING ME, AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE ELSE THIS MORNING!
BUT, MISS TURNER, THERE ARE SEVERAL IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS...
STOP ARGUING, LUCY. JUST DO AS I SAY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, LATELY!
6.

I KNEW THAT IT WASN'T LUCY'S FAULT, BUT I WAS BLAMING EVERYONE ELSE FOR MY OWN BAD TEMPER...
JEAN, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP THAT AWFUL NOISE! I NEVER KNEW A SAXOPHONE COULD SOUND SO HORRIBLE! ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE A MUSICIAN?
MAYBE EVERYONE ELSE IS AFRAID OF YOU, MELODY TURNER, I'M NOT! YOU'RE JUST A VICIOUS SPITEFUL WOMAN, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T HAVE THE MAN YOU LOVE!
HOW DARE YOU, YOU LITTLE...
COME BACK HERE-- I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS!
LET GO OF ME!
WHAT'S GOING ON-- -- LOOK OUT!
MELODY, MELODY... DARLING!
BRUCE, BRUCE... OHHHH!
DON'T WORRY, SWEET. YOU'RE IN MY ARMS NOW, AND YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY AGAIN!
OH, DARLING! I DO LOVE YOU! HOW STUPID I WAS TO TRY AND FIGHT IT! YOUR LOVE SONGS ARE ALL THE MUSIC I EVER WANT TO HEAR!
MELODY, NO... MARIAN, MARIAN, DARLING. YOU'LL NEVER BE MELODY TURNER AGAIN.
WHEN HE CALLED ME MARIAN, ALL THE YEARS OF LONELINESS AND HEARTBREAK WERE GONE, AND I BECAME A WOMAN AGAIN, LOVED, AND IN LOVE, FOREVER!
The End
7

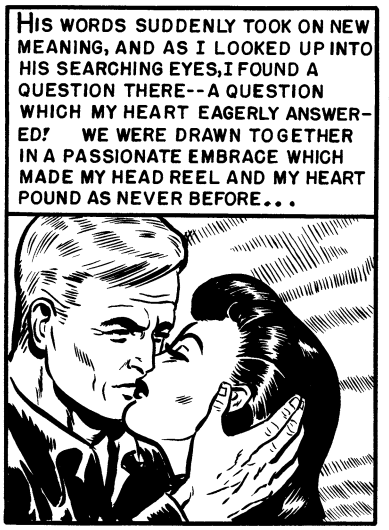
MY LOVE FOR KEN WAS AS BIG AS THE WHOLE WIDE WEST, BUT I NEARLY DESTROYED THAT LOVE, FOR I WAS JUST A...
Playtime Cowgirl
WHOA, THAR, PARDNER! I'M LASSOING YOU FOR LIFE!
LOOKS LIKE I'M ROPED AND TIED BY LOVE!
AFTER WORKING HARD ALL YEAR, I WAS EAGERLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THE VACATION I HAD PLANNED WITH MY FRIENDS AT A REAL WESTERN DUDE RANCH...
GEE, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ONE OF THOSE COWBOY STARS IN THE MOVIES!
I HOPE THERE ARE SOME MORE HANDSOME COWBOYS LIKE HIM AROUND!
THE SILVER SADDLE
WELCOME TO THE SILVER SADDLE, FOLKS, BEST DUDE RANCH IN THESE HERE PARTS! I KNOW THIS WILL BE THE MOST THRILLIN' VACATION YUH EVER HAD!
SILVER SADDLE RANCH
WOOD & HARRISON

AND IT *WAS* A THRILLING VACATION! THE GLORIOUS WEST HAD A LOT TO OFFER CITY FOLKS LIKE US, AND I SPENT MOST OF MY DAYS ON HORSEBACK ENJOYING THE MARVELOUS SCENERY...
C'MON KIDS, I'LL RACE YOU BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE. BET I CAN BEAT ALL OF YOU!
THAT'S NOT FAIR, JILL! OF COURSE YOU'LL WIN; YOU'RE THE BEST RIDER HERE!
WELL, I'M GOING AHEAD! SEE YOU LATER AT DINNER --SISSIES!
NOT SISSIES -- JUST CAREFUL! YOU'D BETTER NOT RIDE TOO FAR AHEAD OF US!
BUT I WAS EXCITED AT THE PROSPECT OF EXPLORING BY MYSELF AND WOULDN'T LISTEN TO JIM'S WISE WARNING! I RACED FAR AHEAD -- AND THEN SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED...
R-R-R-R
OH, A RATTLER! WHOA, FELLOW, EASY--EASY BOY!
WHOA, BOY, DON'T BE SCARED! THAT RATTLER CAN'T HURT YOU NOW!
BUT ALTHOUGH I WAS AN EXPERIENCED RIDER, I HAD NEVER BEEN IN RATTLESNAKE COUNTRY; AND BEFORE I COULD DO ANYTHING, MY HORSE WAS OUT OF CONTROL AND DASHING MADLY TOWARDS SOME ROCKS...
I'M SO FRIGHTENED, BUT I MUSTN'T LOSE MY HEAD! OH, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO! I'M ALL ALONE! HELP! HELP!
SUDDENLY, I FELT MYSELF HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR! I HAD NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED...
WHAT... OH!.. *HELP!*
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MA'AM? HOPE I DIDN'T HURT YOU -- IT'S A GOOD THING I WAS HERE!
WHY YOU CLUMSY COWBOY! YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME! I WAS ABLE TO CONTROL THAT HORSE!
2.

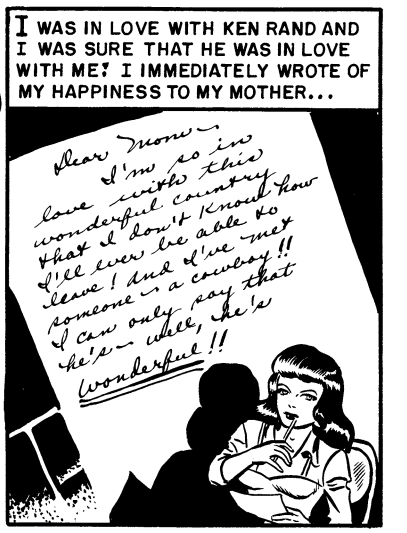
MAYBE IT WAS THE FALL THAT SCARED ME, MAYBE IT WAS THIS DISCONCERTINGLY HANDSOME COWBOY! BUT MY PRIDE WAS HURT, AND I FORGOT MY MANNERS...
WHY, I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP, MA'AM! YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULDN'T BE RIDING ALL ALONE OUT HERE!
I DON'T NEED YOU TO LOOK AFTER ME! I'M QUITE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF AND MY HORSE, THANK YOU!
BUT BACK AT THE RANCH, I COULDN'T GET THAT COWBOY OFF MY MIND. THOSE BLUE EYES AND CHEERFUL SMILE HAD SEEMED SO FRIENDLY...
YOU'RE AWFULLY QUIET TONIGHT, JILL. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU! I HEAR YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT THIS AFTERNOON. DID YOU HURT YOURSELF?
DON'T BE SILLY! OF COURSE NOT! BUT I AM A LITTLE TIRED. I THINK I'LL GO TO BED!
IT'S FUNNY! I KEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT COWBOY. I WISH I KNEW HIS NAME! HE'S DIFFERENT—NOT LIKE JIM OR THE REST OF THE FELLOWS I KNOW. I WONDER IF HE'S THINKING ABOUT ME?
THE NEXT DAY, I WENT RIDING, HOPING TO MEET HIM AGAIN AND APOLOGIZE, BUT I SAW NO ONE ON THE TRAIL! EVERYONE WAS BUSY WHEN I CAME BACK TO THE RANCH, SO I TRIED PRACTICING WITH THE LARIAT...
THAT WAS QUITE A FANCY TRICK HE DID. I WONDER HOW LONG IT TAKES TO LEARN HOW TO HANDLE THIS THING?
I WAS TRYING TO THROW THE ROPE AROUND THE POST, AND SUDDENLY SOMEONE CAME RIDING BY...
OH MY GOSH, IT'S HIM! HE'LL THINK I DID IT ON PURPOSE. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
HEY, WHAT THE...
SO YOU'RE GETTING EVEN, HUH? WHY, I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, YOU CERTAINLY CAN TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MA'AM!
OH, I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN TO ROPE YOU! YOU SEE, I WAS JUST PRACTICING, AND I DIDN'T SEE YOU RIDING BY!
THEN SUDDENLY WE WERE BOTH LAUGHING, AND I KNEW IT WAS ALL RIGHT! I HAD THE FEELING EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT AS LONG AS I WAS WITH HIM...
WAL, I GUESS WE'RE FAIR AND SQUARE NOW. SUPPOSE WE START ALL OVER? I'M KEN RAND, AND I'M SURE GLAD TO KNOW SUCH A PRETTY COWGIRL! HOW ABOUT GOING FOR A RIDE TONIGHT?
I'M JILL DOUGLAS, AND I'M NOT REALLY A COWGIRL. BUT I'LL SHOW YOU I CAN RIDE LIKE ONE! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE CORRAL AT EIGHT. SO LONG--COWBOY!
3.


RIDING WITH KEN THAT NIGHT WAS HEAVENLY! EVERYTHING WAS SHARP AND CLEAR IN THE MOONLIGHT AS KEN POINTED OUT THE SCENES OF HIS BELOVED COUNTRY...
IT'S SO LOVELY HERE, KEN. THE AIR IS SO CLEAN AND FRESH, NOT LIKE THE SMOKY CITY AIR!
I LIKE IT TOO, JILL! I WOULDN'T LIVE EAST FOR ANYTHING... NO, NOT FOR ANYTHING.

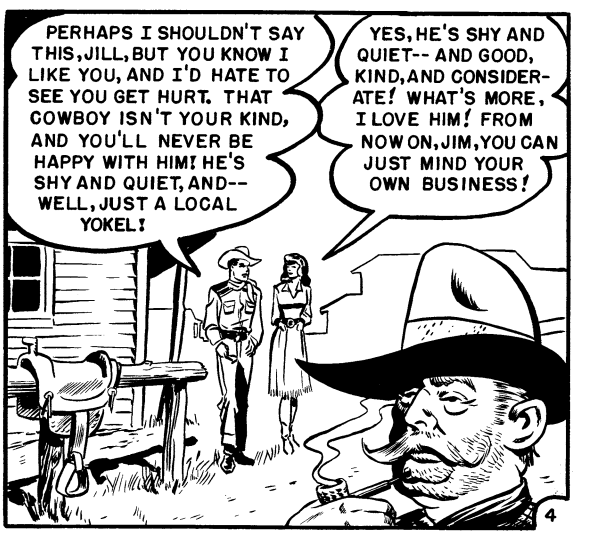
YOU KNOW, KEN, I LIKE THE PEOPLE OUT HERE. I'D LOVE TO LIVE IN THE WEST!
PERHAPS SOMEDAY YOU WILL LIVE HERE THEN, JILL--DARLING!


HIS WORDS SUDDENLY TOOK ON NEW MEANING, AND AS I LOOKED UP INTO HIS SEARCHING EYES, I FOUND A QUESTION THERE--A QUESTION WHICH MY HEART EAGERLY ANSWERED! WE WERE DRAWN TOGETHER IN A PASSIONATE EMBRACE WHICH MADE MY HEAD REEL AND MY HEART POUND AS NEVER BEFORE...

OH, DARLING... DEAREST JILL, I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE LIKE YOU!
KEN... KEN, DON'T TALK. JUST HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS!


I WAS IN LOVE WITH KEN RAND AND I WAS SURE THAT HE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME! I IMMEDIATELY WROTE OF MY HAPPINESS TO MY MOTHER...
Dear Mom--
I'm so in love with this wonderful country that I don't know how I'll ever be able to leave! And I've met someone--a cowboy!! I can only say that he's--well, he's wonderful!!

AND KEN WAS WONDERFUL! WE SPENT ALL OUR TIME TOGETHER—WE WERE ECSTATICALLY HAPPY. BUT MY FRIENDS SCOFFED AT HIS SHYNESS AND SIMPLE WAYS...
GOING RIDING AGAIN TODAY WITH YOUR LOVESICK YEARLING, JILL?
OH, LEAVE HER ALONE, SUE! JILL, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU. CAN YOU SPARE A MINUTE?
SURE, JIM. BUT I HAVE TO HURRY!


PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T SAY THIS, JILL, BUT YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU, AND I'D HATE TO SEE YOU GET HURT. THAT COWBOY ISN'T YOUR KIND, AND YOU'LL NEVER BE HAPPY WITH HIM! HE'S SHY AND QUIET, AND--WELL, JUST A LOCAL YOKEL!
YES, HE'S SHY AND QUIET-- AND GOOD, KIND, AND CONSIDERATE! WHAT'S MORE, I LOVE HIM! FROM NOW ON, JIM, YOU CAN JUST MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
4

BUT JIM'S WORDS HURT, AND THEY LEFT A GNAWING DOUBT IN MY MIND--UNTIL I SAW KEN...
OH, KEN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE MISSED YOU SO!
SORRY I'M LATE, HONEY. I'VE MISSED YOU, TOO!
LET'S STOP HERE A MINUTE, JILL. THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW YOU!
ALL RIGHT! WHAT IS IT, KEN?
IT'S A LOVELY SPOT, KEN. I COULD STAY HERE ALL DAY!
I WAS HOPING YOU'D LIKE IT, JILL. YOU SEE, I OWN THIS LAND, AND I'VE ALWAYS PLANNED ON BUILDING A HOUSE HERE! BUT I NEVER SEEMED TO NEED IT, UNTIL NOW! THAT IS... YOU SEE...
WHAT IS IT, KEN? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?
OH, JILL! I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT THIS SORT OF THING, I GUESS, BUT... WELL, I-LOVE-YOU-WILL-YOU-MARRY-ME?
TEARS OF SHEER JOY FLOODED MY EYES THIS WAS THE MAN I LOVED! NOW HE WOULD BE MINE-FOREVER!
I LOVE YOU, TOO! I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU. OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU!
LET'S BUILD OUR HOUSE RIGHT HERE ON THIS SPOT!
ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE WITH ME, JILL? IT'S A VERY DIFFERENT LIFE, YOU KNOW! NO NIGHTCLUBS, AND NONE OF YOUR FRIENDS WOULD BE AROUND...
I DON'T NEED ANYTHING BUT YOU, MY DARLING! AS LONG AS YOUR ARMS ARE AROUND ME, I'D BE HAPPY ANYWHERE!
ALL DOUBTS WERE SWEPT AWAY AS HE HELD ME IN HIS ARMS AND KISSED ME. IN A ROSY HAZE OF NEWFOUND ENCHANTMENT, WE EAGERLY MADE PLANS FOR THE FUTURE...
...AND IT WILL BE A FORMAL PARTY, DARLING. I'LL WEAR MY NEW DRESS, AND EVERYONE AT THE RANCH WILL BE SO JEALOUS OF ME!
WAL, I DON'T KNOW, HONEY. DO YOU REALLY THINK WE HAVE TO HAVE SUCH A BIG PARTY TO ANNOUNCE OUR ENGAGEMENT? I RECKON YOUR FRIENDS DON'T LIKE ME MUCH!

I OVERRODE KEN'S OBJECTIONS AND ARRANGED THE PARTY, ANYWAY! THIS WAS TO BE THE BIGGEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE, MY PROUDEST MOMENT! EAGERLY, I DRESSED, HOPING KEN WOULD LIKE ME THIS WAY...

I KNOW THAT WHEN EVERYONE GETS TO KNOW KEN, THEY'LL ALL LOVE HIM AS I DO! WHAT IF HE HASN'T A SOPHISTICATED AIR? HE'S SUCH A *GOOD* PERSON!

THIS WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA, JILL! WHATEVER MADE YOU DECIDE TO THROW A PARTY?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, SUE! WAIT TILL KEN GETS HERE!

OH, IS HE THE ENTERTAINMENT? HE'S SUCH A CUTE, SHY COWBOY!

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, JILL! WHY DRAG *THAT* GUY TO A PARTY LIKE THIS?

WHY WERE THEY SO CRUEL? COULDN'T THEY SEE HOW MUCH HE MEANT TO ME? THEN I SAW KEN ENTER, AND IMMEDIATELY FORGOT THE OTHERS...

OH, KEN DARLING, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. OH... WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU GOT ON? I TOLD YOU IT WAS *FORMAL!* I CAN'T UNDERSTAND...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLIN'? THESE HERE ARE MY BEST SUNDAY-GO-TO-MEETIN' CLOTHES. I DON'T OWN A MONKEY SUIT, AND I WOULDN'T WANT ONE, ANYWAY!

I KNEW I WAS BLUSHING WITH EMBARRASSMENT AS I REALIZED THE OTHERS WERE SILENT AND STARING AT KEN...

I MUST CONTROL MYSELF! KEN'S WORTH ALL THE OTHERS PUT TOGETHER. I MUSTN'T LET HIM BE HURT, BUT HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME WHEN HE KNEW HOW MUCH IT MEANT?

C'MON KEN, LET'S DANCE!

SORRY, JILL, BUT I GUESS THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I NEVER HAD TIME TO LEARN. YOU GO AHEAD AND DANCE, I DON'T MIND. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU!

HOW ABOUT IT, JILL, WANT TO DANCE?

BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING, JIM HAD HIS ARM AROUND ME, AND WE DANCED AWAY FROM KEN. MY MIND WAS IN SUCH A WHIRL I SCARCELY NOTICED AS JIM LED ME TO THE TERRACE...

JIM, WHY DID YOU BRING ME OUT HERE? I WANT TO GO BACK TO KEN!

AW, FORGET HIM, HONEY. *I'M* YOUR KIND OF GUY. I'LL *MAKE* YOU FORGET HIM!

6

I STRUGGLED TO FREE MYSELF FROM JIM'S DEMANDING EMBRACE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SWEETIE? YOU REALLY LIKE THAT BIG AWKWARD COWBOY BETTER THAN ME?
LET GO OF ME... YOU...YOU BEAST!
AND THEN, SUDDENLY, KEN WAS THERE, PULLING JIM AWAY FROM ME...
GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER! THAT'S MY GAL, AND NO TWO-FACED, CITY SLICKER...
DON'T HIT HIM, KEN--DON'T!
OH, KEN, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT!
NO SMART GUY CAN TAKE MY GAL AWAY!
INSIDE, I WAS PROUD KEN HAD FOUGHT FOR ME, BUT SUDDENLY, I SAW HIM AS THE OTHERS DID--CRUDE, AWKWARD, AND NAIVE...
I DON'T THINK I FEEL VERY WELL, KEN. I'M GOING TO MY ROOM!
BUT WHEN DO WE TELL 'EM ABOUT US, DEAR? ISN'T THAT WHAT THIS WHOLE SHEBANG WAS FOR?
TELL US, KEN. WHAT ABOUT YOU TWO?
WELL, MA'AM, JILL AND I, WE'RE...WELL, OH, SHUCKS, JILL...YOU TELL HER!
I...ER...I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, KEN. COME OUTSIDE WITH ME A MOMENT!
WHAT COULD I SAY TO KEN? I COULDN'T MARRY HIM. I WASN'T EVEN SURE I REALLY LOVED HIM! I WAS SO CONFUSED. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LET'S NOT ANNOUNCE OUR ENGAGEMENT YET, KEN. I THINK IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO WAIT A LITTLE WHILE.
WAIT? YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO MARRY ME?
I SEE... THEY'VE PUT A LOT OF FOOLISH IDEAS IN YOUR HEAD ABOUT ME, AND YOU BELIEVE THEM, DON'T YOU? WAL, MAYBE I'M NOT YOUR KIND, AFTER ALL! I TOLD YOU THAT MY LOVE WAS ALL I HAD TO OFFER, AND IF THAT ISN'T ENOUGH, THEN GO BACK TO YOUR HIGH-FALUTIN' FRIENDS! GOOD-BYE--JILL!

7

THE TWO-WEEK VACATION WAS OVER! WE WERE HEADED BACK HOME; BUT AS WE LEFT THE RANCH, MY HEART CRIED OUT IN PROTEST...
HOW I HATE TO LEAVE! IT SEEMS AS IF THIS IS MY REAL HOME--WILL I EVER RETURN? OH, KEN, KEN, I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF THINK OF YOU!
SADDLE
GEE, IT WILL BE GOOD TO GET HOME, JILL! ALL THIS FRESH AIR IS ALL RIGHT, BUT MY SISTER WROTE AND TOLD ME ABOUT A NEW NIGHT-CLUB THAT JUST OPENED IN TOWN, AND I'M DYING TO SEE IT!
NIGHTCLUBS! IS THAT ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT, SUE?
USA
AS I STARTED TO BOARD THE TRAIN, I TURNED TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE COUNTRY I HAD LEARNED TO LOVE. SUDDENLY, IN ONE BLINDING FLASH, I REALIZED I COULD NEVER LEAVE!
WE'D BETTER HURRY. IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE TRAIN TO LEAVE! GOOD-BYE, GOOD-BYE, MR. TATUM!
OH, KEN, KEN, I CAN'T LEAVE! MY HEART IS HERE WITH YOU, AND THIS IS WHERE I BELONG! CAN YOU STILL LOVE ME, OR IS IT TOO LATE?
OH, MR. TATUM, MAY I BORROW YOUR HORSE, PLEASE? IT'S URGENT!
WHY, WHY I GUESS SO! BUT YOU'LL MISS YOUR TRAIN!
IT WAS A WILD NIGHTMARE RIDE... THE POUNDING HOOFBEATS OF THE HORSE ECHOING IN MY BRAIN SEEMED TO BE SAYING...TOO LATE--TOO LATE--TOO LATE...
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I MIGHT FIND HIM. OH, I HOPE HE'S THERE! I MUST BEG HIM TO FORGIVE ME!
KEN, OH KEN, MY DARLING! I'VE COME BACK TO YOU! I COULDN'T LEAVE, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH! PLEASE FORGIVE ME, DEAREST!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PLAY AT BEING A COWGIRL ANYMORE, DARLIN'! WE'LL BUILD OUR HOME HERE AND MY LOVE WILL KEEP YOU HAPPY, FOREVER!
MY HOME IS IN YOUR ARMS, SWEET-HEART! HOW FOOL-ISH I WAS NOT TO REALIZE THAT YOUR LOVE IS ALL I WANT IN THE WORLD!
8

MY LONELY, TORMENTED HEART ACHED FOR THE LOVE OF THIS HANDSOME DOCTOR WHO KNEW THE MAGIC OF MEDICINE BUT HAD NO...

Rx for ROMANCE
HARRISON WOOD
IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY! OH, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO GO TO WORK, CAROLE?
I WISH I COULD STAY HOME AND TAKE YOU TO THE PARK, DEAR! MAYBE LAURA WILL IF YOU ASK HER!
AW, I'M BUSY TODAY, SONNY! OH, CAROLE, DON'T FORGET TO BUY THAT NAIL POLISH FOR ME. I HAVE A DATE TONIGHT!
GEE WHIZ, LAURA, DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT DATES?
1.

ON MY WAY, I PASSED STORES FULL OF BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES, BUT I DARED NOT TEMPT MYSELF. WHERE COULD I WEAR SUCH CLOTHES? I COULDN'T AFFORD TO DREAM...
LAURA HAS A RIGHT TO A CAREFREE LIFE! I'M GRATEFUL THAT SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORK AS I DID AT HER AGE. BUT, OH, IF ONLY MOM AND DAD WERE STILL ALIVE!
de Parisienne
HI, CAROLE! WE MISSED YOU AT THE DANCE LAST NIGHT! IT WAS TERRIFIC!
I HAD TO STAY HOME WITH SONNY SO LAURA COULD GO!
I WAS TROUBLED BY WORRIES OF SONNY AND FOUND IT HARD TO CONCENTRATE THAT DAY...
NOW, TAKE THIS LETTER TO CARLTON AND CO. AT...
I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT THERE'S AN EMERGENCY CALL FOR CAROLE!
OH, I HOPE IT'S NOT... OH, NO!
TERROR CLUTCHED AT MY THROAT AS LAURA'S HYSTERICAL VOICE SHRILLED FROM THE PHONE...
OH, CAROLE... SOB... I WENT TO THE BEAUTY PARLOR... I THOUGHT SONNY WOULD BE ALL RIGHT... BUT HE HAD AN ATTACK...
I TOLD YOU NOT TO LEAVE HIM ALONE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? DR. CARLSON IS OUT OF TOWN!
IF IT'S A DOCTOR YOU NEED, WHY DON'T YOU CALL DR. MARTIN? HE'S JUST A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. GORDON! I... I HAVE TO HURRY! IT MAY BE TOO LATE!
OH, DOCTOR, YOU MUST COME AT ONCE! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MISS!
HAS YOUR BROTHER BEEN SICK LONG?
HE WAS INJURED IN THE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT THAT KILLED OUR PARENTS LAST YEAR AND... OH, CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER?
2.

...AND YOU'VE BEEN TAKING CARE OF YOUR SISTER AND BROTHER SINCE THEN? HOW DO YOU MANAGE?
OH, I DON'T MIND! THEY'RE ALL I HAVE NOW, AND I DO LOVE THEM SO!
BUT MY HEART DENIED MY WORDS! FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FELT THE LONELINESS OF MY LIFE AS I GAZED INTO THE DOCTOR'S WARM AND SYMPATHETIC EYES...
LAURA... HOW COULD YOU HAVE LEFT HIM? HOW CAN YOU BE SO IRRESPONSIBLE?
I HAD TO GO TO THE BEAUTY PARLOR! I CAN'T BE TIED DOWN TO AN INVALID! I HAVE MY OWN LIFE TO LEAD!
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING, MISS JANSEN!
OH DR. MARTIN, HOW CAN I THANK YOU? YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND!
I'LL STOP BY AND SEE HIM TOMORROW!
OH DOCTOR, YOU'LL BE HERE TOMORROW? HOW NICE!
HOW COULD YOU FLIRT WITH HIM SO BRAZENLY, LAURA, WITH SONNY LYING SICK INSIDE?
HE'S KINDA CUTE, CAROLE! WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?
AT THAT MOMENT, I HATED LAURA! BUT THE THOUGHT STUCK IN MY MIND... HE WAS KIND OF CUTE! I WAS GLAD THE NEXT DAY WAS SATURDAY, AND I COULD BE HOME TO SEE HIM...
OH, LAURA, THAT MUST BE DR. MARTIN! WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR?
OH, GEE, WAIT -- I HAVE TO COMB MY HAIR!
A BURNING FIRE OF JEALOUSY SEARED MY SOUL AS I WATCHED DR. MARTIN SMILING DOWN AT LAURA'S INVITING EYES...
...AND DON'T DOCTORS GET ANY RELAXATION? SURELY, YOU MUST GO OUT SOMETIME! DO YOU LIKE TO DANCE?
SONNY'S IN HERE, DR. MARTIN!
3.

YOU'RE JUST MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF, LAURA! A MAN LIKE DR. MARTIN WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN A CHILD LIKE YOU!
I'M NOT A CHILD, CAROLE! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS! THAT'S ALL! YOU WANT HIM YOURSELF!
LAURA WAS RIGHT! I DID WANT HIM! SOMETHING ABOUT HIM MADE MY SENSES REEL AS I STOOD NEAR HIM... WAS THIS LOVE?
CAROLE, PLEASE COME HERE A MINUTE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
YES, DR. MARTIN... IS SONNY BETTER?
YES, SONNY'S BETTER, BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO LOOKS TIRED! HERE'S A PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU GET SICK, TOO!
WHY, DOCTOR, I DON'T NEED...
HOWE HIGH
I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANT UNTIL I LOOKED AT THE PRESCRIPTION! FOR A MOMENT, I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY...
DR. MARTIN Rx
Tsp. of movies
1 Tsp. of dancing & relaxation
1 dinner with the doctor.
Tonight
WELL, IF YOU THINK IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT, DR. MARTIN, I... I'D LOVE TO! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO BE HOME EARLY!
WE'LL BE HOME EARLY, CAROLE. AND FROM NOW ON, IT'S DICK... NOT DR. MARTIN!
HIS DEEP BLUE EYES SEARCHED MINE, AND I KNEW I COULDN'T REFUSE! IT SEEMED AS IF I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT ALL MY LIFE...
THEN I'LL SEE YOU AT-- LAURA! WHAT ON EARTH--
LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS, RIGHT CAROLE?
I DRESSED EAGERLY FOR MY DATE WITH DICK. I COULD NOT WAIT TO SEE HIM AGAIN! BUT I COULDN'T GET OVER LAURA'S EAVESDROPPING, AND NOW HER SNIPPY REMARKS...
SO YOU MANAGED TO GET A DATE WITH DR. MARTIN! WELL, I BET HE WON'T ASK YOU AGAIN-- NOT IF I SEE HIM FIRST!
OH, STOP IT, LAURA! HE'S TOO OLD FOR YOU... WHY ARE YOU SO JEALOUS OF ME?
4

BUT I SOON FORGOT LAURA'S TEASING WORDS AS I FELL UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF DICK'S FASCINATING PERSONALITY...
YOU'RE LOVELY, CAROLE. THERE'S A DELICATE GRACE ABOUT YOU THAT REMINDS ME OF WILLOW TREES WAVING SOFTLY IN THE BREEZE!
YOUR FLATTERY MAKES MY HEAD SPIN, DICK! I'LL BEGIN TO BELIEVE YOU!
IT'S SO PLEASANT JUST TALKING TO YOU, CAROLE! WHY DON'T WE GO FOR A QUIET DRIVE?
THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL, DICK! THEN WE COULD GET HOME EARLY!
YOU'RE LIKE AN ANGEL IN THE MOONLIGHT, CAROLE! YOUR LIPS ARE SO TANTALIZING!
DICK, DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!
TORMENTING THOUGHTS CONFUSED ME! I LOVED HIM, BUT I COULDN'T BURDEN HIM WITH MY FAMILY... STILL, MY HEART CRIED OUT FOR HIS STRONG ARMS TO PRESS ME CLOSE...
AND THEN, I WAS SWEPT INTO THE WHIRLPOOL OF HIS PASSIONATE EMBRACE! EVERYTHING ELSE FADED TO NOTHINGNESS AS I STRAINED TO ANSWER HIS DEMANDING KISSES...
YOU MUSTN'T, DICK! I HAVE NO RIGHT TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU! THERE'S SONNY AND LAURA TO THINK OF!
THE CHAINS OF LOVE ARE TOO STRONG, MY DARLING! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE NOW!
OH, WHY DID I HAVE TO DENY THE MAN I LOVED? LIFE WAS SO BRUTAL! I WAS FORCED TO THE MOST TERRIBLE LIE POSSIBLE TO ONE REALLY IN LOVE...
NO, DICK, I DON'T REALLY LOVE YOU! I LIKE YOU, BUT THAT'S ALL! YOU MUST FORGET ME!
I'M SORRY, CAROLE! I THOUGHT YOU FELT THE WAY I DO, BUT I SEE I WAS WRONG! I GUESS WE HAD BETTER GO HOME!
OH, DICK, HOW HARD IT IS TO WATCH YOU GO OUT OF MY LIFE! BUT I COULDN'T BURDEN YOU WITH THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF MY FAMILY! YOUR CAREER MUST COME FIRST!
5

I SPENT THE NEXT DAY IN ANGUISH...MY HEART TORN ASUNDER BY THE LOSS OF THE ONLY MAN I WOULD EVER LOVE...
HELLO, SONNY, WHERE'S LAURA? ISN'T SHE HERE?
OH, SHE WON'T BE HOME FOR DINNER! DR. MARTIN CALLED, AND THEY WENT OUT TOGETHER!
THERE WERE NO TEARS LEFT! MY BODY SHOOK WITH SOBS OF SILENT AGONY AS I THOUGHT OF MY SISTER'S TREACHERY...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIS? I...I DIDN'T REALIZE...ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH DR. MARTIN?
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT, SONNY. I'M GOING TO FORGET HIM COMPLETELY! LAURA CAN HAVE HIM!
GEE! DICK'S WONDERFUL, SIS! HE DANCES LIKE A DREAM! WE'RE GOING OUT AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STAYED OUT SO LATE! NOW GO TO BED AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
THE WEEKS PASSED, AND THE PAIN OF WATCHING LAURA GOING OUT WITH DICK BECAME A CONSTANT THROBBING IN MY SOUL! HOW WOULD IT END?
OH, DICK, YOU SAY THE CUTEST THINGS!
YOU'RE CUTE, YOURSELF, LAURA! C'MON, WE'LL REALLY PAINT THE TOWN RED TONIGHT!
I WAS STILL AWAKE WHEN THEY CAME HOME. I COULD HEAR THEIR GAY LAUGHTER AS THEY SAID GOOD-NIGHT! IT WAS TORTURE TO WATCH THEM, BUT I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF...
SEE YOU TOMORROW, HONEY!
GOOD NIGHT, MY DEAR!
IS THAT YOU, LAURA? WHY ARE YOU COMING HOME SO LATE?
OH, STOP IT, CAROLE! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING? YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS!
YOU'RE TRYING TO STOP ME FROM HAVING HIM BECAUSE YOU WANT HIM YOURSELF! WELL, HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME, AND I'M GOING TO MARRY HIM! YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM!
6.

MARRIED! HAD HE REALLY PROPOSED TO HER? MY KNEES TREMBLED AS MY WORLD CAME TUMBLING DOWN AROUND ME...
I CAN'T RUN AWAY! I CAN'T LEAVE SONNY, BUT HOW I WISH I NEVER HAD TO SEE THEM AGAIN! I COULDN'T FACE HIM...OH, DICK! DIDN'T YOUR KISSES MEAN ANYTHING?
THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS AMAZED TO SEE DICK AT THE DOOR...I COULDN'T BEAR HIS NEARNESS! CONFUSED BY MY WILDLY BEATING HEART, I STAMMERED...
OH, ER...HELLO... I'LL...I'LL CALL LAURA!
NO, WAIT, CAROLE! I CAME TO SEE SONNY! HOW IS OUR LITTLE PATIENT TODAY?
DID I HEAR DICK COME IN? I WASN'T EXPECTING HIM SO EARLY!
YOU VAIN, CONCEITED CHILD! HE DIDN'T COME TO SEE YOU! HE...
CAROLE, CAROLE, MY DARLING! YOU SWEET LITTLE FOOL, COME HERE!
WHY...DICK! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? DON'T TAUNT ME WITH YOUR LIES!
I COULD CONTROL MYSELF NO LONGER! I SUCCUMBED, AND I FELL INTO HIS ARMS, PRESSING MY TEAR-STAINED FACE AGAINST THE COMFORTING ROUGHNESS OF TWEED...
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO LIED, CAROLE! SONNY TOLD ME THAT YOU REALLY LOVE ME! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS JUST YOUR GENEROUS, UNSELFISH HEART THAT MADE YOU REFUSE ME!
OH, DICK, DARLING... SOB... I DO LOVE YOU, BUT WHAT ABOUT...
I NEVER REALLY WANTED LAURA, MY DEAR. EVERY TIME I CAME TO THE HOUSE, I JUST HOPED TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF YOU! I NEVER FORGOT YOU, MY SWEET!
I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU, DICK, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO COME BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR CAREER!
MY CAREER IS NOTHING WITHOUT YOU, DARLING! I WANT YOU, CAROLE, AND YOUR FAMILY! WE NEED EACH OTHER!
OH, MY DARLING! LIFE IS PERFECT!
IN THE SECURE WARMTH OF DICK'S ARMS, I WELCOMED LOVE AT LAST! HIS LIPS PRESSED AGAINST MINE, AND THE WORLD DISSOLVED IN A CRESCENDO OF ECSTASY!
7.

"I HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR JUST A YEAR WHEN TRAGEDY STRUCK AND TOOK MY HUSBAND FROM MY SIDE! IN MY LONELINESS, I TURNED TO DOCTOR GREGG MACY AND FOUND TO MY SURPRISE THAT HE HAD BECOME MUCH MORE THAN A COMPANION TO ME...HAD BECOME, IN FACT...

THE LOVE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...

HARRISON WOOD

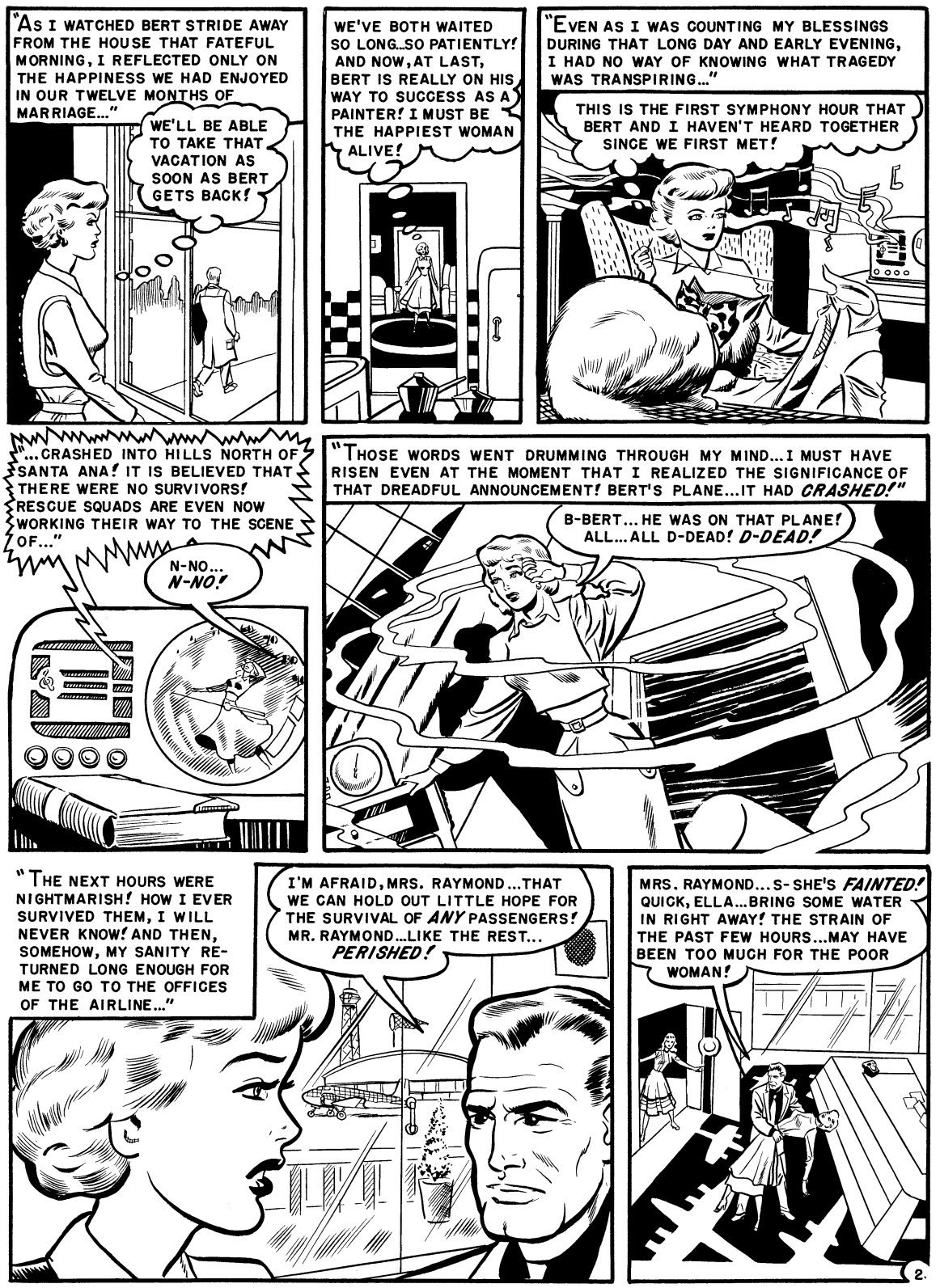
a true MODERN Love Story

"BERT RAYMOND AND I HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR JUST ABOUT A YEAR WHEN ONE DAY HE TOOK LEAVE FOR WHAT WE SUPPOSED WAS A ROUTINE FLIGHT TO THE WEST COAST!"

GOOD-BYE, DARLING...I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO CATCH THAT PLANE!

I CAN STILL GET INTO A COAT AND GO TO THE AIRPORT WITH YOU, BERT...

DON'T BE SILLY, BETTY... I'LL BE THERE AND UP INTO THE WILD BLUE IN A JIFFY! WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, I SHOULD BE BACK...WITH A CHECK FOR THESE SIX PAINTINGS!

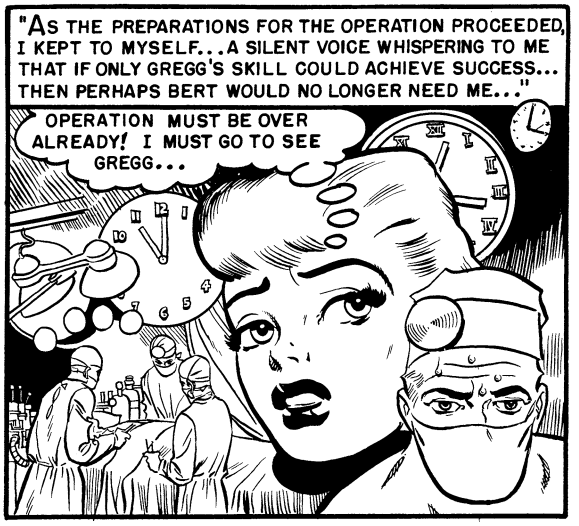

"AS I WATCHED BERT STRIDE AWAY FROM THE HOUSE THAT FATEFUL MORNING, I REFLECTED ONLY ON THE HAPPINESS WE HAD ENJOYED IN OUR TWELVE MONTHS OF MARRIAGE..."
WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE THAT VACATION AS SOON AS BERT GETS BACK!
WE'VE BOTH WAITED SO LONG...SO PATIENTLY! AND NOW, AT LAST, BERT IS REALLY ON HIS WAY TO SUCCESS AS A PAINTER! I MUST BE THE HAPPIEST WOMAN ALIVE!
"EVEN AS I WAS COUNTING MY BLESSINGS DURING THAT LONG DAY AND EARLY EVENING, I HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT TRAGEDY WAS TRANSPIRING..."
THIS IS THE FIRST SYMPHONY HOUR THAT BERT AND I HAVEN'T HEARD TOGETHER SINCE WE FIRST MET!
"...CRASHED INTO HILLS NORTH OF SANTA ANA! IT IS BELIEVED THAT THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS! RESCUE SQUADS ARE EVEN NOW WORKING THEIR WAY TO THE SCENE OF..."
N-NO... N-NO!
"THOSE WORDS WENT DRUMMING THROUGH MY MIND... I MUST HAVE RISEN EVEN AT THE MOMENT THAT I REALIZED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT DREADFUL ANNOUNCEMENT! BERT'S PLANE... IT HAD CRASHED!"
B-BERT... HE WAS ON THAT PLANE! ALL... ALL D-DEAD! D-DEAD!
"THE NEXT HOURS WERE NIGHTMARISH! HOW I EVER SURVIVED THEM, I WILL NEVER KNOW! AND THEN, SOMEHOW, MY SANITY RETURNED LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GO TO THE OFFICES OF THE AIRLINE..."
I'M AFRAID, MRS. RAYMOND... THAT WE CAN HOLD OUT LITTLE HOPE FOR THE SURVIVAL OF ANY PASSENGERS! MR. RAYMOND... LIKE THE REST... PERISHED!
MRS. RAYMOND... S-SHE'S FAINTED! QUICK, ELLA... BRING SOME WATER IN RIGHT AWAY! THE STRAIN OF THE PAST FEW HOURS... MAY HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR THE POOR WOMAN!
2.

THERE SHE IS, GREGG... TERRIBLE THING! THE SHOCK OF HEARING OF HER HUSBAND'S DEATH MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CALL ANYONE ELSE... AND SINCE YOUR OFFICE IS RIGHT DOWN THE HALL...
"THE MIST WHICH HAD ENGULFED ME SLOWLY SWIRLED AWAY, AND I BECAME CONSCIOUS FIRST OF A STABBING PAIN IN MY HEAD... THEN OF AN OFFICE... AND FINALLY OF HIM... GREGG MACY!"
THERE...THAT'S BETTER! AFRAID YOU'VE HAD A DIZZY SPELL... BUT WE'LL HAVE YOU UP IN NO TIME!
"HE WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT, THOUGH... FOR THE TERRIBLE SHOCK OF BERT'S DEATH LEFT ITS SCAR ON MY MIND! FOR WEEKS, I WAS ONLY PARTIALLY AWARE OF MY SURROUNDINGS... THE SANATORIUM IN WHICH DR. GREGG MACY TREATED ME...."
LOOKS LIKE THE WORST PART OF IT IS OVER, NOW... BETTY!
IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A CLOUDY DREAM, NOW! THE TIME... THE MONTHS HERE... IT'S AS IF THEY NEVER HAPPENED! AND ALL THIS TIME... I OWE EVERYTHING TO DOCTOR MACY... TO GREGG!
SANITARI
I-I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, GREGG! FOR THE COUNTLESS HOURS THEY TOLD ME YOU SPENT RIGHT AT MY BEDSIDE! FOR MAKING ME FEEL THAT LIFE WAS WORTH LIVING AGAIN!
"THERE WERE OTHER WORDS THAT I WANTED TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT MY SIDE... WORDS OF HEARTFELT THANKS... BUT I WAS AFRAID TO LET HIM KNOW HOW COMPLETELY I HAD COME TO RELY ON HIM..."
I'LL HAVE TO GO NOW, G-GREGG... BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET Y-YOU....
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE, BETTY... EXCEPT HERE INTO MY ARMS! YOU DON'T THINK I'D LET YOU GO BACK INTO THE VACUUM THAT REMAINS OF YOUR LIFE NOW THAT YOUR HUSBAND IS GONE....
G-GREGG... DARLING!
3.

"IN THAT INSTANT, AS I FELT GREGG'S ARMS CIRCLE AROUND ME, I REALIZED HOW MUCH HE HAD COME TO MEAN TO ME! THE THRILL WHICH COURSED DOWN MY SPINE COULD MEAN ONLY ONE THING..."
DEAREST... I LOVE YOU, TOO!
"I FELT AN ECSTASY I HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE IN THE GLORIOUS DAYS THAT FOLLOWED! SKILLFULLY, GREGG KEPT MY MIND FROM THE TRAGEDY I HAD PASSED THROUGH..."
THIS IS WONDERFUL, GREGG... REALLY, YOU'RE GOING TO SPOIL ME!
SEA SPRAY
MUCH AS I TRY TO TEAR MYSELF OUT OF THIS SITUATION... TO ACT THE WAY A WIDOW OF SIX MONTHS SHOULD... I FIND MYSELF LURED BACK TO GREGG'S ARMS! AND WHEN I'M HERE... I'M SURE THIS IS WHERE I SHOULD ALWAYS BE!
B-BETTY... BETTY, DARLING! THESE PAST FEW MONTHS... YOU'VE MADE ME THE HAPPIEST OF MEN! KNOWING YOU... SPEAKING TO YOU... SENSING THAT PERHAPS YOU CARE...
Y-YES, GREGG... I-I DO CARE!
"HIS ARMS WERE AROUND ME AGAIN, AND I FELT A TINGLE TRAVELING DOWN MY BODY! NEVER BEFORE HAD I FELT THIS RADIANCE... THIS SUPREME THRILL OF BELONGING SO MUCH TO ANYONE!"
DARLING!
BETTY, DEAREST... I LOVE YOU!
"HIS LIPS BRUSHED MINE... WE CLUNG TO ONE ANOTHER AS IF NOTHING COULD EVER SEPARATE US... AS IF NOTHING COULD EVER MATTER MORE THAN OUR POSSESSING ONE ANOTHER..."
THIS HAS BEEN MORE WONDERFUL THAN EVEN MY WILDEST DREAMS, BETTY! WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHY I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO ENTER MY LIFE!
AND WITHOUT YOU, DEAREST, LIFE WOULD BE A HOLLOW SHELL FOR ME! YOU'VE GIVEN ME REASON FOR LIVING!
4

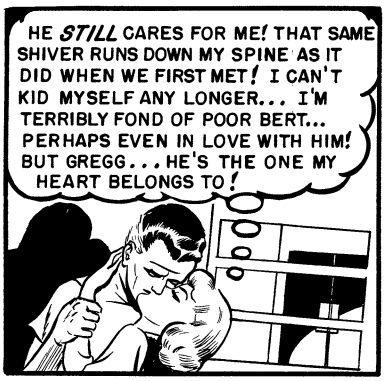
"EVEN AS I HAD ALWAYS TAKEN AN INTENSE INTEREST IN BERT'S WORK, SO I WAS ANXIOUS TO SEE WHAT IT WAS THAT GREGG MACY DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO..."
THIS CASE IS A CURIOUS ONE...MAN FLOWN IN JUST TODAY! WAS IN SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT...SEEMS TO HAVE LOST THE DESIRE TO LIVE! COME ON...LET'S LOOK IN ON THE POOR CHAP!
WARD C
HE'S HERE SPECIFICALLY TO BE TREATED FOR BLIND... BETTY! Y-YOU LOOK ILL... AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!
I...I HAVE, GREGG! H-HE... BERT...MY HUSBAND!
B-BERT... ALIVE! AND YOU SOB... Y-YOU NEVER LET ME KNOW!
I COULDN'T, DARLING...NOT WHEN I CRAWLED OUT OF THAT WRECKAGE AND LEARNED AFTER MONTHS IN THE HOSPITAL THAT I'D PROBABLY NEVER SEE AGAIN! I KNEW YOU'D BE HEART-BROKEN FOR AWHILE...BUT I COULDN'T BE A WEIGHT AROUND YOUR NECK FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! B-BUT NOW... Y-YOU'VE FOUND ME!
"AS MUCH AS I HAD COME TO LOVE GREGG MACY, I REALIZED IT WAS MY DUTY TO MY HUSBAND TO REMAIN AT HIS SIDE...PARTICULARLY SINCE HE NEEDED ME NOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE! AND SO..."
...AND SO, DEAREST, I MUST VANISH FROM YOUR LIFE! BUT NOT BEFORE I TELL YOU THIS...I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!
"THE VERY NEXT DAY, I HAD BERT MOVED FROM THE HOSPITAL, AND KEEPING MY BROKEN HEART PENT UP WITHIN ME, I TOOK MY BLIND HUSBAND BACK TO OUR HOME..."
T-THIS IS REALLY COMING HOME, DARLING...TO AN ANGEL LIKE YOU!
...PICTURE HERE OF GREGG...CARRYING ON SOME KIND OF RARE RESEARCH! NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO BRUSH HIM FROM MY MIND... TO RESUME MY LIFE WITH BERT...SOMETHING HAPPENS TO REMIND ME OF GREGG! DEAR GREGG!
"BUT TIME WAS A HEALER...AND I SOON FOUND MYSELF COMPLETELY INVOLVED IN THE PROBLEM OF BERT'S RECOVERY! SOMETHING OF THE OLD FEELING RETURNED...AND THE DAY CAME WHEN WE HEADED EAST FOR ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT A CURE..."
WE MAY BE ABLE TO RESTORE YOUR SIGHT! I'VE CONTACTED A SKILLED MAN TO TRY, ANYWAY! HE JUST FLEW IN....
5

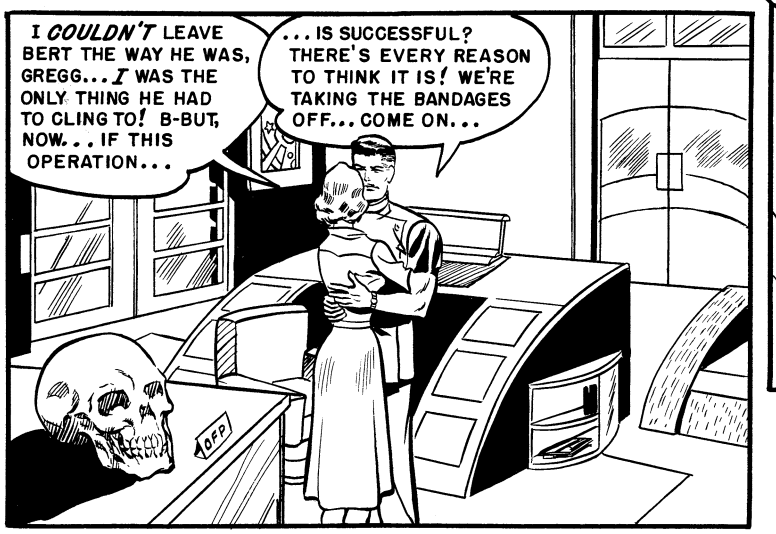
"I TURNED TOWARD THE DOOR...AND A SEARING FLASH DESCENDED DOWN MY SPINE! ALL MY ATTEMPTS AT FORGETFULNESS WERE SMASHED IN THOSE NEXT SECONDS..."
G-GREGG... GREGG MACY!
DOCTOR MACY? WE MEET AGAIN...

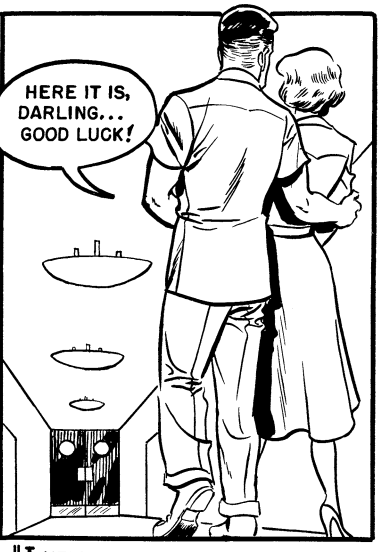

"AS THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE OPERATION PROCEEDED, I KEPT TO MYSELF...A SILENT VOICE WHISPERING TO ME THAT IF ONLY GREGG'S SKILL COULD ACHIEVE SUCCESS... THEN PERHAPS BERT WOULD NO LONGER NEED ME..."
OPERATION MUST BE OVER ALREADY! I MUST GO TO SEE GREGG...

GREGG... GREGG, DARLING! I COULDN'T STAY AWAY ANOTHER INSTANT! THAT LETTER... MY GOING BACK HOME WITH BERT... TRY TO UNDERSTAND MY ACTIONS.
B-BETTY! OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND... THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE YOU COULD DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

"HIS ARMS CLOSED ABOUT ME... AND THE OLD FLAME WAS REKINDLED! I FELT MYSELF GROW LIMP... I BELONGED TO GREGG MACY AS NEVER BEFORE!"
GREGG... DEAREST! I'VE NEVER HAD A MOMENT OF NOT THINKING OF YOU!


HE STILL CARES FOR ME! THAT SAME SHIVER RUNS DOWN MY SPINE AS IT DID WHEN WE FIRST MET! I CAN'T KID MYSELF ANY LONGER... I'M TERRIBLY FOND OF POOR BERT... PERHAPS EVEN IN LOVE WITH HIM! BUT GREGG... HE'S THE ONE MY HEART BELONGS TO!


I COULDN'T LEAVE BERT THE WAY HE WAS, GREGG... I WAS THE ONLY THING HE HAD TO CLING TO! B-BUT, NOW... IF THIS OPERATION...
...IS SUCCESSFUL? THERE'S EVERY REASON TO THINK IT IS! WE'RE TAKING THE BANDAGES OFF... COME ON...
OFF



"I HELD MY BREATH AS WE STRODE DOWN THAT SEEMINGLY ENDLESS HALLWAY! IN A ROOM AT ONE END WAS A MAN I WAS FERVENTLY FOND OF.. AND AT MY SIDE WAS THE MAN I LOVED!"

6.

"THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, AND WE ENTERED! BERT WAS PROPPED UP IN BED, AND THE BANDAGES HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM HIS EYES! FOR AN INSTANT, HE TURNED TO US...AND THEN..."
BETTY! DR. MACY... I-I...I CAN SEE!
IT'S A MIRACLE, ALL RIGHT... AND I OWE YOU A DEBT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REPAY, GREGG! IF I HADN'T COME TO YOU... I NEVER WOULD HAVE SEEN THE SUN AND THE FLOWERS AGAIN! OR MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE, EITHER!
"I LOOKED FOR A FLEETING SECOND AT GREGG ...AND WAS STARTLED BY THE EXPRESSION I SAW ON HIS FACE! BERT'S WORDS HAD VISIBLY AFFECTED HIM..."
NOW I NEED YOU MORE THAN EVER, BETTY DARLING! TOGETHER WE'LL REBUILD OUR LIVES! YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME REGAIN MY SKILL WITH THE BRUSH AND PALETTE...
"GREGG TURNED HIS AGONIZED EYES TOWARD ME... AND IN THAT INSTANT, I REALIZED HE WAS SILENTLY COMPELLING ME TO REMAIN AT BERT'S SIDE!"
O-OF COURSE, BERT... NOW YOU'LL NEED BETTY'S HELP MORE THAN EVER BEFORE! NOW THAT YOU'RE WHOLLY ALIVE AGAIN... THE ONE YOU LOVE MOST MUST GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR!
H-HE'S GOING...GREGG'S GOING OUT OF MY LIFE! OUR LOVE...WE HAVE TO PUT IT ASIDE AGAIN... BECAUSE SOMEONE'S SURVIVAL DEPENDS UPON IT! WITHOUT ME, GREGG CAN GO HIS WAY...BUT WITHOUT ME, BERT'S LIFE LOSES REASON!
HE'S A GREAT GUY, BETTY... ONE OF THE BEST! I OWE HIM A DEBT...WE BOTH DO! BUT LET'S FORGET IT TEMPORARILY...WE HAVE TO MEET ONE ANOTHER ALL OVER AGAIN, DON'T WE?
Y-YES...WE DO, DEAR!
"BERT'S LIPS TOLD ME THAT HE WAS RECLAIMING HIS WIFE ...I'M SURE HE WAS TOO EXULTANT TO NOTICE MY SIGH OF RESIGNATION!"
THE END
"I KNEW IN THAT MOMENT THAT I WAS FOREVER BOUND TO BERT! BUT MY HEART WAS SOMETHING THAT WOULD BELONG ALWAYS TO GREGG!"
7

MY NAME IS ELENA...ELENA PEREZ! THIS IS THE TRAGIC STORY OF MY LIFE...THE STORY OF A LOST LOVE! I AM CONDEMNED TO A LONELY, TORTURED LIFE BECAUSE...
THEY WOULDN'T LET ME
Love Story
I LOVE YOU, DARLING! I WON'T LET YOU GO!
I CAN'T LET THEM RUIN YOU! YOUR CAREER IS TOO IMPORTANT!
MY MOTHER WAS THE COOK AT THE HAYNES' RANCH! WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN, MARK HAYNES AND I WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER! OH, IF WE COULD ONLY RECAPTURE THE SIMPLE HAPPINESS OF THOSE WONDERFUL DAYS...

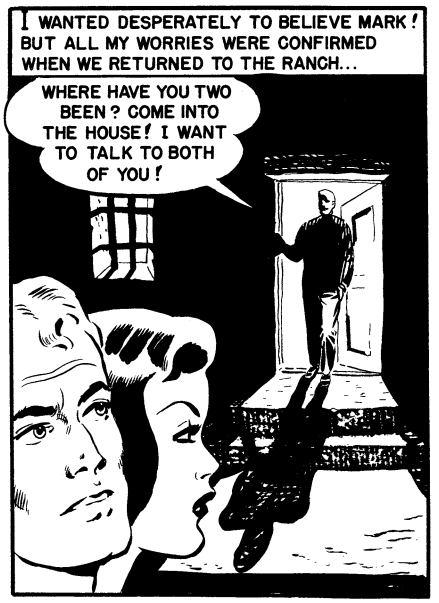
MAY
Es la una y media, Elena! Pronto!
I HAVE TO GO AND HELP MY MOTHER WITH DINNER, MARK!
MARK... MARK! HERE I AM!
ELENA! I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU!
BUT THOSE HAPPY DAYS PASSED ALL TOO QUICKLY! SOON WE HAD TO PART! MY HEART KNEW THE FIRST PANGS OF LONELINESS AS MARK LEFT FOR COLLEGE...
PLEASE WRITE TO ME, MARK! I'LL MISS YOU!
I'LL BE BACK SOON! AND THEN I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU!
MARK, DEAR! YOU'LL BE HOME NEXT WEEK? FOUR YEARS... IT'S BEEN AN ETERNITY!
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, MARK!
AND NOW--YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!
IT WAS HARD TO REALIZE THAT THIS HANDSOME STRANGER WAS MARK! IN THE MOMENT IT TOOK TO CATCH MY BREATH, I FELL MADLY, IRREVOCABLY IN LOVE...
THERE'S MY FATHER! I HAVE TO GO! MEET ME AT NINE O'CLOCK AT THE BIG BOULDER!
I'LL BE THERE, MARK... DEAR!
THAT NIGHT
I NEVER DREAMED YOU'D BE SO LOVELY!
MARK, OH MARK! MY DARLING!
2

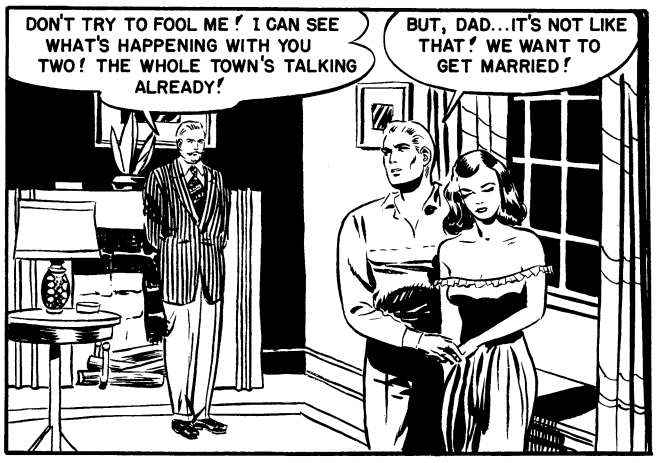
WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER FOR ONE PRECIOUS MOMENT! THEN I WAS IN HIS ARMS! BURNING KISSES TOLD ME OF HIS LOVE...

OFTEN I DREAMED OF RETURNING TO YOU, MY DEAREST! BUT I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THIS WONDERFUL!
I LOVE YOU, MARK! BUT...

BUT WHAT? WE LOVE EACH OTHER! WHAT ELSE CAN THERE BE?
YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER WILL NEVER LET YOU MARRY... A GIRL OF MEXICAN DESCENT!

MAYBE IT'S UNFAIR, MARK, BUT HE'S RIGHT! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?
I WON'T LET ANYTHING COME BETWEEN US!


I WANTED DESPERATELY TO BELIEVE MARK! BUT ALL MY WORRIES WERE CONFIRMED WHEN WE RETURNED TO THE RANCH...
WHERE HAVE YOU TWO BEEN? COME INTO THE HOUSE! I WANT TO TALK TO BOTH OF YOU!

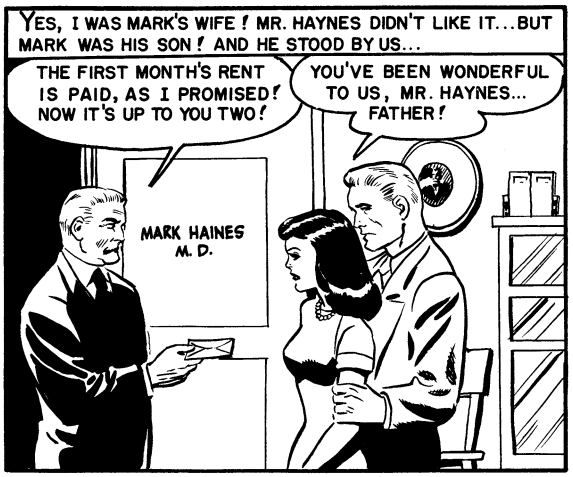

DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME! I CAN SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH YOU TWO! THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ALREADY!
BUT, DAD... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT! WE WANT TO GET MARRIED!

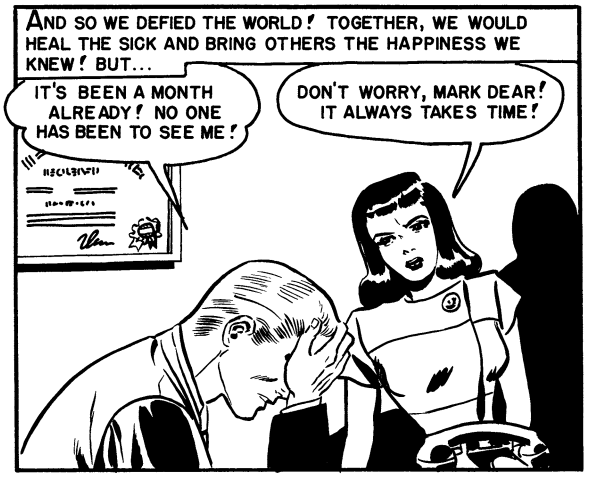
IMPOSSIBLE, MARK! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO LIVE IN THIS TOWN WITH A WIFE WHO IS YOUR... WELL, SOCIAL INFERIOR! PERHAPS IF I SEND YOU AWAY, YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO FORGET EACH OTHER!
3

HOW COULD OUR LOVE...SO GOOD AND SWEET...CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE? I WANTED TO SCREAM...PLEASE DON'T TAKE HIM FROM ME!!!
ELENA...DARLING! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!
LET HER GO, SON! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY!
I FLED TO MY MOTHER! PERHAPS SHE COULD SOOTHE THE BURNING WOUND IN MY HEART...
WHAT IS IT, CHILD? YOU SOUND AS IF YOUR HEART WERE BROKEN!
OH, MOTHER! WHY CAN'T HE BE MINE?
MR. HAYNES IS RIGHT! THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN THIS WORLD YOU CANNOT FIGHT!
BUT WE LOVE EACH OTHER! WHAT'S WRONG IN THAT?
TERRIFYING NIGHTMARES ROBBED ME OF MY SLEEP! THE NEXT DAY...
ELENA, DARLING! DAD'S SENDING ME TO MEDICAL SCHOOL! I CAN'T REFUSE!
OH, MARK! IT'S SO HARD TO PART! JUST WHEN WE'VE FOUND LOVE!
I WANT TO FIND YOU RIGHT HERE WAITING FOR ME WHEN I GET BACK, MY DARLING!
I'LL BE HERE, MY LOVE! I PROMISE!
THESE WERE LONELY DAYS! ONLY MY HOPE SUSTAINED ME! SOMEDAY ...SOMEDAY WE WOULD FIND THE PEACE AND HAPPINESS WE WANTED SO DESPERATELY...
YOU SHOULD BE GOING OUT AND ENJOYING YOURSELF, ELENA!
SOB...IF I CAN'T HAVE MARK, I DON'T WANT ANYBODY!
HERE GIRL, SOME MORE WATER!
WITH A HEAVY HEART, I CONTINUED AS A SERVANT AT THE RANCH...
4

AS I LEFT THE ROOM, I HEARD...
JOHN, I FEEL I SHOULD TELL YOU ABOUT THIS! RUMORS SAY THAT YOUR SON IS INTERESTED IN THIS... THIS MEXICAN GIRL OF YOURS!
SHE'S JUST A SERVANT! MARK WOULD NEVER...
I CAN'T STAND IT! SOB... BUT I MUST WAIT FOR MARK!
NOW, NOW, CHILD! THEY MEANT NO HARM!
AND SO, WHILE WAITING FOR MARK, I GREW UP! I LEARNED TO BE POLITE TO THOSE WHO HATED ME! I LEARNED TO CONFINE MY TEARS TO MY PILLOW...
TOMORROW NIGHT, I'LL BE IN HIS ARMS AGAIN! THEN THE BITTER MEMORY OF THESE YEARS WILL FADE!
DEAREST! I KNEW I'D FIND YOU WAITING FOR ME HERE!
MARK... OH, MY DARLING! HOLD ME CLOSE!
HOURS FLEW BY WHILE OUR YEARNING LIPS AND EAGER ARMS WERE SATISFIED! THEN WE TALKED...
...AND DAD'S ALREADY RENTED AN OFFICE FOR ME IN TOWN!
SOON, DR. MARK HAYNES WILL BE THE TOWN'S MOST SUCCESSFUL DOCTOR! I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU, DARLING!
I HAVE WORK TO DO HERE...IMPORTANT WORK! BUT IT ALL MEANS NOTHING WITHOUT YOU!
BUT THEY WON'T LET US LOVE EACH OTHER!
NOW, MY SWEET, I WANT TO ASK YOU...
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! WE CAN'T GET MARRIED!
5

HIS LIPS STOPPED MY WORDS! AGAIN, WE WERE CAUGHT IN THE WHIRLPOOL OF RAPTURE WE HAD BEEN DENIED FOR SO LONG...
YOU CAN'T REFUSE ME, ELENA! YOU'RE GOING TO BE MINE!
MARK! DEAR LORD...HOW CAN I SAY NO?
I WAS DRUNK WITH THE PASSION THAT ENGULFED US! I FOUND MYSELF AGREEING TO MARK'S SECRETIVE PLAN...
WE'LL LEAVE FOR SOUTH CITY TOMORROW AT MIDNIGHT!
BUT MARK, SOMEONE'S SURE TO SEE US! IT ISN'T RIGHT!
WE RETURNED TWO DAYS LATER AS IF FROM ANOTHER WORLD! NOW WE REALLY BELONGED TO EACH OTHER...
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY! AND YET...I FEEL SO GUILTY!
GUILTY OF WHAT? BEING IN LOVE?
HAY AND GR
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THIS...THIS GIRL! RUNNING AROUND WITH HER...OVER THE WEEKEND!
OH, NO, MR. HAYNES! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY! GET OUT OF HERE! LEAVE MY SON ALONE!
YOU'D BETTER LISTEN, DAD! YOU MIGHT SAY SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET!
I WASN'T GOING TO TELL YOU THIS UNTIL MY MEDICAL PRACTICE WAS ESTABLISHED! ELENA...IS MY WIFE! WE WERE MARRIED YESTERDAY IN SOUTH CITY!
WH-WHAT!!
6


YES, I WAS MARK'S WIFE! MR. HAYNES DIDN'T LIKE IT...BUT MARK WAS HIS SON! AND HE STOOD BY US...
THE FIRST MONTH'S RENT IS PAID, AS I PROMISED! NOW IT'S UP TO YOU TWO!
YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL TO US, MR. HAYNES... FATHER!
MARK HAINES M. D.


AND SO WE DEFIED THE WORLD! TOGETHER, WE WOULD HEAL THE SICK AND BRING OTHERS THE HAPPINESS WE KNEW! BUT...
IT'S BEEN A MONTH ALREADY! NO ONE HAS BEEN TO SEE ME!
DON'T WORRY, MARK DEAR! IT ALWAYS TAKES TIME!

BUT A GNAWING DOUBT CREPT INTO MY MIND AS WE WAITED... AND WAITED...
IT'S FATHER, MARK! HE WANTS US TO GO TO THE RODEO WITH HIM!
I HAVE TO STAY HERE...JUST IN CASE SOMEONE COMES IN! BUT PLEASE GO, ELENA! I WANT YOU TO HAVE A GOOD TIME, DEAREST!

OH, LOOK! THERE'S JOHN HAYNES AND HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW! CAN YOU IMAGINE!
ISN'T IT AWFUL? I WONDER HOW HE COULD HAVE ALLOWED HIS SON TO MARRY A GIRL LIKE THAT?
RODEO
TICKE

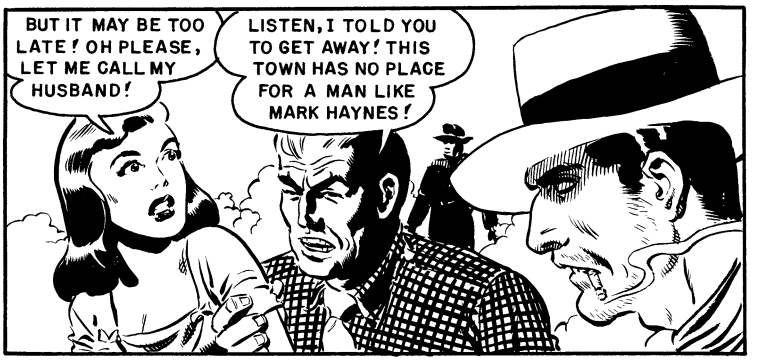
SO THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING! NO WONDER NO ONE HAS BEEN TO SEE MARK!

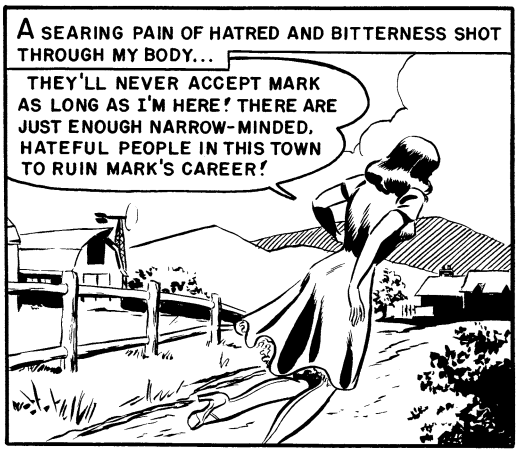
YOU DON'T LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELF, MY DEAR!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT...OH-H-H LOOK!
WOR
ROI

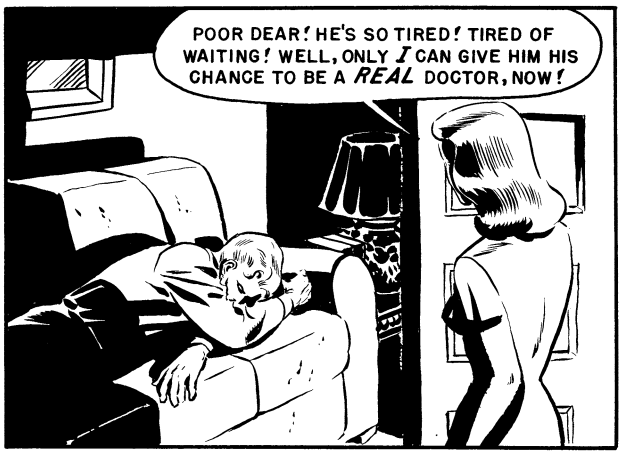
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT CHILD...HE'LL BE KILLED!
OH, HOW AWFUL! I MUST GET OVER THERE!
7

PLEASE LET ME THROUGH! I WANT TO HELP!
GET AWAY! WE DON'T WANT YOUR KIND AROUND HERE!

HE'S HURT... I MUST CALL MARK!
MARK HAYNES? WE WOULDN'T HAVE HIM TOUCH THAT CHILD! PETE, CALL DR. CARSON IN SOUTH CITY!


BUT IT MAY BE TOO LATE! OH PLEASE, LET ME CALL MY HUSBAND!
LISTEN, I TOLD YOU TO GET AWAY! THIS TOWN HAS NO PLACE FOR A MAN LIKE MARK HAYNES!


A SEARING PAIN OF HATRED AND BITTERNESS SHOT THROUGH MY BODY...
THEY'LL NEVER ACCEPT MARK AS LONG AS I'M HERE! THERE ARE JUST ENOUGH NARROW-MINDED, HATEFUL PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN TO RUIN MARK'S CAREER!

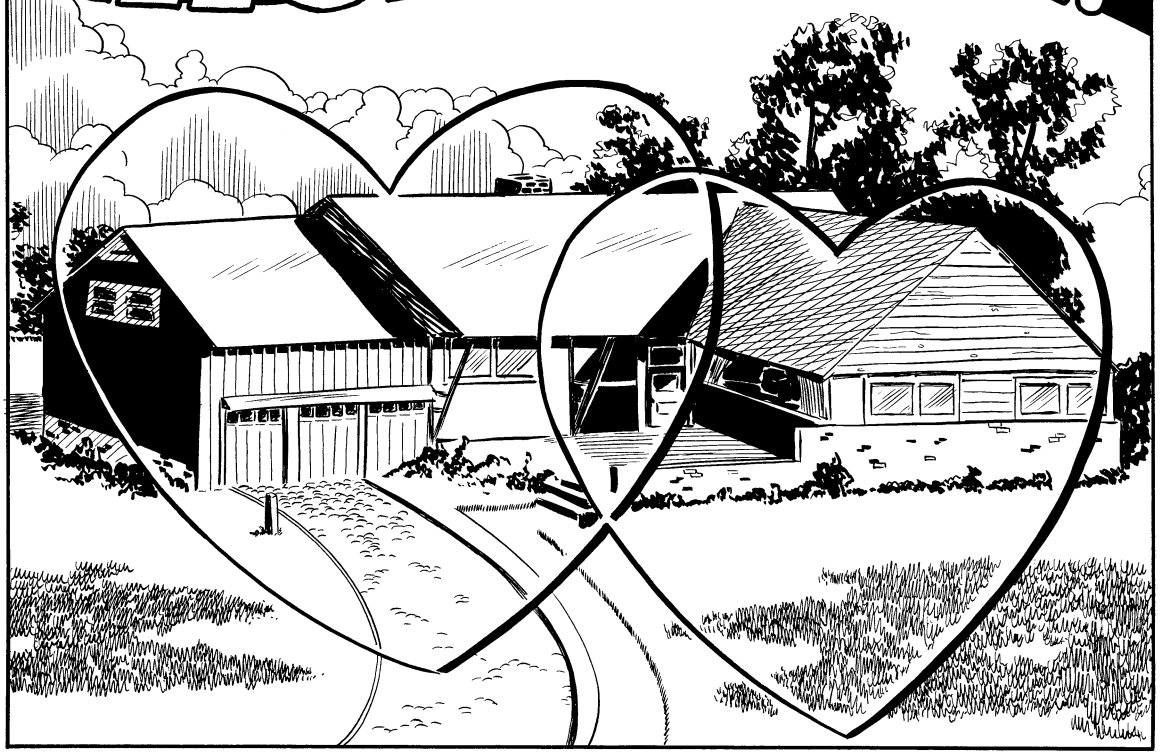

POOR DEAR! HE'S SO TIRED! TIRED OF WAITING! WELL, ONLY I CAN GIVE HIM HIS CHANCE TO BE A REAL DOCTOR, NOW!

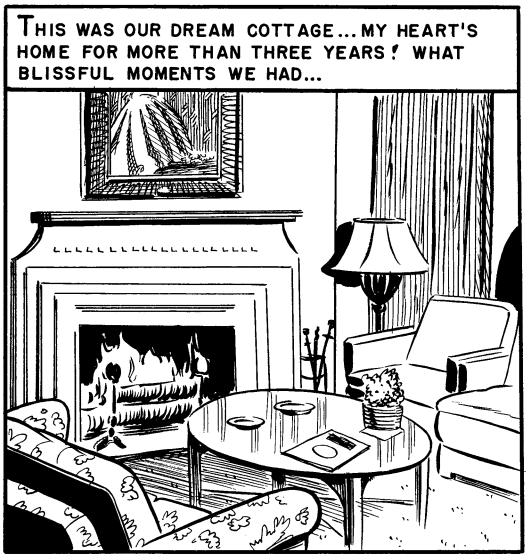
THE BLINDING TEARS... THE ACHE IN MY HEART! IT WAS ALL WORTH-WHILE IF MARK WOULD BE HAPPY...
I LOVE YOU, MARK! I KNOW YOU LOVE ME, BUT HOW CAN WE GO ON THIS WAY? EVERYONE HATES US! AND IT WOULD BE THE SAME WHEREVER WE WENT!

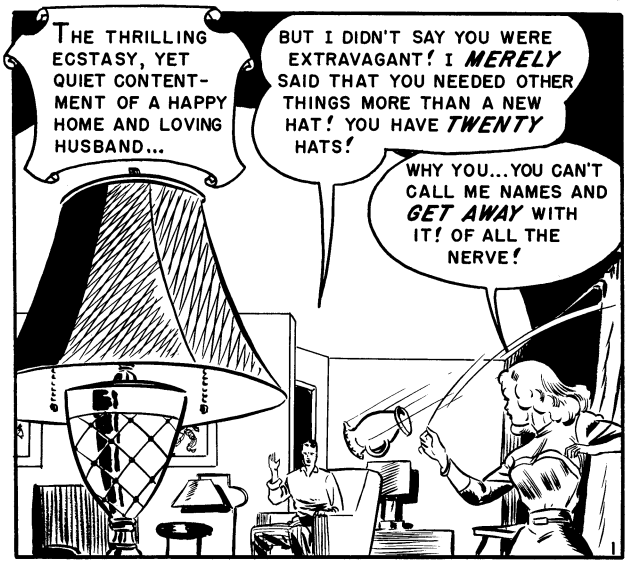
YOU'LL FORGIVE ME AFTER AWHILE, MY DARLING! AND THEN YOU'LL REALIZE THIS IS THE ONLY SOLUTION! GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!
PERHAPS IN ANOTHER WORLD... PERHAPS IN ANOTHER TIME... WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FREE TO LOVE! BUT NOW I'M ALONE! ALONE WITH JUST THE MEMORY OF A LOST LOVE!
8

ALL MY DREAMS WERE FULFILLED WHEN I MARRIED THE MAN I LOVED...WE LIVED IN A PARADISE ON EARTH! THEN OUR GARDEN OF EDEN WAS DESTROYED BY A VOLCANIC EXPLOSION OF HATE AND HEARTBREAK WHEN WE DISCOVERED IT WAS...

ILLEGAL TO LOVE!





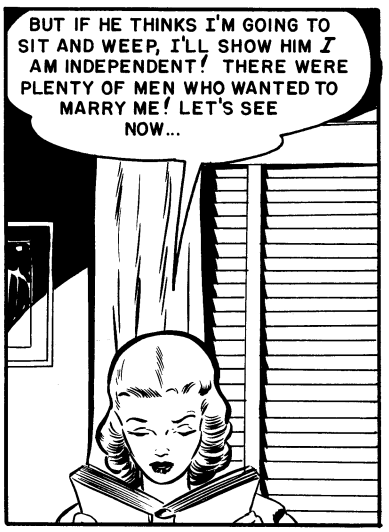

THE THRILLING ECSTASY, YET QUIET CONTENTMENT OF A HAPPY HOME AND LOVING HUSBAND...
BUT I DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE EXTRAVAGANT! I MERELY SAID THAT YOU NEEDED OTHER THINGS MORE THAN A NEW HAT! YOU HAVE TWENTY HATS!
WHY YOU...YOU CAN'T CALL ME NAMES AND GET AWAY WITH IT! OF ALL THE NERVE!

BUT, DEAR!
BESIDES, IF I WANT TO BUY FIVE HUNDRED HATS, IT'S NO CONCERN OF YOURS! AFTER ALL, IT'S MY MONEY!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE PRETTY PROUD OF THE FACT THAT YOU EARN YOUR OWN MONEY, AREN'T YOU? WELL, MAYBE IT'S NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA! I COULDN'T AFFORD TO KEEP YOU IN HATS! IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU SO MUCH...
OH, DO YOU REALLY STILL LOVE ME, HANK DARLING? I LOVE YOU! SOMETIMES IT SEEMS AS IF YOU'RE... SORRY YOU MARRIED ME!
HONEY, WHY DO WE QUARREL SO MUCH? OF COURSE I REALLY LOVE YOU!
YOU JUST WORK TOO HARD ALL DAY! THEN THE SHOPPING AND COOKING...I WISH YOU'D GIVE UP YOUR JOB!
THAT'S ALWAYS YOUR ANSWER, ISN'T IT? GIVE UP MY JOB! YOU'D LIKE A LITTLE, HELPLESS FEMALE TO DEPEND ON YOU, JUST TO SATISFY YOUR EGO! WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU!
YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO SHOW ME ANYTHING! I'M LEAVING, AND YOU CAN BUY YOURSELF A THOUSAND HATS, LIBBY DOWE!
I'LL BUY A MILLION HATS! BUT BEFORE YOU GO... HERE'S A PRESENT... OUR MARRIAGE LICENSE!
I DON'T WANT THIS ANYMORE... YOU CAN KEEP IT FOR... A SOUVENIR OF...WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!
IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, I CERTAINLY DON'T!
Marriage License
WELL, IF YOU'RE THAT SERIOUS ABOUT IT, I... HEY! HOLD ON!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
2

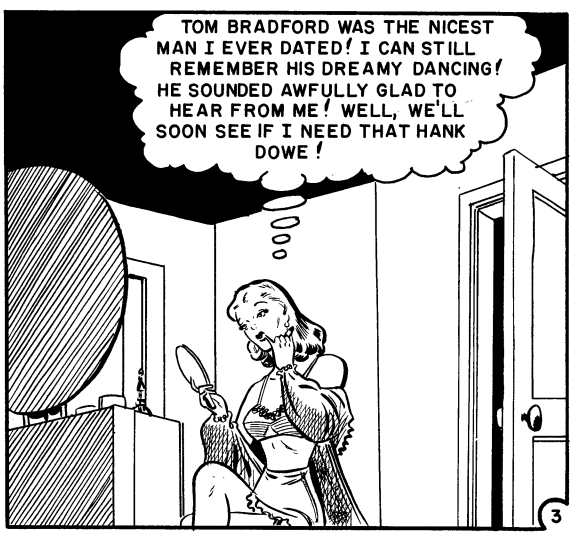
I'M AFRAID IT DOES MEAN THAT! WE WERE NEVER *LEGALLY* MARRIED!
BUT WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR THREE YEARS... I MEAN, WE'VE BEEN LIVING... THAT IS, I *THOUGHT* WE WERE MARRIED!

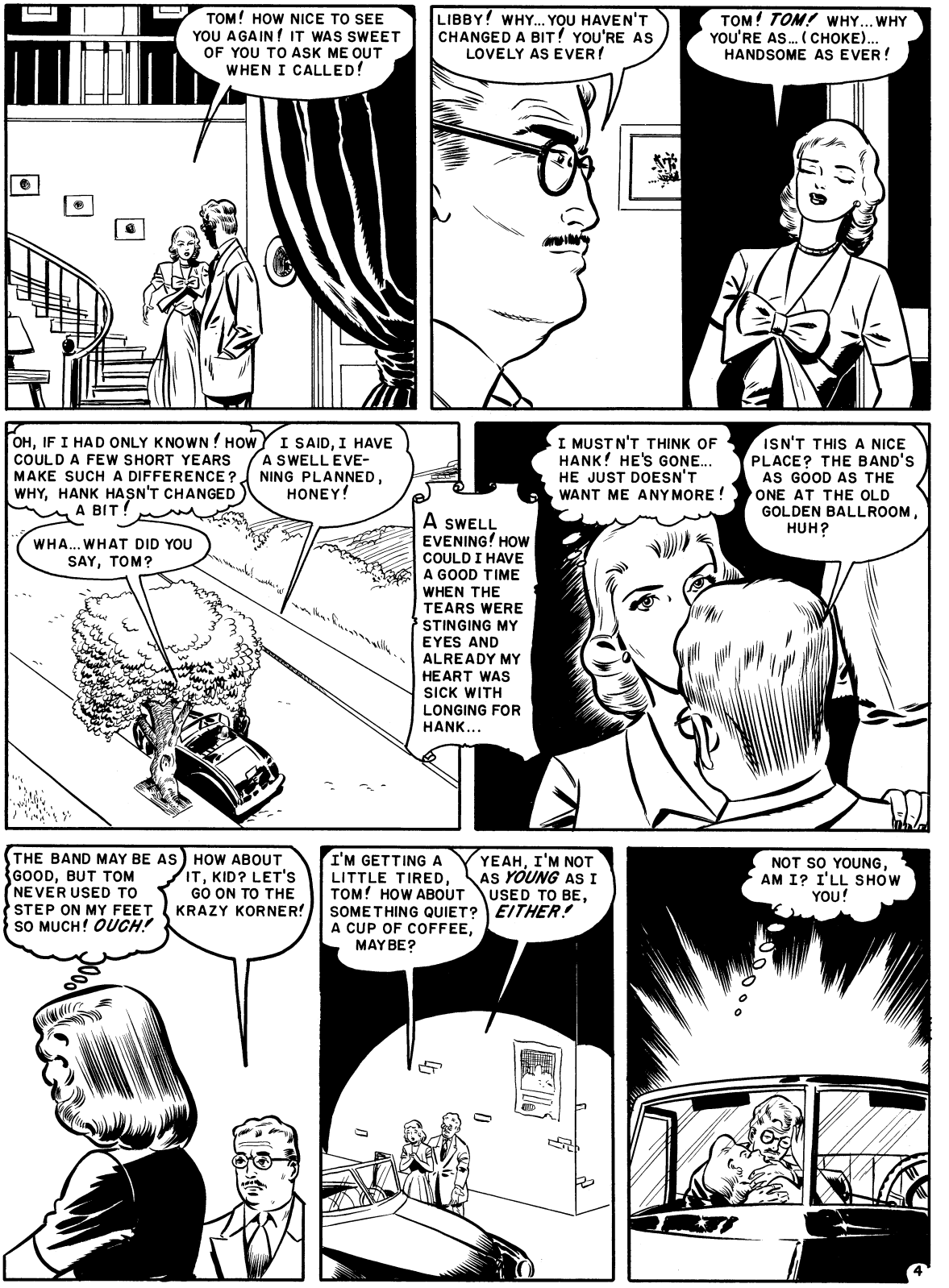
WE WOKE THAT JUSTICE UP OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP WHEN WE ELOPED! BUT AT LEAST IT WILL BE EASY TO BE *UN*-MARRIED!
IF *THAT'S* THE WAY YOU FEEL, GOOD-BYE!

THE DOOR OPENED, AND A COLD WIND BLEW ACROSS MY HEART! WHEN I HEARD THE DOOR SLAM, MY SENSES REELED...

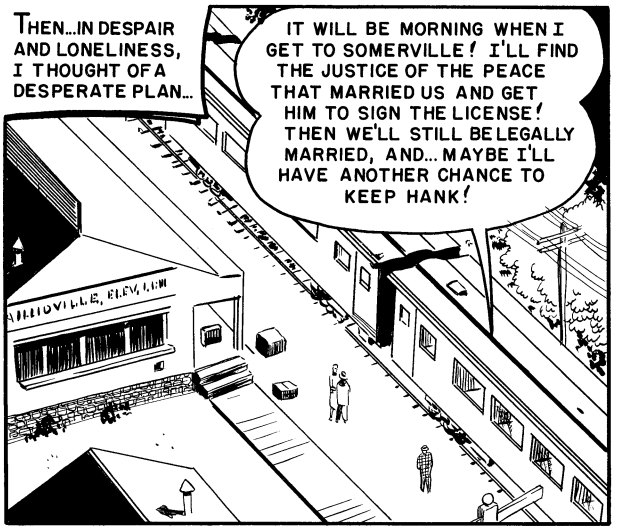

BUT IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO SIT AND WEEP, I'LL SHOW HIM *I* AM INDEPENDENT! THERE WERE PLENTY OF MEN WHO WANTED TO MARRY ME! LET'S SEE NOW...

... AND SO I TRIED TO FORGET I HAD EVER BEEN MARRIED! I WOULD ERASE THE MEMORY OF THE PAST YEAR...


TOM BRADFORD WAS THE NICEST MAN I EVER DATED! I CAN STILL REMEMBER HIS DREAMY DANCING! HE SOUNDED AWFULLY GLAD TO HEAR FROM ME! WELL, WE'LL SOON SEE IF I NEED THAT HANK DOWE!
3

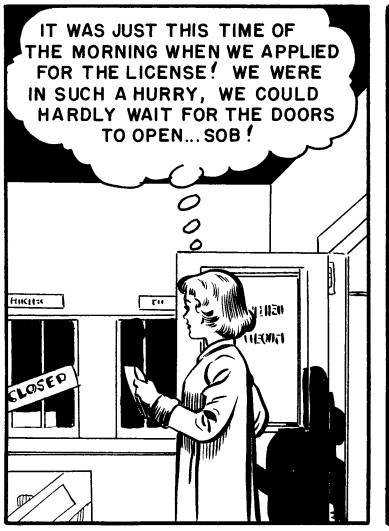

TOM! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! IT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO ASK ME OUT WHEN I CALLED!
LIBBY! WHY... YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT! YOU'RE AS LOVELY AS EVER!
TOM! TOM! WHY... WHY YOU'RE AS... (CHOKE)... HANDSOME AS EVER!
OH, IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN! HOW COULD A FEW SHORT YEARS MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE? WHY, HANK HASN'T CHANGED A BIT!
I SAID, I HAVE A SWELL EVENING PLANNED, HONEY!
WHA... WHAT DID YOU SAY, TOM?
A SWELL EVENING! HOW COULD I HAVE A GOOD TIME WHEN THE TEARS WERE STINGING MY EYES AND ALREADY MY HEART WAS SICK WITH LONGING FOR HANK...
I MUSTN'T THINK OF HANK! HE'S GONE... HE JUST DOESN'T WANT ME ANYMORE!
ISN'T THIS A NICE PLACE? THE BAND'S AS GOOD AS THE ONE AT THE OLD GOLDEN BALLROOM, HUH?
THE BAND MAY BE AS GOOD, BUT TOM NEVER USED TO STEP ON MY FEET SO MUCH! OUCH!
HOW ABOUT IT, KID? LET'S GO ON TO THE KRAZY KORNER!
I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED, TOM! HOW ABOUT SOMETHING QUIET? A CUP OF COFFEE, MAYBE?
YEAH, I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE, EITHER!
NOT SO YOUNG, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU!
4

HOW I TRIED NOT TO THINK OF HANK, BUT AS SOON AS I FELT STRANGE LIPS UPON MINE, MY HEART SOBBED...
HANK! OH, HANK, HOW I MISS YOU!
YOU'RE STILL A SWEET GIRL, LIBBY! DON'T KNOW WHY HANK EVER LEFT YOU! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE...ER...GO OVER TO MY PLACE?
WHY...TOM! WELL, I SUPPOSE...YES! IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME! LET'S GO!
THIS IS SWELL, LIBBY! I KNOW YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU CAME!
OF COURSE, I...ER... CAN'T STAY LONG, TOM!
HIYA, TOMMY!
DADDY!
WHA...WHO... OH-H-H-H!
HONEY, THIS IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! LIBBY, I WAS ANXIOUS FOR YOU TO MEET MY WIFE, MABEL! I KNOW YOU TWO WILL BE GREAT FRIENDS!
A SOB WELLED IN MY THROAT... THEN, SUDDENLY, I FOUND MYSELF CHOKED WITH LAUGHTER...
IT WAS SO...LUDICROUS! I JUST COULDN'T STAY THERE! BUT NOW...NOW WHAT?
I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO OUR EMPTY HOUSE! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING EXCEPT MY HUSBAND! BUT...HE'S NOT MY HUSBAND!
5

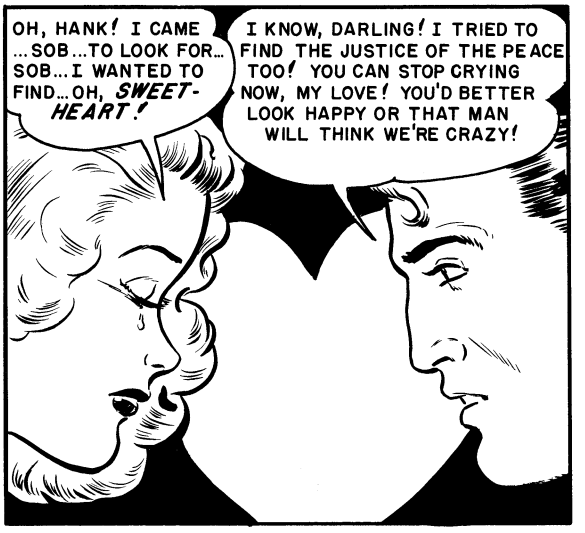

THEN...IN DESPAIR AND LONELINESS, I THOUGHT OF A DESPERATE PLAN...
IT WILL BE MORNING WHEN I GET TO SOMERVILLE! I'LL FIND THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE THAT MARRIED US AND GET HIM TO SIGN THE LICENSE! THEN WE'LL STILL BE LEGALLY MARRIED, AND... MAYBE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO KEEP HANK!

MY HEART POUNDED WILDLY...IF ONLY THE JUSTICE SIGNED IT, THINGS WOULD BE PERFECT...
THIS IS THE PLACE, I'M SURE!
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU SO EARLY, BUT IS THE JUSTICE IN?
THE JUSTICE? WHY, I'M SORRY, MA'AM, BUT HE'S BEEN DEAD THESE TWO YEARS, NOW!

I STUMBLED AWAY! IT SEEMED MY SECOND CHANCE WOULD NEVER COME...
OH, HANK! IF ONLY I COULD DO IT ALL OVER! I DON'T WANT A CAREER... I JUST WANT YOU! HOW WELL I REMEMBER THIS TOWN... THERE'S THE CITY HALL WHERE WE GOT THE LICENSE!

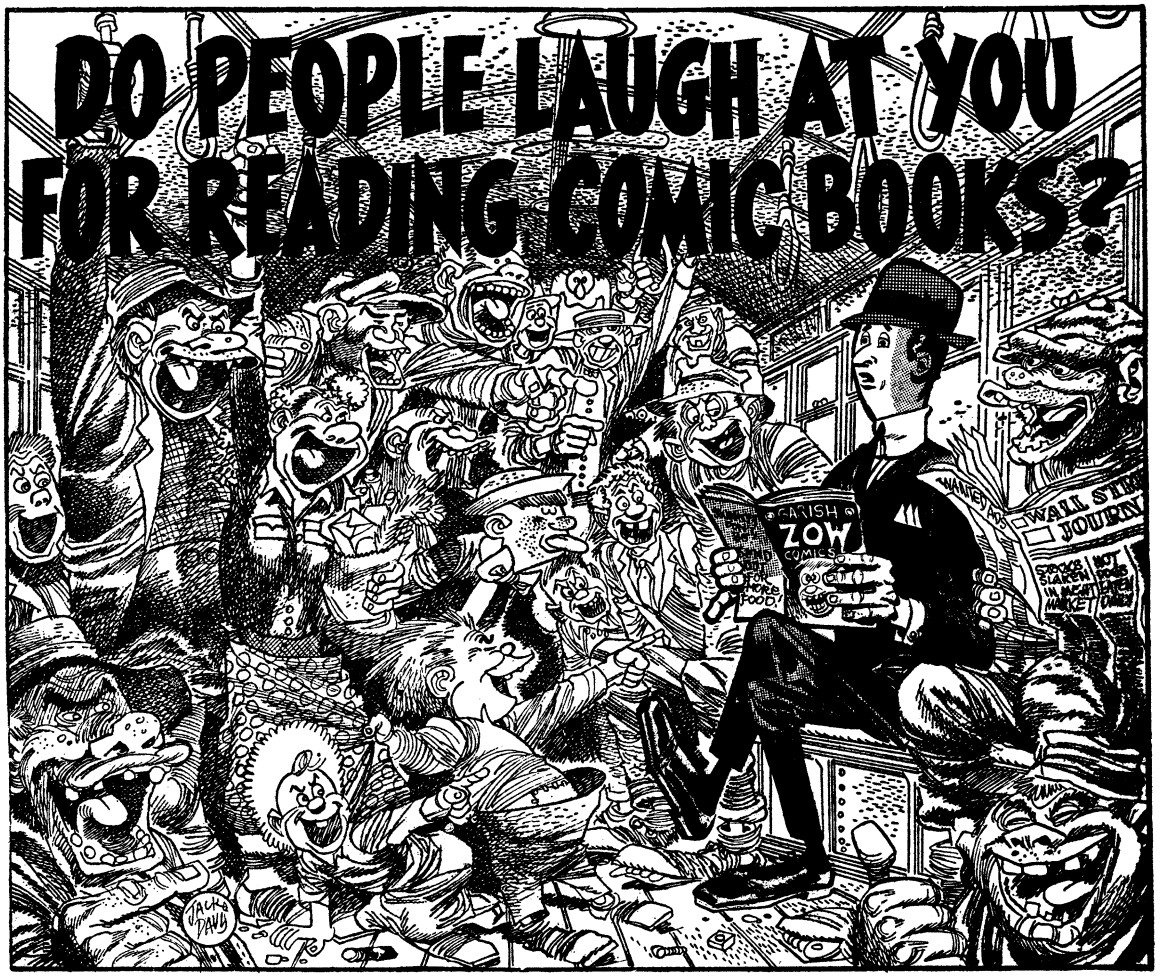

IT WAS JUST THIS TIME OF THE MORNING WHEN WE APPLIED FOR THE LICENSE! WE WERE IN SUCH A HURRY, WE COULD HARDLY WAIT FOR THE DOORS TO OPEN... SOB!
CLOSED

I'VE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT MYSELF! IF HANK ONLY KNEW HOW MUCH I REALLY LOVE HIM!
LIBBY! OH, MY DARLING! I WAS SO SURE YOU'D COME HERE, TOO!
CLOSED


OH, HANK! I CAME ...SOB...TO LOOK FOR... SOB... I WANTED TO FIND... OH, SWEETHEART!
I KNOW, DARLING! I TRIED TO FIND THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE TOO! YOU CAN STOP CRYING NOW, MY LOVE! YOU'D BETTER LOOK HAPPY OR THAT MAN WILL THINK WE'RE CRAZY!

OKAY, FOLKS, JUST STEP UP AND... OH, PARDON ME! HEH, HEH! THOSE KIDS SURE MUST BE IN A HURRY! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED!

HELD FAST IN HANK'S ARMS, I VOWED I WOULD CLING TIGHTLY AND NEVER AGAIN LOSE OUR PARADISE! THIS WAS MY SECOND CHANCE... AND I KNEW NOW THAT WE WOULD BE TOGETHER... FOREVER!



A GALLERY OF EC ADS

In addition to the stories in *Mad* and *Panic*, EC had fun with the ads they ran to promote those titles. *Mad* #1 was released in July 1952 and cover-dated October-November of that year. *Panic* #1 followed about a year and a half later, in December 1953, and was cover-dated March 1954. Both titles regularly featured work by Jack Davis, Will (Bill) Elder, and Wallace Wood.

All three artists also drew ads to promote the two titles. The ads ran in multiple titles across the EC line, straddling the New Trend and the New Direction, from *Aces High* to *Crime SuspenStories* to *Tales From the Crypt* to *Weird Science-Fantasy*.

In the following pages, we present all of the full-page ads that EC ran for *Panic*, followed by a selection of ads by Davis and Wood for *Mad* — followed by all three ads for the EC Fan-Addict Club (EC's official fan club and the namesake of today's EC fans' Facebook group), all of which were drawn by Davis or Wood. All were lettered by Ben Oda.

Both *Panic* and the EC Fan-Addict Club made their debut at the end of 1953 and will forever be intertwined. In many *Panic* stories, characters refer to the club, sport EC Fan-Addict pins or patches, and flash their membership cards. No other EC title had more mentions of the EC Fan Addict Club than did *Panic*.

We hope you enjoy this goofy gallery of EC simultaneously promoting and poking fun at itself.

HEY, WASN'T THERE S'POSE T'BE A BIG BOWL GAME HERE T'DAY, MELVIN? SO WHERE'S ALL THE PEOPLE? SO?
SO HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, IRVING? THE FIRST ISSUE OF E.C.'S NEW HUMOR MAG IS OUT. THE PEOPLE ARE ALL DOWN AT THE NEWSSTAND... BUYING PANIC!
NO CREDIT
SODY POP
RED HOT
WIENERS
MELVIN
FRANKS HOT DOGS
FRANKFURTERS

YEP, KIDDIES! ***E.C.'S NEW HUMOR MAG, PANIC IS ON SALE.*** SO RUSH DOWN TO YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND AND GET YOUR COPY. HOWEVER IF YOU ***DON'T*** WANT TO ***MISS*** ANY FOOTBALL GAMES... IF YOU WANT TO ***READ PANIC*** AND ***SIT IN THE BOWL*** AT THE ***SAME TIME... SUBSCRIBE!*** FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL TO...

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

The first ad announcing *Panic*. Jack Davis.

I WAS *UPLIFTED* FROM THE *DEPTHS OF DESPAIR* BY THIS *REVEALING EXPERIENCE!* I *LAUGHED SO HARD* I ALMOST *BUST* THE *BINDING!* I WAS THE *CENTER* OF *ATTRACTION*... THE *STAR*. EVERYBODY WANTED TO *DANCE* WITH ME! I WAS *RUSHED!* SO *BE POPULAR* LIKE *ME!* WEAR *PANIC!* RUN DOWN AND GET *INTO* YOUR COPY AT YOUR *LOCAL NEWSSTAND*. IF YOU'RE THE *SHY TYPE* AND WOULD RATHER *DRESS AT HOME*, THEN YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE* BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

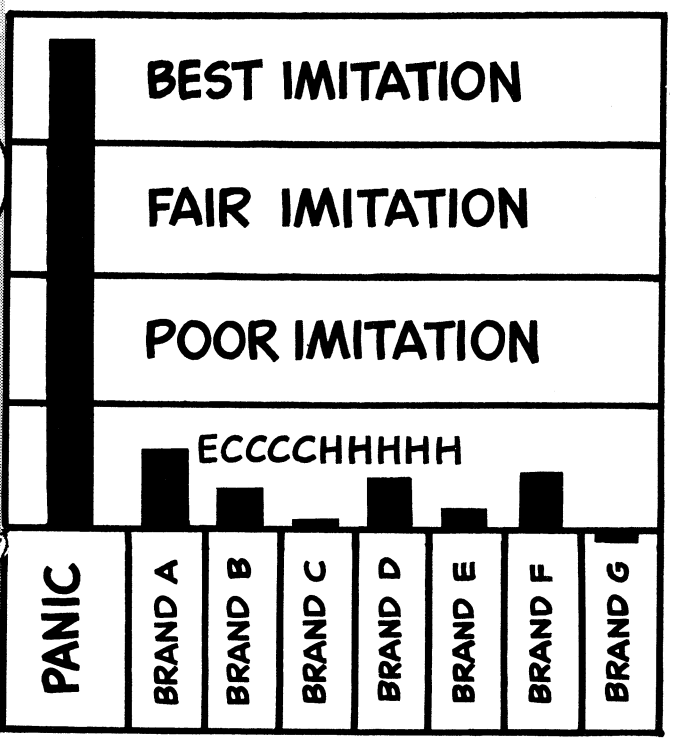
The second ad for *Panic*. Jack Davis.

THE NEWSDEALERS OF AMERICA
ARE SCREAMING...
STOPPIT!
SEND UP 8 COPIES, PLEASE! KEEP THE CHANGE!
BRINKS
PAN
MUM'S DE WOID!
Bill Elder
BECAUSE, WITH JUST ONE DAY'S DISPLAY...
POOF!
THERE GOES PANIC!
SO IF YOU'RE SELF CONSCIOUS IN A B.O. (BUYING OUT) CROWD... IF PANIC GOES POOF! TOO QUICKLY WHERE YOU BROWSE... IF YOU'D RATHER NOT PERSPIRE TILL THE NEXT ISSUE COMES IN... THEN SUBSCRIBE! FILL OUT THE COUPON, ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR FOR EIGHT (8) ISSUES, AND MAIL! JUST GIVE THE ENVELOPE A GENTLE SQUEEZE, AND POOF!... SAY GOODBYE TO ORDER PROBLEMS! THE ONLY THING YOU'LL HAVE LEFT TO WORRY ABOUT THEN IS AN OFFENSIVE MAILMAN!
THE PANICKY EDITORS OF PANIC
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.
I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00). PLEASE RUSH ME THE NEXT EIGHT DEODORIZED ISSUES OF PANIC. I WANT TO SAY 'POOF!' TO MY FRIENDS!
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____ STATE _____

The third *Panic* ad. Will Elder.

PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD

YES, EXTENSIVE TESTS BY THE E.C. RESEARCH BUREAU HAVE PROVEN CONCLUSIVELY THAT PANIC LEADS EIGHT OTHER BRANDS IN IMITATING MAD! PANIC USES MORE OF MAD'S ARTISTS, MORE OF MAD'S PRINTERS, MORE OF MAD'S POTRZEBIE AND FURSHLUGGINER THAN ANY OTHER MAD IMITATION!
ELDER



SO CLIP THIS COUPON AND SEND AWAY FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO... PANIC ☐

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT THE REAL McCOY, SUBSCRIBE TO... MAD ☐

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR BOTH MAGAZINES CHECKED ABOVE FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE $1.00 PER TITLE (8 ISSUES)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

The fourth *Panic* ad. Note that it offers subscriptions for both *Panic* and *Mad*. Will Elder.

The second *Mad/Panic* ad. Probably by Will Elder.

IT'S TRUE I BOUGHT THE LAST MAD ON THE NEWS-STAND, BUT THEY STILL HAVE A COPY OF PANIC WHICH IS PRACTICALLY THE SAME AS MAD!

HOWEVER, IF PANIC ISN'T AVAILABLE EITHER, WHY DON'T YOU SUBSCRIBE? SEND MONEY TO US:

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR BOTH MAGAZINES CHECKED BELOW FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE #1.00 PER TITLE (FOR 8 ISSUES PER TITLE).

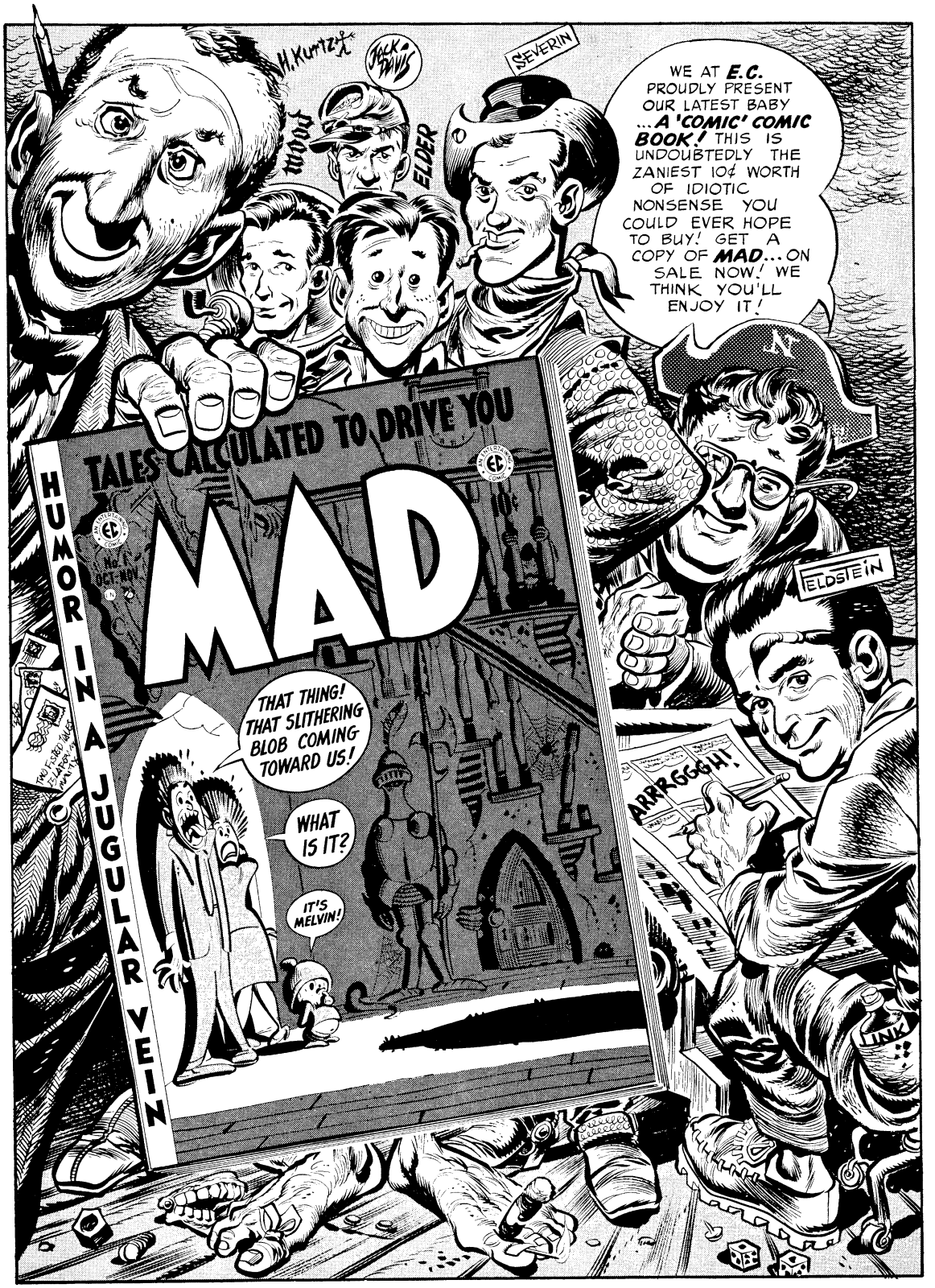
PANIC ☐ MAD ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _ STATE _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

The final *Panic* ad. A combination of clip art and a figure by Will Elder and an offer to subscribe to both *Panic* and *Mad*.


H. Kurtzman
JACK DAVIS
WOOD
ELDER
SEVERIN
WE AT E.C. PROUDLY PRESENT OUR LATEST BABY ...A 'COMIC' COMIC BOOK! THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE ZANIEST 10¢ WORTH OF IDIOTIC NONSENSE YOU COULD EVER HOPE TO BUY! GET A COPY OF MAD... ON SALE NOW! WE THINK YOU'LL ENJOY IT!
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
No. 1 OCT-NOV
10¢
THAT THING! THAT SLITHERING BLOB COMING TOWARD US!
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S MELVIN!
FELDSTEIN
ARRRGGGH!
JUNK

The first EC ad for *Mad* features portraits of that issue's cartoonists by Jack Davis: Harvey Kurtzman, Wallace Wood, Davis himself, Will Elder, and John Severin. Davis also includes publisher Bill Gaines (unnamed, wearing a Napoleon hat), and, oddly, Al Feldstein.

IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND 'MAD' ON YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND...

Ⓐ Look harder! It may be at the **bottom** of the pile...

or... Ⓑ Ask your dealer to send threatening letters to his wholesaler, demanding ***MAD***...

or... Ⓒ Send the attached subscription coupon which gets you 60¢ worth of comic books for 75¢...

or... Ⓓ Give up the whole business and spend your dime on something worth while!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
ENTERTAINING COMICS GROUP
225 LAFAYETTE STREET, ROOM 706
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

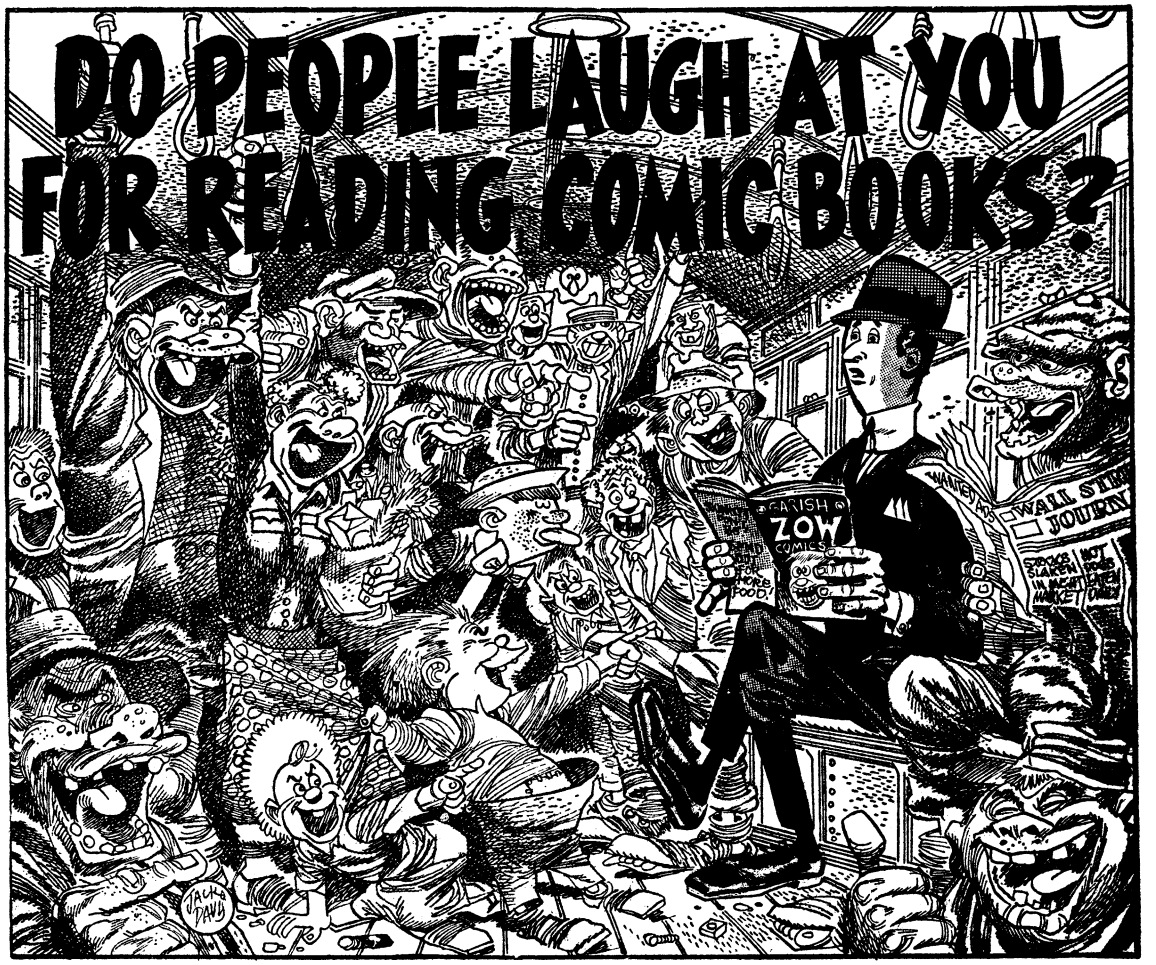
Please send me the next six issues of ***MAD*** (mailed in strong manila envelopes) for which I enclose 75¢.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

An early EC ad for *Mad*. Jack Davis.



DO YOU HEAR PEOPLE FAINTLY SNICKERING BEHIND YOUR BACK AS YOU RIDE THE TRAIN TO SCHOOL OR WORK? EXAMINE THE SITUATION! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PANTS? IS THE COMIC BOOK YOU ARE READING ONE OF THE KIND WITH THE LOUD, GARISH COVERS? NO WONDER PEOPLE LAUGH! DO YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT READING COMIC BOOKS ALL YOUR LIFE?... IF YOU DON'T, THEN LISTEN TO THIS! ***MAD*** COMIC BOOK HAS A NEW COVER DESIGN THAT MAKES IT LOOK LIKE HIGH-CLASS LITERATURE! BUY THE LATEST ISSUE OF ***MAD***, THEN YOU CAN LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT READING HIGH-CLASS LITERATURE!...BUY ***MAD*** AT YOUR NEWSSTAND...OR SUBSCRIBE!

SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

MAD EDITORS
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

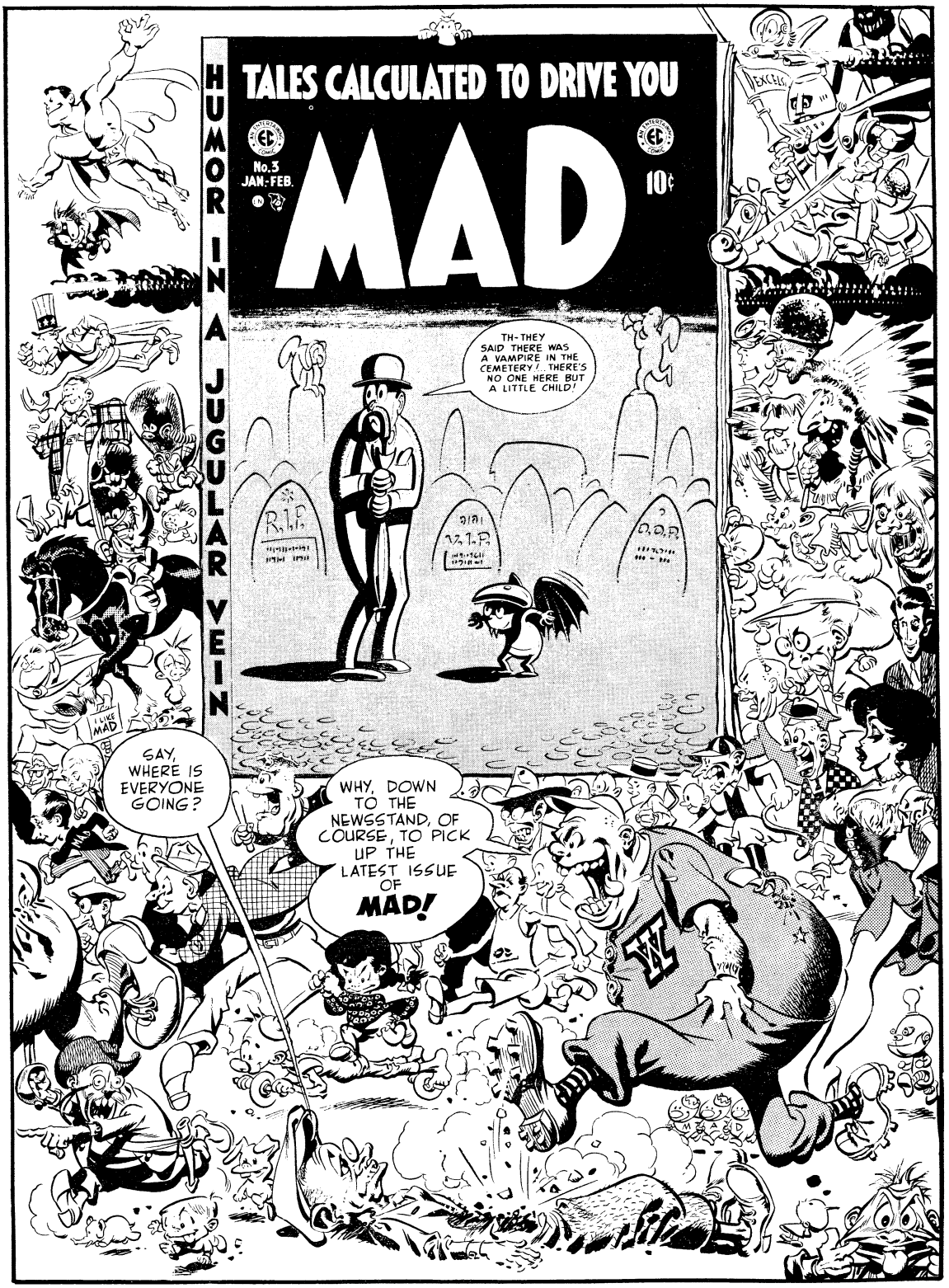
PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF ***MAD*** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00)

NAME _____

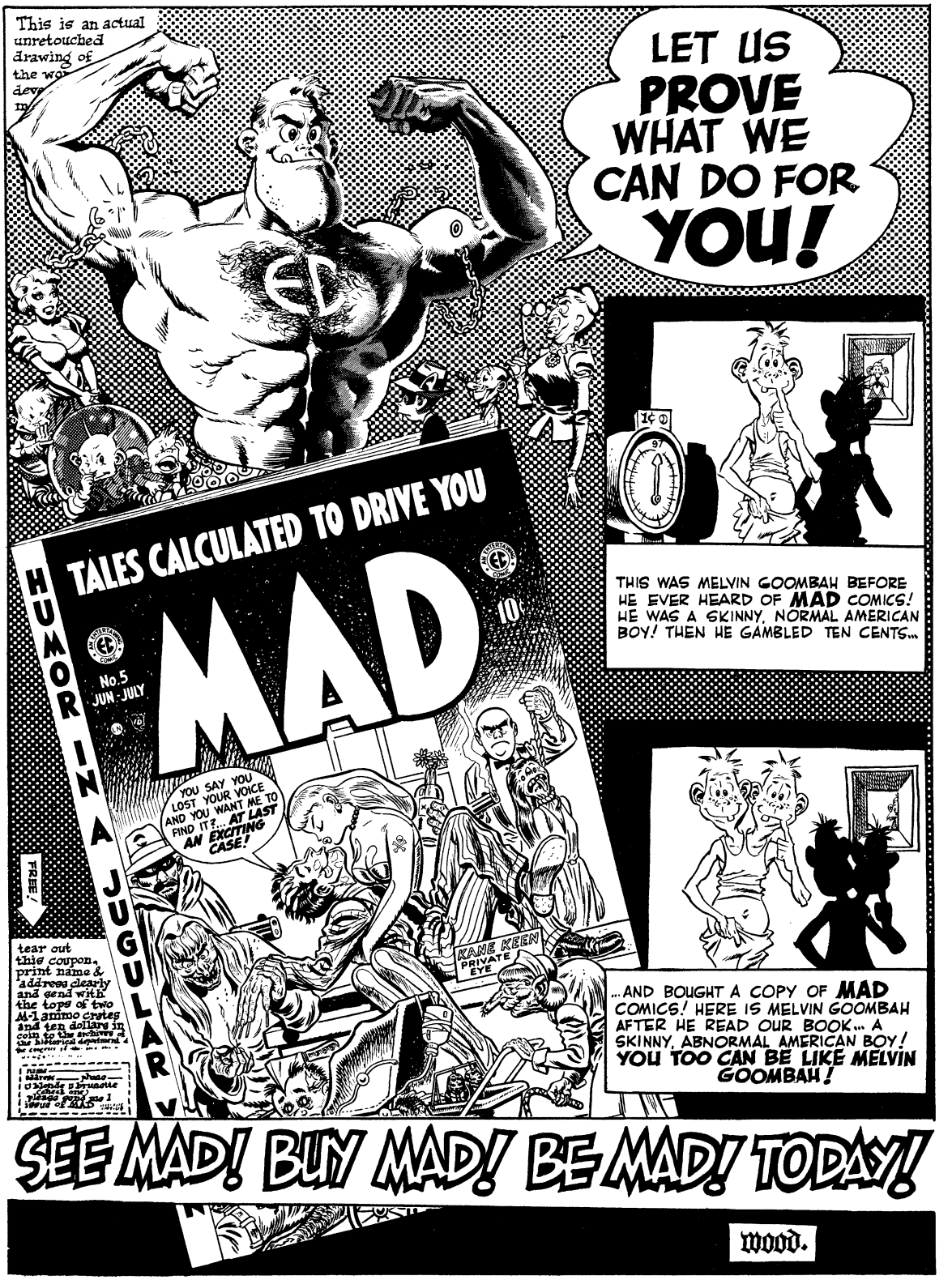
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE __ STATE _____

Well, do they? Jack Davis.


TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
No.3 JAN.-FEB.
10¢
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
TH-THEY SAID THERE WAS A VAMPIRE IN THE CEMETERY!.. THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT A LITTLE CHILD!
R.I.P.
R.I.P.
R.I.P.
SAY, WHERE IS EVERYONE GOING?
WHY, DOWN TO THE NEWSSTAND, OF COURSE, TO PICK UP THE LATEST ISSUE OF MAD!
I LIKE MAD

An ad for *Mad* #3. Wallace Wood.


This is an actual unretouched drawing of the wo
LET US PROVE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU!
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
10¢
No.5 JUN.-JULY
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR V
YOU SAY YOU LOST YOUR VOICE AND YOU WANT ME TO FIND IT?... AT LAST AN EXCITING CASE!
KANE KEEN PRIVATE EYE
FREE!
tear out this coupon, print name & address clearly and send with the tops of two M-1 ammo crates and ten dollars in coin to the archives of the historical department of
name
address
phone
blonde
brunette
(check one)
please send me 1 issue of MAD
THIS WAS MELVIN GOOMBAH BEFORE HE EVER HEARD OF MAD COMICS! HE WAS A SKINNY, NORMAL AMERICAN BOY! THEN HE GAMBLED TEN CENTS...
...AND BOUGHT A COPY OF MAD COMICS! HERE IS MELVIN GOOMBAH AFTER HE READ OUR BOOK... A SKINNY, ABNORMAL AMERICAN BOY! YOU TOO CAN BE LIKE MELVIN GOOMBAH!
SEE MAD! BUY MAD! BE MAD! TODAY!
wood.

An ad for *Mad* #5. Wallace Wood.

GADZOOKS! MY JOY KNOWS NO BOUNDS! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED MY E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB MEMBERSHIP KIT WHICH INCLUDES A FULL COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, AN ATTRACTIVE EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN. SO WHAT!
JACK DAVIS

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP,* FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME,* AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT.* WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER. EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL,* WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY...* BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

Gadzooks! The first EC Fan Club ad. Jack Davis.

YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

SEND FOR *YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT* TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED *CERTIFICATE*, A STURDY WALLET *IDENTIFICATION CARD*, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED *SHOULDER PATCH*, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF *PIN*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH* MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY *EACH PRESIDENT* OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EACH* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL?

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new-friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

With friends like these ... The second EC Fan Club ad. Wallace Wood.

NOW...IF YOU JOIN...YOU GET THE BULLETIN...FREE!

YES, FANS... YOU, TOO, CAN BE LUCKY LIKE MELVIN, HERE! YOU, TOO, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF E.C.'S! YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB

AND RECEIVE YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT (WHICH INCLUDES A FULL-COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN)... PLUS A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN!

* * * * * * * * * *

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, WHICH INCLUDES KIT AND FREE SUBSCRIPTION, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 50¢.* IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WANT TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 50¢ FOR EACH NAME AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... PLUS EACH ISSUE OF THE BULLETIN AS IT COMES OFF THE PRESS.

*(SO WHO'S GONNA FOOT THE BILL FOR THE BULLETINS, US!? SURE WE HAD TO RAISE THE PRICE! SO SUE US!)

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

So here's my 50¢! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back* So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kid's wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for...

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

*(NO 25¢ MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1954)

The third and final EC Fan Club ad. Jack Davis.

GADZOOKS! MY JOY KNOWS NO BOUNDS! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED MY E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB MEMBERSHIP KIT WHICH INCLUDES A FULL COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, AN ATTRACTIVE EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN. SO WHAT!
JACK DAVIS

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP,* FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER,* ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME,* AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT.* WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL,* WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

Compare this scan of Jack Davis's original art for the first EC Fan-Addict Club ad with the final version on page 267. Editor Feldstein must have decided the main character's face needed to be more fiendish and had it redrawn. Note also the dot pattern laid over the background on the printed version to make the foreground "pop." Art by Jack Davis, lettering by Ben Oda.

JOHN BURTON "JACK" DAVIS, JR. (1924–2016, b. Atlanta, Georgia), a lanky (6-foot-3-inch) young Southerner, was on the verge of returning home after a mostly unsuccessful search for work as an artist in New York City when he came upon the address of EC Comics while leafing through comics at a newsstand. Reluctant to part with even one more dime, he furtively copied it down while the newsdealer wasn't looking. He trundled his samples downtown to their offices without knowing anything about what they published.

Editor Al Feldstein assigned him a story on the spot, and Davis, shocked by his turn of good fortune after so many rejections, returned the next day with penciled pages. Pleased with Davis's speed and professionalism, Feldstein immediately gave him another assignment.

Davis's cartoony, brush-heavy style was a perfect match for Feldstein's gruesome but tongue-in-cheek horror tales, and readers heartily approved of the latest addition to the EC family. Editor Harvey Kurtzman made Davis a regular contributor to *Two-Fisted Tales* and *Frontline Combat*.

Ultimately, Davis became one of EC's most popular and prolific artists, contributing more than 120 stories and dozens of covers to their horror, suspense, war, science fiction, adventure, and humor titles.

Kurtzman also tapped him for *Mad*, which morphed from a comic book to a magazine, and when Kurtzman left EC, Davis went along and contributed to Kurtzman's subsequent publishing projects *Trump*, *Humbug*, and *Help!* and even had a hand in Kurtzman and Will Elder's *Little Annie Fanny* comic strip in *Playboy*. Davis also sold his own gag cartoons directly to *Playboy*. He returned to Feldstein's *Mad* in 1965, staying on through 1997 as one of the magazine's most prolific and popular artists.

Meanwhile, his trademark frenetic style became ubiquitous in American popular media and burned itself into the American unconscious. His bright-eyed, big-toothed, loose-limbed caricatures of TV and movie stars appeared regularly on the covers of *TV Guide* and posters for big-budget movies.

He drew magazine illustrations, book covers, bubblegum cards, print ads, animated TV commercials, product packages, and even a U.S. postage stamp. He drew covers and cartoons for other national magazines including *Time*, *Esquire*, *Ebony*, and *Ladies' Home Journal*.

At the peak of his career in the 1980s, Davis was earning a seven-figure income and might well have been the country's most highly paid commercial illustrator.

Among other honors, Jack Davis was awarded the National Cartoonists Society's Advertising Award in 1980, the Society's Milton Caniff Lifetime Achievement Award in 1996, and its Reuben Award in 2000. In June 2002, The Society of Illustrators staged a retrospective of Davis's work in New York. He was inducted into that Society's Illustrators Hall of Fame in 2005 and the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame in 2003.

Fantagraphics Books published *Jack Davis: Drawing American Pop Culture*, a career retrospective, in 2011, and has published five collections of his work in its *Fantagraphics EC Artists' Library* series.

WILLIAM "WILL"/"BILL" ELDER (1921–2008, b. Bronx, New York) was a member of the first graduating class of the High School of Music & Art, along with classmates Harvey Kurtzman and Al Jaffee. In school, he earned a reputation as a prankster. After serving in World War II, he segued into comics and commercial illustration via the Charles William Harvey studio.

He began his association with John Severin by inking Severin's pencils for *Prize Comics Western* and the EC war titles written and edited by Kurtzman. Kurtzman realized the combination of Severin's obsession for accuracy and Elder's fanatic attention to detail was exactly what he needed for his stories.

When Kurtzman started *Mad* in 1952, he immediately recruited Elder to be one of its four star artists. This gave Elder his first opportunity to do what he did best — parody and humor. Elder's anarchic wit set the tone for *Mad*, and he appeared in every issue edited by Kurtzman.

When Kurtzman left *Mad* in 1956, Elder went with him to the short-lived *Trump*, then became a partner with Kurtzman, Jaffee, Jack Davis, Arnold Roth, and Harry Chester in the

ill-fated *Humbug*, drew the Kurtzman-scripted *Goodman Beaver* for *Help!*, and finally settled in with Kurtzman on *Little Annie Fanny*, which ran in *Playboy* for nearly three decades.

The Million Year Picnic, Volume 18 in the *Fantagraphics EC Artists' Library* series, collects all of Elder's non-*Mad* EC work, including all his stories for *Panic*. Fantagraphics Books published a career retrospective, *Will Elder: The Mad Playboy of Art* in 2003. That same year, Will Elder was inducted into the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame.

ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN (1925–2014. b. Brooklyn, New York) began working in comics at 15 at the Eisner and Iger Studio. He graduated from the High School of Music & Art, then attended classes at Brooklyn College and the Art Students League before entering the Air Corps during World War II. While in the Special Forces, he designed posters, painted murals, and drew a comic strip called *Baffy* for the base newspaper in Blytheville, Arkansas. After the war, he worked for Iger again before moving on to Fox Feature Syndicate.

Feldstein began his career at EC in 1947. Though initially hired as an artist, he is best known for his writing. He also served as editor for most of EC's comic book titles. With Bill Gaines, he created EC's famous line of horror and science fiction comics, including *Tales From the Crypt* and *Weird Science*. He became editor of *Mad* in 1956, where he remained until 1984.

After moving to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, he fulfilled his lifelong dream of becoming a fine artist. He later moved to Livingston, Montana, with his wife, Michelle. In 1999, he received an honorary Doctorate of the Arts degree from Rocky Mountain College in Billings, Montana.

Grant Geissman's *Feldstein: The Mad Life and Fantastic Art of Al Feldstein!* was published by IDW in 2013, and Fantagraphics has published two volumes collecting all the New Trend stories that he illustrated for EC in its *Fantagraphics EC Artists' Library* series (see page 280).

Feldstein was inducted into the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame in 2003. In 2011, he received the Bram Stoker Award for Lifetime Achievement from the Horror Writers Association. He died at home, April 29, 2014.

GARDNER F. FOX (1911–1986) was a prolific comic book writer and novelist, best known today for the many superhero and crimefighting characters he created for DC Comics and others.

In 1937, Fox began writing and developing features for Detective Comics, Inc. (DC Comics). By 1940, he was also writing for Maxwell C. Gaines's All-American Publications. His inventions and co-creations include Batman's utility belt, the Sandman, the Flash, Hawkman, and the Justice Society of America.

By 1947, Gaines had a new company, Entertaining Comics (EC Comics), where Fox developed a team of crimefighters from World War II's Allied powers for EC's *International Comics*. Shortly before Gaines's death in a boating accident that year, Fox introduced Moon Girl, an exotic alien princess living on Earth. Moon Girl artist and co-creator Sheldon Moldoff modeled her on the part-Indian Merle Oberon.

Fox wrote sporadically for EC's horror, crime, and science fiction titles until late 1950.

He continued working for DC Comics after EC, including co-creating Adam Strange, the Atom (second version), the Justice League of America, and scripting the stories that introduced the concept of multiple Earths to the DC universe. Fox and other freelance writers left DC in 1968 when the company refused to provide them with health care and other benefits enjoyed by staff employees.

Fox also regularly wrote novels and worked for other comics publishers, including Dell, Marvel, Warren, and Eclipse. He received multiple Alley Awards in the 1960s and was given the Jules Verne Award for Lifetime Achievement in 1982. Posthumously, he was inducted into the Jack Kirby Hall of Fame in 1998 and The Will Eisner Award Hall of Fame in 1999. He was honored with the Bill Finger Award for Excellence in Comic Book Writing in 2007. Gardner Fox died in December 1986 at the age of 75.

WILLIAM MAXWELL GAINES (1922–1992, b. New York City) was the son of M.C. Gaines, the founder of EC Comics. Bill Gaines was studying chemistry at New York University when his father died in 1947, leaving him to run the family business. EC's comics were selling poorly, so Bill moved to re-invigorate the company by

breaking from the educational, humor, kiddy, Western, and romance fare that EC then offered.

Under Bill Gaines, EC became known for its horror, crime, war, and science fiction comics, such as *Tales From the Crypt, Crime SuspenStories, Two-Fisted Tales,* and *Weird Science* — and, of course, *Mad,* which created its own category.

In 1954, he badly mishandled his appearance before a Senate subcommittee investigating the alleged link between juvenile delinquency and comic books. Shortly thereafter, EC fell victim to the Comics Code Authority, an organization hastily put together by a group of comic book publishers to head off Congressional pressure.

By 1956, EC had dropped all of its titles except *Mad*. Gaines remained publisher of *Mad* until his death in 1992. He was inducted into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame in 1993 and the Jack Kirby Hall of Fame in 1997.

HARRY HARRISON (1925–2012, b. Henry Maxwell Dempsey, Stamford, Connecticut) met Wallace Wood in 1948 at the Cartoonists and Illustrators School, and the two became partners. They found work at Fox and Avon before making their way to EC in 1949. Together, they convinced Bill Gaines to publish science fiction comics and were among the first contributors to *Weird Science* and *Weird Fantasy*.

Harrison wrote the *Flash Gordon* comic strip in the 1950s and 1960s. He is best known for his science fiction stories, including the *Stainless Steel Rat* series, *Bill, the Galactic Hero* (1965), and *Make Room! Make Room!* (1966) (the basis for the film *Soylent Green*).

In 1973, the Science Fiction Writers of America presented Harrison and Stanley R. Greenberg, *Soylent Green*'s screenwriter, with the Nebula Award for Best Dramatic Presentation. In 1980, Harrison was awarded Sweden's Prix Jules Verne for *Make Room! Make Room!*

In 2004, he was inducted into the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame. That same year, he received an Inkpot Award at Comic-Con International: San Diego. In 2009, he was awarded the Damon Knight Memorial Grand Master Award by the renamed Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America. Harrison died at his apartment in Brighton, England, on August 15, 2012.

HARVEY KURTZMAN (1924–1993, b. Brooklyn, New York), one of the most influential cartoonists and humorists of the 20th century, attended the High School of Music & Art with classmates Will Elder and Al Jaffee. He began freelancing as a comic book artist in the 1940s, drawing the character Black Venus even after he was drafted into the Army in 1943. He is best known for creating *Mad* for EC and for transitioning it from a comic book to a magazine — which, beyond being successful, became an enormous influence on American comedy.

Kurtzman started at EC in 1949, but he made his mark writing and editing the EC war comics *Two-Fisted Tales* and *Frontline Combat* beginning in 1950. He drew eleven stories himself and did the layouts for the rest, for other artists to follow.

After breaking from EC in 1956, he started three humor/comics anthologies: *Trump* (1957), *Humbug* (1957–1958), and *Help!* (1960–1965). In 1962, he began working on *Little Annie Fanny* with Will Elder for Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* and continued the series for the next 26 years. Later, he taught at the School of Visual Arts. The Harvey Awards, one of the industry's most high-profile honors, are named after him. He was inducted into the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame in 1989.

Fantagraphics published an Eisner Award–winning biography, *Harvey Kurtzman: The Man Who Created Mad and Revolutionized Humor in America* by Bill Schelly in 2015 and two volumes collecting all of Kurtzman's New Trend non-*Mad* stories in its *Fantagraphics EC Artists' Library* series (see page 280).

JACK MENDELSOHN (November 8, 1926–January 25, 2017) was a prolific humor writer who worked in comics, animation, TV, and movies for nearly six decades and created, wrote, and drew the highly regarded *Jackys Diary* Sunday newspaper strip for King Features. Dell Comics published one issue of a *Jacky's Diary* comic book but insisted on adding an apostrophe to the title.

In animation, he wrote for Hanna-Barbera, Jay Ward Productions, and Filmation, among others, including writing *The Beatles*, an ABC Saturday-morning TV show from King Features Syndicate and serving as head writer of the syndicated *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* TV show in

the 1980s. He wrote for such prime-time network TV shows as *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*, *The Carol Burnett Show*, *Three's Company*, *Van Dyke and Company*, *Chico and the Man*, and *The Love Boat*.

Mendelsohn was nominated for three Emmy awards, won a Hugo Award for the Beatles movie *Yellow Submarine*, and received a Lifetime Achievement Award in Animation from the Writers Guild in 2005. He has 24 writing credits at EC, all for *Panic* and *Mad* magazine. In 2014, he received the Bill Finger Award for Excellence in Comic Book Writing.

BEN HATSUTARO ODA (December 21, 1915–November 28, 1984) was born to Japanese parents in Florin, California, the younger of two children. Upon graduation from Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles in his early 20s, he was hired by the Walt Disney Studios and worked on *Pinocchio* — until he was drafted into the Army. After the U.S. entered World War II (and the government relocated his family to a Japanese internment camp), Oda trained as a medic and a paratrooper and was assigned to the U.S. Army's famed 442nd Combat Team, a segregated unit made up of American soldiers of Japanese ancestry that became the most decorated unit in U.S. military history.

After the war, he attended classes at the University of Illinois at Champaign and later at Yale University, where he studied languages. He moved to New York and began lettering for the Joe Simon and Jack Kirby studio. By 1948, he was married to Michiko Morita and by the time of the 1950 census, they had a son. Three more children followed.

He began lettering for EC in 1949 with a public-service comic warning about the dangers of venereal disease, *Lucky Fights It Through* (see *Man and Superman And Other Stories*, Volume 27), drawn by Harvey Kurtzman. Kurtzman preferred the organic look of Oda's lettering to the mechanical stiffness of the Leroy Lettering used in the rest of the EC line, and so he hired Oda to letter the lead story in the first comic he edited, *Two-Fisted Tales* #18. Oda worked on all of Kurtzman's EC titles thereafter, especially *Mad*.

In addition to EC, Oda's client roster included Atlas (later to become Marvel), Simon and Kirby's Mainline, Harvey, Ziff-Davis, Hillman, Stanley Morse, St. John, Quality, ACG, Farrell, Charlton, and, starting around 1958, Western (Dell, later Gold Key).

In 1950, Oda began lettering Will Eisner's *The Spirit*, and by the mid-1950s, he had a full roster of other newspaper features, a list that, over the following decades, grew to include *Rip Kirby*, *Prince Valiant*, *Flash Gordon*, *Dondi*, *On Stage*, *Quincy*, *Gil Thorpe*, *Dr. Kildare*, *The Phantom*, *Steve Canyon*, *Kerry Drake*, *Secret Agent X-9*, *The Dropouts*, *Terry and the Pirates*, and *Tarzan*.

In 1964, Oda began lettering for Warren Publications, publisher of *Creepy*, *Eerie*, *Blazing Combat*, and *Vampirella*, where his name appeared in the credits for the first time.

By 1968, Oda, who had long since established his reputation for speed, quality, and reliability, was working for DC Comics. By 1980, he was lettering comic books exclusively for DC, though he continued working on newspaper strips. He continued to letter comic books and comic strips until his death in 1984.

In honor of his 37-year career in comics, Ben Oda was inducted into the Harvey Awards Hall of Fame in 2019.

WALLACE ("WALLY"/"WOODY") ALLAN WOOD (1927–1981, b. Menahga, Minnesota) is universally renowned for his science fiction stories for EC Comics, for his significant contributions to the formative years of *Mad*, and for his "Panels That Always Work," a highly prized, concentrated primer for cartoonists. He created the spy strip *Cannon*, the adventure series *Sally Forth*, the comic book series *T.H.U.N.D.E.R. Agents*, and made significant creative contributions to *Daredevil*, *Mars Attacks*, and *Power Girl*. A veteran of World War II, he began work in 1948 as a letterer and assistant to Will Eisner. Wood's art graced not only comic books and comic strips, but record album covers, trading cards, posters, ads, TV, and much more.

In 1966, Wood began publishing *witzend*, a landmark "zine" that published comics created and owned by the medium's top talents and hip, young newcomers alike. With the fifth issue, Wood handed over stewardship of the magazine to Bill Pearson.

Wood's personal affairs were troubled — he was a chain smoker, an alcoholic, and he was divorced twice. In 1981, after multiple strokes and daunted by the prospect of dialysis for the rest of his days, he ended his life with a handgun.

Despite his tragedy, Wood is one of the most accomplished talents in the history of comics. He received the National Cartoonists Society's Best Comic Book award in 1957, 1959, and 1965. He garnered two Alley Awards, a Best Foreign Cartoonist Award (Angoulême International Comics Festival, 1978), multiple Hugo Award nominations, and was inducted into the Jack Kirby Hall of Fame, the Inkwell Hall of Fame, and the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame.

Fantagraphics Books published a two-volume career retrospective, *The Life and Legend of Wallace Wood* in 2016 and 2018 and five collections of his work in its *Fantagraphics EC Artists' Library* series (see page 280).

JAMES OSCAR WROTEN JUNIOR (October 24, 1914–May 28, 1980) and **MARGARET E. "SKIPPY" SCOTT WROTEN** (July 8, 1915–January 23, 2011), both born and raised in Baltimore, Maryland, met in elementary school and began dating in high school. They graduated from different schools in 1932 and 1933.

Around 1935, Jim got a job with Keuffel and Esser in Morristown, New Jersey, as a salesman demonstrating the company's Leroy Lettering system. The system used a template, a "scriber," and a pen to provide clean, uniform, professional lettering on engineering and technical drawings prepared by draftsmen, mapmakers, and architects. He became the company's best demonstrator, and the couple married in 1937.

When the character of Wonder Woman debuted from M.C. Gaines's All-American Comics in 1941, her stories were lettered using the Leroy system, but the unknown letterer had trouble with spacing and positioning, giving an awkward, inconsistent, irregular look.

Jim taught Margaret to use the system and, in 1945, he quit Keuffel and Esser, and the Wrotens joined the Wonder Woman team. They set up their studio in the offices of William Moulton Marston, Wonder Woman's creator, at 331 Madison Avenue in Manhattan and were soon lettering all of her adventures for artist H.G. Peter in several All-American titles and in a syndicated newspaper strip.

In 1945, National Comics (DC) bought out Gaines's interest in All-American. The Wrotens continued on *Wonder Woman*, but they also followed Gaines to his new company, EC Comics, where he gave them plenty of additional work.

They also began lettering comics for Fox Feature Syndicate and Hillman. When the Wonder Woman newspaper strip ended, they picked up at least two others, *Silly Milly* and *Debbie Dean*.

M.C. Gaines died in 1947 in a boating accident, and his son, William, took over EC Comics. Bill decided to take the company in a different direction, and in 1950, he began publishing horror, science fiction, and crime comics. Through those changes, Bill Gaines continued to employ the Wrotens.

Their lettering for EC did not include logos, story titles, sound effects, or even the shapes of the balloons. All that was the responsibility of the artist. Graham "Ghastly" Ingels, in particular, made his balloon shapes set a tone and complement the overall look of his artwork.

The Comics Code Authority, forced onto EC in 1954, was the primary reason for Bill Gaines's decision to end EC's comics line at the end of 1955, and that meant less work for the Wrotens. When H.G. Peter died in early 1958, they were no longer wanted as letterers on *Wonder Woman*, either.

Margaret Wroten, slighly misremembering, told Bhob Stewart in 2011, "The last comic books we did were for EC, and then Jimmy just got out of it. He went into doing charts, badge cards, formulas for chemical houses, and floor plans for trade shows all over the country. We sublet part of the studio during the 1960s."

The Wroten studio remained active until Jim Wroten died in 1980. Margaret died in 2011.

Their use of the distinctive Leroy Lettering became an instantly recognizable part of EC history.

TODD KLEIN, JANICE LEE, *and* **ARTHUR LORTIE** *contributed to these profiles.*

TED WHITE

Crime, Horror, Terror, Gore, Depravity, Disrespect For Established Authority — And Science Fiction, Too!

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF EC COMICS

M.C. Gaines was both a practical man, credited with inventing the comic book as we know it (although comic strips had been reprinted in book form for decades prior to his 1933 *Funnies on Parade*), and a visionary.

In the late 1930s, he formed a partnership with the owners of Detective Comics, Inc. (subsequently best known as DC Comics) and began publishing a series of superhero titles: *All-American Comics* (which featured The Green Lantern), *Flash Comics* (The Flash), *Sensation Comics* (Wonder Woman), *All-Star Comics* (The Justice Society of America), and *Comic Cavalcade* (a fatter 15¢ anthology of his superheroes).

But these were conventional commercial comic books of their day and, in essence, copies of DC's *Action Comics* (Superman), *Detective Comics* (Batman), and *World's Finest* (15¢ anthology), identical in formatting. Although successful, none (perhaps excepting Wonder Woman's titles) matched the success of DC's Superman and Batman titles. All were published under the DC imprint, and the children who read them probably saw little difference among them.

These comics were forthrightly aimed at kids — theoretically 8-year-olds. Although comics were hugely popular and widely read by World War II and Korean War GIs, the fiction was maintained throughout the 1950s that the average comic book reader was still only 8 years old.

From their inception, comic books were looked down upon by much of American society. They cost only 10¢ and were often thrown away after reading. Many teachers regarded comic book reading as a detriment to genuine literacy. The theory was that kids who read comic books would never go on to read "real" literature — they would demand pictures with their prose.

Gaines thought that the comic book medium could be much more than just throwaway entertainment, and he set out to prove it, first with *Picture Stories From the Bible*. It was earnestly done and intended to be educational rather than entertaining. Despite the best intentions of Gaines and his editors, writers, and artist (Don Cameron), it was pretty dull going for a comic book. But Gaines believed in it and pushed it.

Other matters were transpiring behind the scenes, and Gaines parted ways with DC in 1945, selling them all his titles except *Picture Stories From the Bible*.

Gaines began a new publishing imprint for his *Picture Stories* comics — Educational Comics, or "EC." In addition to *Picture Stories From the Bible*, he published *Picture Stories From American History*, *Picture Stories From Science*, and *Picture Stories From World History*.

These were clearly intended to be sold in or through schools, and to be used with appropriate curricula. They were an idealistic venture, akin to *Classics Illustrated*, designed to prove that the lowly comic book could attain loftier goals of enlightenment.

But, like *Classics Illustrated*, they made no dent on academia. To teachers and other figures of authority over children, they were still "just comic books" and dismissed out of hand. And to the kids — their putative audience — they were dull stuff, lacking the excitement and panache of any superhero comic. They were not a commercial success.

When Gaines had left DC to found EC, he took one DC employee with him to be his business manager — Sol Cohen, whose first job as a teenager had been for DC, checking Manhattan comic book racks for sales movement during Superman's launch in 1938. Cohen had worked his way up through sales and distribution (DC and Independent News, an increasingly important distributor, had interlinking ownership), and he had a promising career at DC. But when Gaines asked Cohen to join him in his fledgling new company, Cohen accepted.

This proved to be a significant move for a reason no one anticipated. Because in 1947, M.C. Gaines and a friend, Sam Irwin, lost their lives in a boating accident on Lake Placid in New York. Gaines's final act was to save the life of his friend's 8-year-old son by throwing the boy to safety.

Gaines's son, William M. Gaines, inherited the company. But Bill was distant from his father, didn't care for comics, and was attending New York University with plans to become a chemistry teacher. Although entreated by his mother to take over the reins at EC, Bill was reluctant, and, for the first year, did little but show up at the office periodically to sign checks.

Into this vacuum stepped Sol Cohen, EC's business manager. As he told me, years later, "the company was going down the toilet. The *Picture Stories* comics weren't selling and neither were the kiddie comics. I had to do something just to save my job."

His first act was to change "Educational Comics" to "Entertaining Comics."

"'Educational' was a word no comic-buying kid wanted to see. It was a kiss of death on any comic book," he told me.

His second act was to dump the *Picture Stories* titles and change the kiddie titles to crime, romance, and Western titles. (Due to postal regulations concerning second class mailing privileges — crucial for distribution purposes — it was financially wiser to change titles, continuing the previous numbering, than to drop one title and start a new one.)

1947 was a decisive turning point, although most of Cohen's changes occurred in 1948. In the late summer of 1947, *Moon Girl and the Prince* was launched. Moon Girl appears to have been a Wonder Woman copy. It went through two title changes before becoming *A Moon, A Girl, Romance*.

By then, Bill Gaines was the editor. In early 1948, EC launched *War Against Crime*.

By 1949, Bill Gaines had become interested in comic books. Sol Cohen moved on (to Avon Books), and Bill fully took over the company. He began bringing in the artists and editor/writers who would become known for their subsequent EC work.

Al Feldstein was brought in as a romance artist, although his first work for EC was for the Western title *Saddle Justice* in 1948.

Johnny Craig may have preceded Feldstein with work in the first *Gunfighter*, which also used Graham Ingels.

Harry Harrison and Wallace Wood (as collaborators) made their first appearance at EC in two Western titles that appeared at the end of 1949, *Gunfighter* and *Saddle Romances* (where Harrison, solo, had appeared in a previous issue).

The evolution of EC from 1947 to 1950 is one full of hints of the forthcoming "New Trend"

titles. But fans of the latter titles may not find a lot to like in the earlier comics from EC. The quality was spotty, and there was not yet any focus on a unique style or approach to comics.

1950 was the year it all came together for EC. That spring saw the transformation of *War Against Crime* into *The Vault of Horror*, *Crime Patrol* into *The Crypt of Terror* (later to become *Tales From the Crypt*), and *Gunfighter* into *The Haunt of Fear*, thus successfully establishing EC's horror title trio.

The same month *Haunt of Fear* made its debut so did two science fiction titles, *Weird Science* (with #12, previously *Saddle Romances*), and *Weird Fantasy* (with #13, previously *A Moon, A Girl, Romance*).

In the fall of 1950, *Two-Fisted Tales* made its debut, taking over the numbering of *Haunt of Fear,* so its first issue was designated #18. This was done to satisfy — or dodge — those postal regulations. *Haunt of Fear* itself continued, renumbered, with #4. It confused the fans but made the business office happy. *Crime SuspenStories* premiered about the same time (starting with #1), thus setting in place EC's basic New Trend stable of titles.

Two-Fisted Tales was Harvey Kurtzman's first title, and it brought a sense of realism, irony, and anti-romance to war stories. *Frontline Combat* would join it half a year later.

Crime SuspenStories was Johnny Craig's title (as was, to a lesser degree, *Vault of Horror;* Al Feldstein was the overall SF and horror editor).

By 1951, the classic EC lineup was almost in place, lacking only *Shock SuspenStories* (1952) and *Mad* (1952).

The first half of the 1950s was EC's glory time — for better and for worse. For us comics fans, it was the best of times — crowned by superlative art and provocative stories — while for those who watched sternly over us, tut-tutting, it was the worst of times — a triumph of gore and disgust.

The basic "crime" of EC was that it did not edit its comics for those 8-year-old kids. The editors aimed higher, at a somewhat older, more mature reader. (13-year-olds, perhaps — I was 13 when I discovered ECs, and I had by then mostly given up on other comics.)

The naysayers won, in the short term. There were state and federal inquiries (inquisitions?), local comic book bonfires, and ultimately *Seduction of the Innocent* and the Comics Code. The New Trend comics were shelved in favor of a "New Direction" and new titles — horror and crime conspicuous by their absence.

But the tide had turned against EC. Its competitors wanted it put out of business (and many claim the Comics Code Authority was formed for that purpose).

In 1956, Bill Gaines gave up a losing fight and folded all his titles except *Mad* — which outlived him and continued its reliable formula through several corporate mergers through 2019, when, after 67 years, it went all (or mostly all) reprint.

However, in the long term, EC has survived. There have been countless reprints of the comics themselves, as both comic books and as hardcover books. There have been TV shows and movies based on *Tales From the Crypt*. And now there are these collections from Fantagraphics, showcasing for the first time the individual artists whose works personified EC.

Theirs was a magical time — a time when young, ambitious artists decided for themselves to take comic book art to heights never previously dreamed of, heights that equaled the best work of the greatest of the newspaper strip artists of the 20th century.

Some of them went on to major successes in commercial art — book covers, movie posters, *TV Guide* covers — while others lived and eventually died in poverty.

No one told them then that what they were doing was a waste of time and ambition. We are all better off for their accomplishments, and we celebrate their work here.

TED WHITE *has been a comics fan for most of his life and, with Larry Stark, Bhob Stewart, and Fred von Bernewitz, was a seminal EC fan in the early 1950s. He has been a (still-quoted) jazz critic, a science fiction writer and editor, and a radio deejay. He wrote the Captain America novel* The Great Gold Steal *in 1966 and edited* Heavy Metal *in 1980.*

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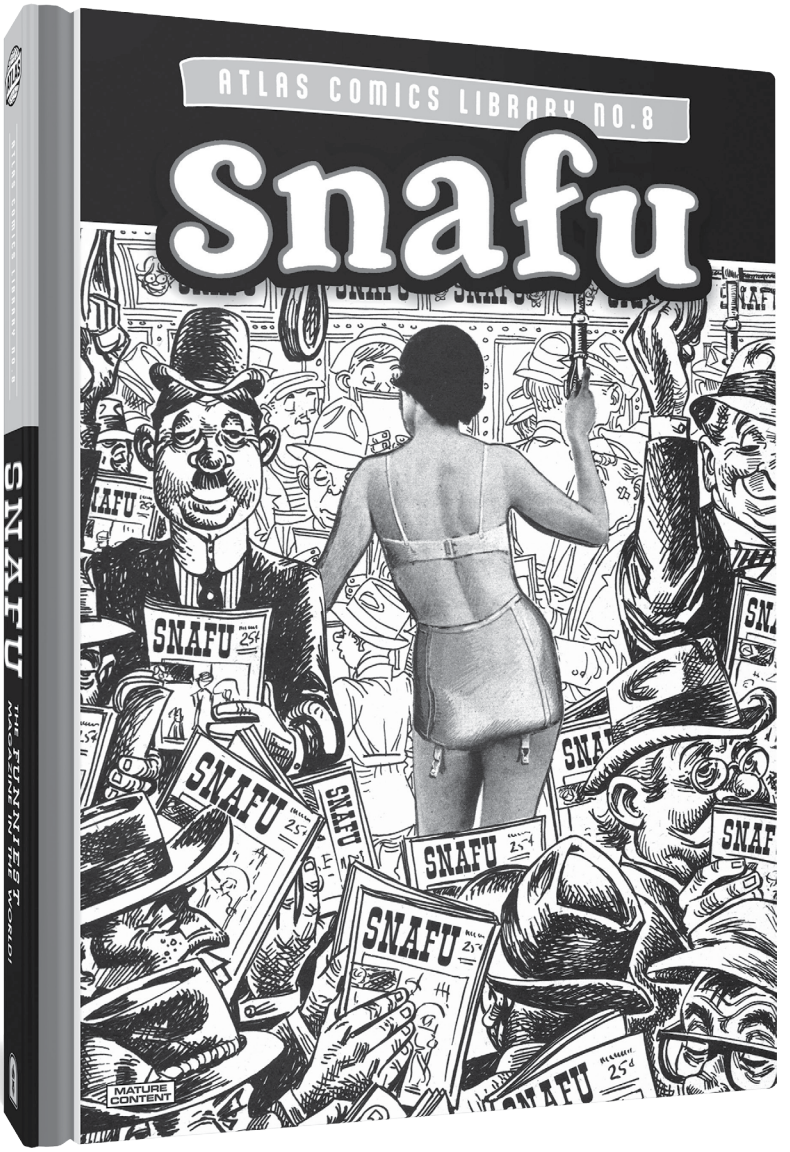

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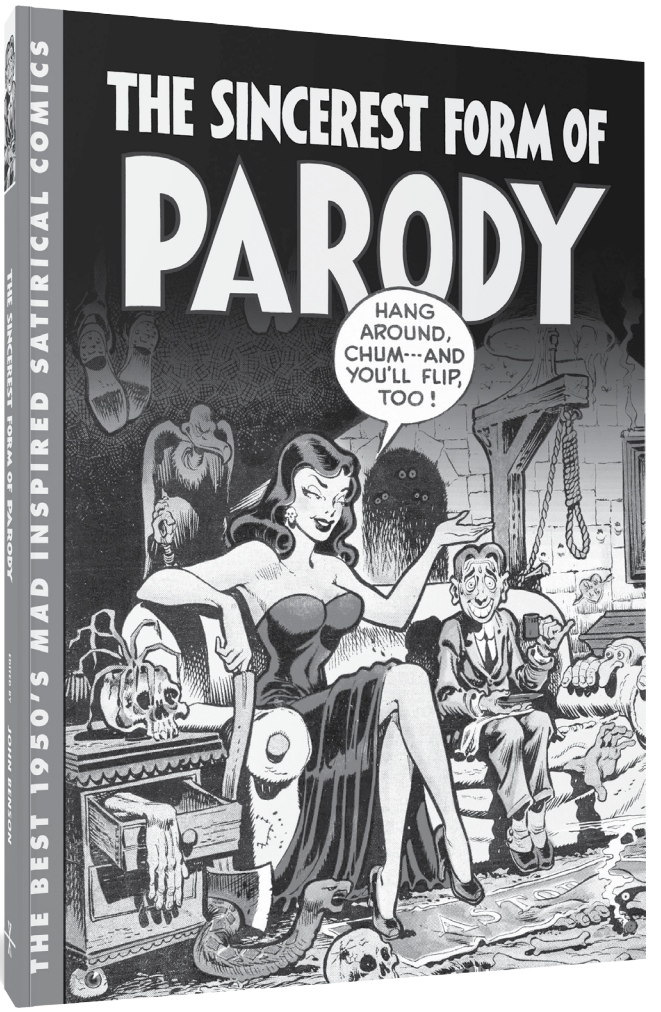
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When Harvey Kurtzman's *Mad* hit it big, other publishers quickly jumped in with titles like *Flip*, *Whack*, *Nuts, Crazy*, *Wild*, *Riot*, *Eh*, *Unsane*, *Bughouse*, *Get Lost*, and yep, even *Panic*.

The Sincerest Form of Parody collects the best and funniest from those comics, including movies (*20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *From Here to Eternity*), TV shows (*What's My Line*), comic strips (*Little Orphan Annie*), plays (*Come Back, Little Sheba*), ads (*Charles Atlas*), and more.

Panels packed with bizarre, outlandish gags (a salute to Will Elder's famed "chicken fat"), these comics zing the zeitgeist, yes, but are also themselves examples of the culture of the day (in a way that *Mad* was not).

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wood.

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THE COMPLETE PANIC STORIES OF DAVIS AND WOOD!

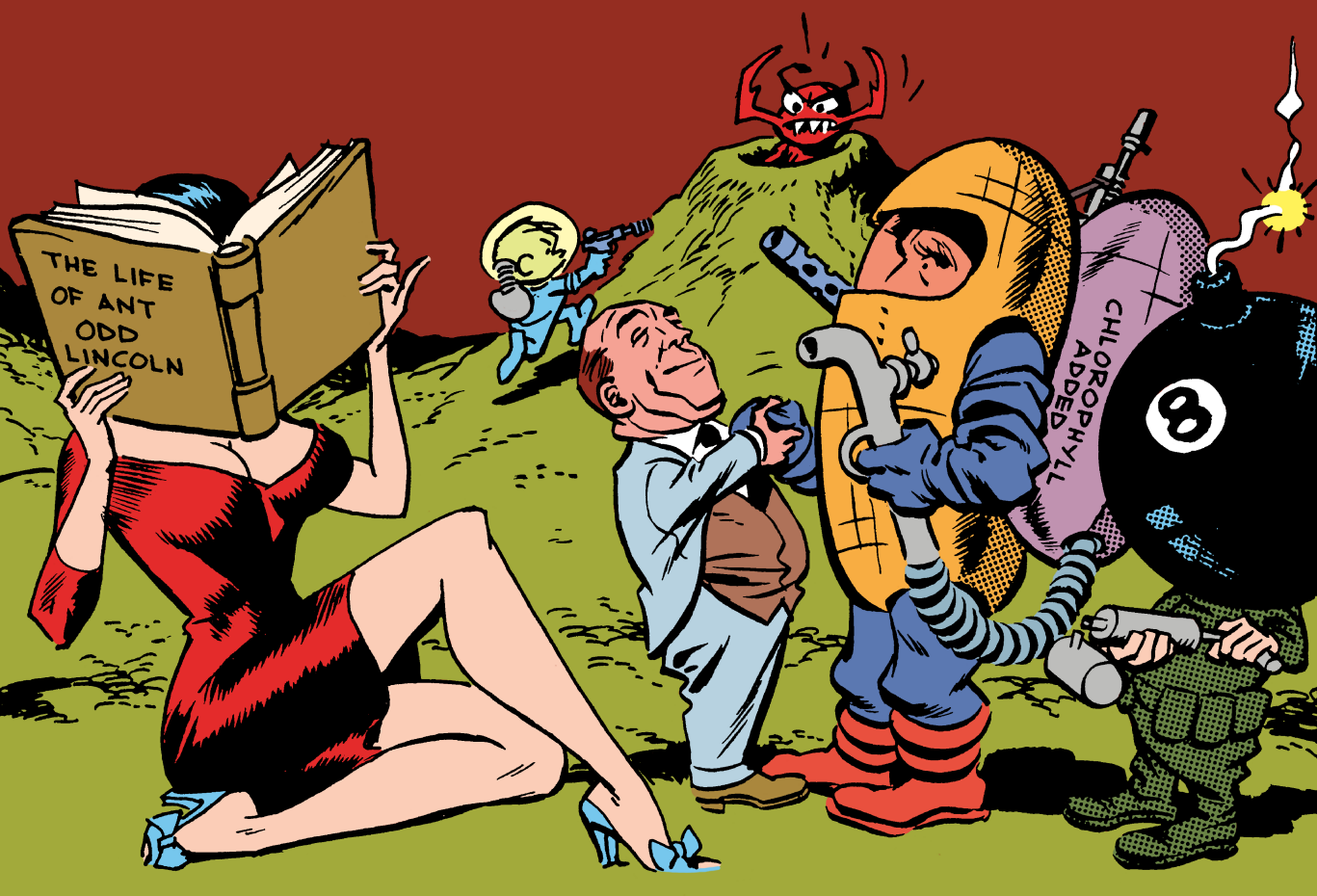
FANTAGRAPHICS

JACK DAVIS and **WALLACE WOOD** unleashed their unrelenting wackiness upon the unsuspecting readers of *Mad*, earning unending acclaim. But their contemporaneous craziness for *Mad*'s satirical sibling, *Panic*, has been unfairly underappreciated for too long.

To invert that injustice, this complete collection compiles all their zany, pun-packed *Panic* lampoonery, especially their pomposity-puncturing movie parodies, including Davis's "My Gun Is the Jury!" and "A Star Is Corn" and Wood's "Gone With the Widow," and "20,000 Leaks Under the Sea."

These visual volleys are variously verbalized by Al Feldstein (EC editor) and Jack Mendelsohn (The Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*).

But the laughs don't languish. You can view "V-Vampires," the riotous 3-D romp written by Harvey Kurtzman and rendered by Wood, resuscitated for the first time after 70 years in undead repose (and in easy-on-the-eyes 2-D).

Bonus: a roundup of rare Westerns, romances, and EC ephemera by Wood and company.

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